



THE EQUINOX

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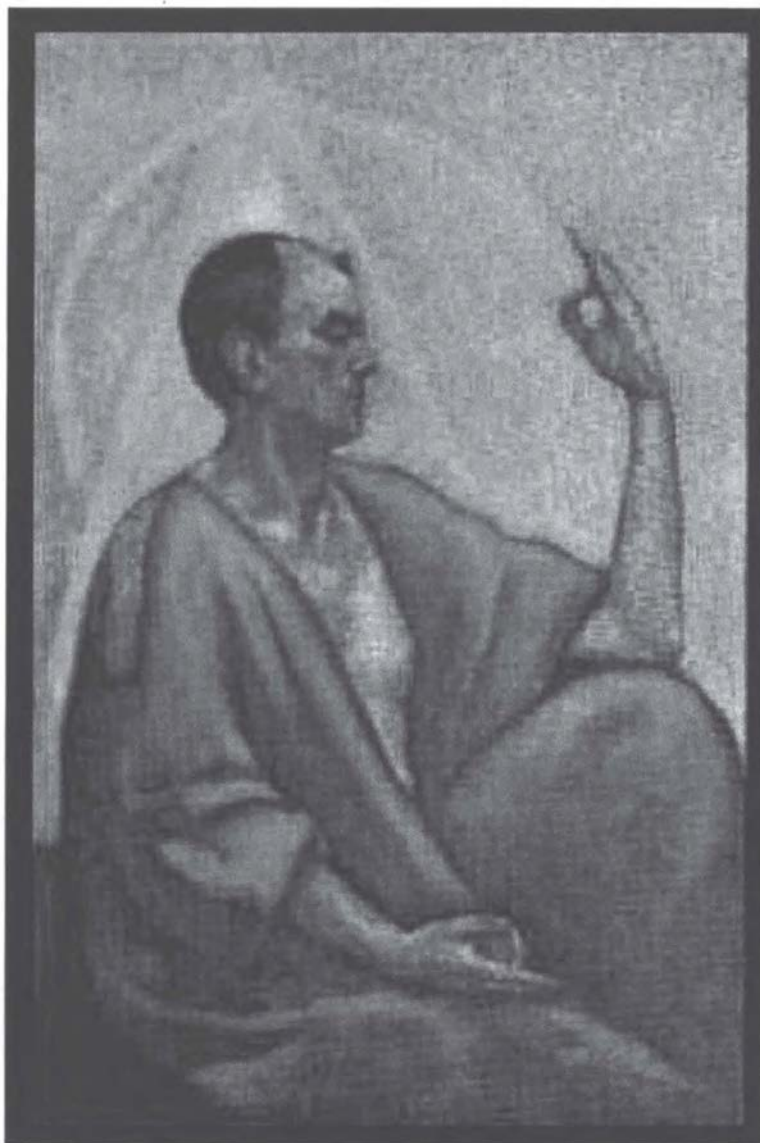
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THE MASTER THERION
By Frater T. A. T. K. T. A.

The Master is represented in His holy meditation. About Him flames the Aura corresponding to that particular Trance as directly observed by the artist, who possesses the Power of True Vision.

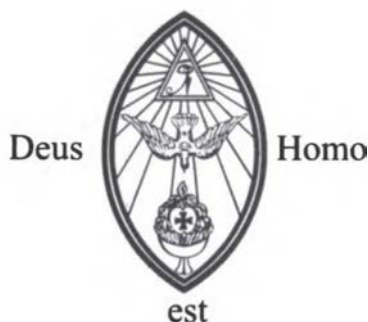
THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.:A.:



*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law
Love is the law, love under will
The word of the law is
Θελημα*

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE O.T.O.



THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

The method of Science; the aim of Religion

An XV Vol III No. I ☉ in ☿

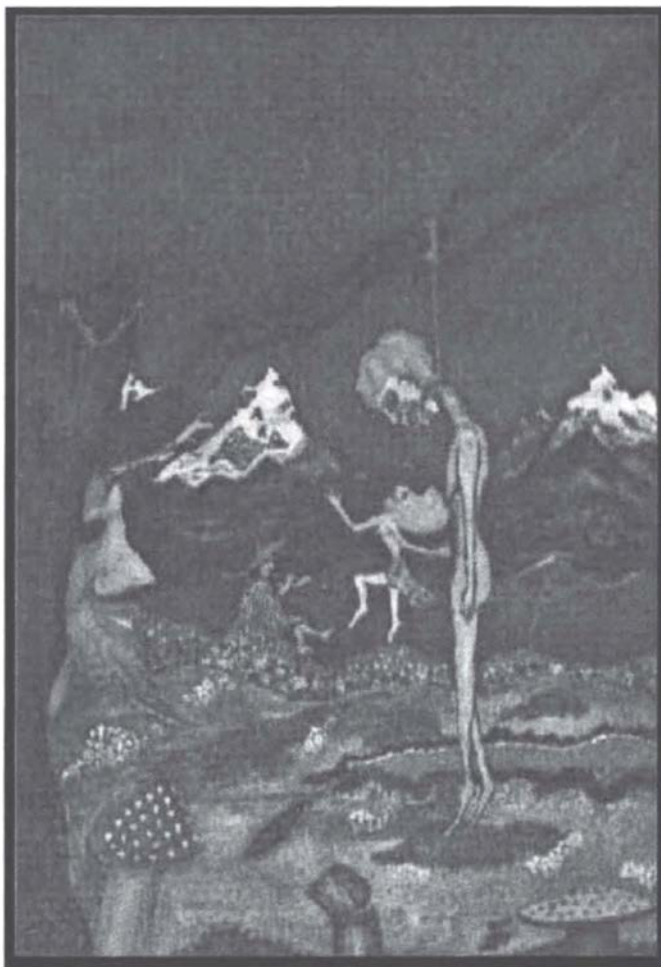
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MAY MORN

The artist represents the dawn of the day following the Witches' rout. The witch is hanged, and the satyr joyfully looks out from behind the tree; in the background all is Spring, and the nymph dances joyfully to the piping of the shepherd.

The picture is symbolical of the New Aeon. From the blasted stump of dogma, the poison oak of "original sin," is hanged the hag with dyed and bloody hair, Christianity, the glyph thus commemorating "sa vie horizontale et sa mort verticale." The satyr, a portrait of Frater D.D.S., one of the Teachers of the Master Therion, represents the Soul of the New Aeon, whose Word is Do what thou wilt; for the satyr is the True Nature of every man and every woman; and every man and every woman is a star.

The Shepherd and the Nymph in the background represents the spontaneous outburst of the music of sound and motion caused by the release of the Children of the New Aeon from the curse of the dogma of Original Sin, and other priestly bogies. Love is the law, love under will.

HYMN TO PAN

ἔφριξ' ἔρωτι περιαρχῆς δ' ἀνεπιόμαν
ἰὼ ἰὼ πᾶν πᾶν
ὦ πᾶν πᾶν ἀλιπλαγκτε, κυλλανίας χιονοκτύποι
πετραίας ἀπὸ δειράδος φάνηθ', ὦ
θεῶν χοροποί' ἄναξ

—SOPH. *Aj.*

THRILL with lissome lust of the light,
O man! My man!
Come careering out of the night
Of Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea
From Sicily and from Arcady!
Roaming as Bacchus, with fauns and pards
And nymphs and satyrs for thy guards,
On a milk-white ass, come over the sea
To me, to me,
Come with Apollo in bridal dress
(Shepherdess and pythoness)
Come with Artemis, silken shod,
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,
In the moon of the woods, on the marble mount,
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!
Dip the purple of passionate prayer
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,
The soul that startles in eyes of blue
To watch thy wantonness weeping through
The tangled grove, the gnarled bole

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Of the living tree that is spirit and soul
And body and brain - come over the sea,
(Io Pan! Io Pan!)
Devil or god, to me, to me,
My man! my man!
Come with trumpets sounding shrill
Over the hill!
Come with drums low muttering
From the spring!
Come with flute and come with pipe!
Am I not ripe?
I, who wait and writhe and wrestle
With air that hath no boughs to nestle
My body, weary of empty clasp,
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp -
Come, O come!
I am numb
With the lonely lust of devildom.
Thrust the sword through the galling fetter,
All-devourer, all-begetter;
Give me the sign of the Open Eye,
And the token erect of thorny thigh,
And the word of madness and mystery,
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,
I am a man:
Do as thou wilt, as a great god can,
O Pan! Io Pan!
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake
In the grip of the snake.
The eagle slashes with beak and claw;

HYMN TO PAN

The gods withdraw:
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am borne
To death on the horn
Of the Unicorn.
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!
I am thy mate, I am thy man,
Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.
And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend
Everlasting, world without end,
Mannikin, maiden, Maenad, man,
In the might of Pan.
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan!

EDITORIAL

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

THE WORLD NEEDS RELIGION. Religion must represent Truth, and celebrate it. This truth is of two orders: one, concerning Nature external to Man; two, concerning Nature internal to Man. Existing religions, especially Christianity, are based on primitive ignorance of the facts, particularly of external Nature.

Celebrations must conform to the custom and nature of the people. Christianity has destroyed the joyful celebrations, characterised by music, dancing, feasting and making love, and has kept only the melancholy.

The Law of Thelema offers a religion which fulfills all necessary conditions. The philosophy and metaphysics of Thelema are sound, and offer a solution of the deepest problems of humanity. The science of Thelema is orthodox; it has no false theories of Nature, no false fables of the origin of things. The psychology and ethics of Thelema are perfect. It has destroyed the damnable delusion of Original Sin, making every one unique, independent, supreme and sufficient.

The Law of Thelema is given in the *Book of the Law* [*Equinox* I, VII and X].

The *Equinox* has been founded to promulgate and demonstrate this Law.

THE EQUINOX

The A.:A.:, or Great White Brotherhood, through Whom this Law was obtained, is a Body of the highest Initiates, pledged to aid mankind. It offers instruction in the Way of Spiritual Progress and Illumination to individual seekers. The work of the A.:A.: is called Scientific Illuminism. This may be briefly expressed by quoting Its motto:

“The method of Science: the aim of Religion.”

Each seeker is taught how to realise Truth for himself, by means accurate and well-tested.

The O.T.O. is the first of the great religious Societies to accept the Law. It trains groups by way of progressive initiation.

The *Equinox* publishes all instructions and pronouncements of the A.:A.: and O.T.O. It also publishes such poetry, drama, fiction, and essays, as are sympathetic to this programme, so far as space permits.

The *Equinox* is so called, firstly because it is the comment upon the Word of the New Æon, *θελήμα*, which was given at the Equinox of the Gods, when the Crowned and Conquering Child, Horus, took the place of the Dying God, Osiris. (The Equinox marks a period of a fresh influx of Force from our Father the SUN.) Secondly, in accordance with this, publication takes place at the Equinoxes of Spring and Autumn of each year. The rule of the A.:A.: is to alternate 5 years of silence with 5 years of speech. Hence publication has been from 1909-1914, An V-IX; and now from 1919-1924, An XV-XIX.

Love is the law, love under will.

A.:A.: PRÆMONSTRANCE

A MANIFESTO OF THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The Præmonstrator of the A.:A.: wishes it to be known that the period of silence, which (according to the Rule of the Order) lasts during every alternate five years, will end at the Equinox of Spring in the year 1919 of the vulgar era.

He wishes to call attention to the general principles of the Great White Brotherhood, which is also known as the A.:A.:.

Primarily, this Body exists for the purpose of conferring Initiation. Secondly, it prepares people for Initiation by means of courses of instruction. These courses are divided into two main parts, theoretical and practical.

Information with regard to both these courses.

The Order issues printed books of instruction. They cover the classics of all previous systems, and explain the particular system of A.:A.:. These instructions are issued in an extremely comprehensive and well-ordered form. Every instruction has been edited on strictly scientific lines. Students are thoroughly drilled in this work; examinations take place regularly, and diplomas issued to those who pass them.

THE EQUINOX

The instruction of the A.:A.: is therefore as precise and definite as a University course.

During the five years of speech from the Equinox of Spring 1909 of the vulgar era, 65 different books were issued, nearly all of these being printed in the 10 numbers of Volume I of the *Equinox*.

Volume I of the *Equinox* is now very rare and expensive. Only a few sets remain; and these are valued at \$100 per set. When these have been sold, it is proposed to re-publish the Official Instructions referred to above in separate form, for the benefit of those students who have been disappointed in obtaining sets of Volume I of the *Equinox*.

The A.:A.: will publish a new volume of the *Equinox* in 10 numbers at intervals of six months, beginning with the Equinox of Spring (March 23) of the vulgar year of 1919.

The principal items of the new promulgation are as follows:

LIBER CCXX. THE BOOK OF THE LAW, which is the foundation of our whole work, and the commentary thereon by the Master through whom it was given to the world.

LIBER LXI. A manuscript giving an account of the history of the A.:A.: in recent times. This history contains no mythology: it is a statement of facts susceptible of rational proof.

LIBER CL. DE LEGE LIBELLUM. A short explanation of the Law, extolling its sublime virtue. By the Master Therion.

LIBER LXV. THE BOOK OF THE HEART GIRT WITH A SERPENT. This magical treatise describes particularly the relation of the Aspirant with his Higher Self. It is, alike in

PRÆMONSTRANCE OF A.:A.:

conception and execution, a masterpiece of exaltation of thought, carved in Pure Beauty.

LIBER VII. THE BOOK OF LAPIS LAZULI. Gives in magical language an account of the Initiation of a Master of the Temple. This is the only parallel, for Beauty of Ecstasy, to Liber LXV.

LIBER XXVII. VEL TRIGRAMMATON. It describes the Course of Creation under the Figure of the Interplay of Three Principles. This book corresponds to the stanzas of Dzyan.

LIBER DCCCXIII. VEL ARARITA. This book describes in magical language a very secret process of Initiation.

LIBER II. THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTER THERION. It explains the essence of the New Law in a very simple manner.

LIBER DCCCXXXVII: THE LAW OF LIBERTY. This is a further explanation of the *Book of the Law* in reference to certain ethical problems.

LIBER DCXXIII: DE THAUMATURGIA. A statement of certain ethical considerations concerning Magick.

LIBER LXXIII: THE URN. This is the sequel to *The Temple of Solomon the King* and is the Diary of a Magus. This book contains a detailed account of all the experiences passed through by the Master Therion in his attainment of this grade of Initiation, the highest possible to any manifested man.

LIBER LXXI: THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE by H.P. Blavatsky, with an elaborate commentary by Frater O.M. Frater O.M., 7°=4°, is the most learned of all the Brethren of the Order;

THE EQUINOX

he has given eighteen years to the critical study of this masterpiece.

LIBER XXI. THE CLASSIC OF PURITY: by Ko Hsuen. A new translation from the Chinese by the Master Therion.

LIBER ALEPH CXI. THE BOOK OF WISDOM OR FOLLY. An extended and elaborate commentary on the *Book of the Law*, in the form of a letter from the Master Therion to his magical son. This Book contains some of the deepest secrets of initiation, with a clear solution of many cosmic and ethical problems.

LIBER CCCXXXIII. THE BOOK OF LIES, falsely so called: with an extended commentary by the Master Therion. This book contains some of the most valuable mystic epigrams ever written, and also some very important secret rituals. It is the official Text-Book of A.:A.: for "Babes of the Abyss."

LIBER XV: THE CANON OF THE MASS, according to the Gnostic Catholic Church, which represents the original and true pre-Christian Christianity.

LIBER LI. THE LOST CONTINENT. An account of the Continent of Atlantis: the manners and customs, magical rites and opinions of its people, together with a true account of the catastrophe, so called, which ended in its disappearance.

LIBER CVI. A TREATISE ON THE NATURE OF DEATH, and the proper attitude to be taken towards it.

LIBER DCCCLXXXVIII. A COMPLETE STUDY OF THE ORIGINS OF CHRISTIANITY.

PRÆMONSTRANCE OF A.:A.:

LIBER DCLXVI. THE BEAST. This Book is an account of the Magical Personality who is the Logos of the present Æon.

LIBER LXXXI. THE BUTTERFLY NET. An account of a magical operation, particularly concerning the planet Luna, written in the form of a novel.

LIBER DCCLXXVII. A COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF THE CORRESPONDENCES OF ALL MAGICAL ELEMENTS, reprinted with extensive additions, making it the only standard comprehensive book of reference ever published. It is to the language of Occultism what Webster or Murray is to the English language.

LIBER CCXVI. THE YI KING. (Classic of Changes.) A new translation, with a commentary, by the Master Therion. Confucius said that if his life were to be prolonged by a few years, he would give fifty of them to the study of this book.

LIBER CLVII. THE TAO TEH KING. A new translation, with a commentary, by the Master Therion. This is the most exalted and yet practical of the Chinese classics.

LIBER CLXV. The account of the attainment of a Master of the Temple: given in full detail by Frater O.I.V.V.I.O. This is the Record of a man who actually attained by the system taught by the A.:A.:.

LIBER DXXXVI. A COMPLETE TREATISE ON ASTROLOGY, by Frater O.M. This is the only text-book composed on scientific lines; by classifying observed facts, instead of deducting from *a priori* theories.

LIBER XLIX: SHI YI CHIEN. An account of the divine perfection illustrated by the seven-fold permutation of the Dyad.

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LIBER LXXVIII: A COMPLETE TREATISE ON THE TAROT giving the correct designs of the cards with their attributions and symbolic meanings on all planes.

LIBER LXXXIV. The completion of this Book (begun in *Equinox* I, VII, VIII), which explains the system of the Universe devised by Dr. John Dee (Queen Elizabeth's Astrologer) and Sir Edward Kelly.

LIBER CMXXXIV. THE CACTUS. An elaborate study of the psychological effects produced by *Anhalonium Lewinii* (Mescal buttons), compiled from the actual records of some hundreds of experiments; with an explanatory essay.

LIBER CCLXV. THE STRUCTURE OF THE MIND. A treatise on psychology from the mystic and magical standpoint. Its study will help the aspirant to make a detailed scientific analysis of his mind, and so to learn to control it.

LIBER CCCLXV. THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION OF THE GOETIA so-called, with a complete explanation of the barbarous names of evocation used therein, and the secret rubrick of the ritual, by the Master Therion. This is the most potent invocation extant, and was used by the Master Himself in his attainment.

LIBER MCCLXIV. THE GREEK QABALAH. A complete dictionary of all sacred and important words and phrases given in the Books of the Gnosis and other important writings both in the Greek and the Coptic.

Numerous other instructions are in course of preparation, and will be announced in due course. As space may permit, there will be added a series of stories and poems of the highest mystical and magical value.

PRÆMONSTRANCE OF A.:A.:

It will be remembered that it has always been the policy of the A.:A.: to make no financial profit whatever either from publications or in any other way, and the *Equinox* has been always issued at a price which barely covered the actual cost of printing, if it even did that. It is proposed to continue the same policy with regard to the new volume. Owing to the war, the cost of printing both for the paper required and the labour involved has gone up to an unprecedented degree, but the Præmonstrator of the A.:A.: is determined that he will not allow these matters to interfere with his programme of putting out the *Equinox* in a style worthy of its contents. The new volume of ten numbers, averaging 400 pages, will not be inferior to the old in any way either with regard to paper or printing; that is to say, it will be produced in the best possible manner, and will be of permanent value for a library. The general appearance will be uniform with the last volume, but the binding will be of improved quality.

Love is the law, love under will

[All enquiries with regard to the publications of the A.:A.: should be addressed to The Cancellarius of the A.:A.:, care of the publishers of the *Equinox*.]

A.:A.: CURRICULUM

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

In order to facilitate the study of The Official Instructions and other publications of the A.:A.:, the Præmonstrator of the Order now issues a series of courses corresponding to the various grades. The grades themselves represent magical and mystical progress, corresponding to which will be grades of studentship representing intellectual progress, and an examination in each grade must be passed before the equivalent magical grade is officially conferred.

It must be understood that the highest occult attainments are possible even to people who have no intellectual knowledge whatever. But this has been in the past a source of great iniquity, as it represents an overdevelopment of one organ of the Nature at the expense of others.

It is the particular object of the A.:A.: to see to it that progress is orderly and thorough. It must further be stated that although certain books have been chosen for particular study, the student is not thereby absolved from the general study of all of them. For it is important to him to make from the beginning a comprehensive effort to understand the entire system, first, because it is desirable that he should choose his practices from the whole armoury at his disposal, and, also, because as he advances he must to some extent be familiar with all these practices, so that he may be fitted to instruct those entrusted to his guidance.

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

COURSE I GENERAL READING

SECTION 1. Books for Serious Study

LIBER CCXX. (LIBER L VEL LEGIS.) The Book of the Law. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

THE EQUINOX, Vol I. Nos I-X. The standard Work of Reference in all occult matters. The Encyclopaedia of Initiation.

LIBER ABA (Book 4). A GENERAL ACCOUNT in elementary terms of magical and mystical powers. In four parts: (1) Mysticism (2) Magical Theory (3) Magical Practice (4) The Law.

LIBER II. THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTER THERION, which explains the essence of the new law in a very simple manner.

LIBER DCCCXXXVIII. THE LAW OF LIBERTY, which is a further explanation of *The Book of the Law* in reference to certain ethical problems.

COLLECTED WORKS OF A. CROWLEY. These works contain many mystical and magical secrets, both stated clearly in prose, and woven into the Robe of sublimest poesy.

THE YI KING. (S. B. E. Series, Oxford University Press.) The "Classic of Changes"; give the initiated Chinese system of Magick.

THE TAO TE KING. (S. B. E. Series) Gives the initiated Chinese system of Mysticism.

THE EQUINOX

TANNHÄUSER, by A. Crowley. An allegorical drama concerning the Progress of the Soul; the Tannhäuser story slightly remodelled.

THE UPANISHADS. (S. B. E. Series) The Classical Basis of Vedantism, the best-known form of Hindu Mysticism.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA. A dialogue in which Krishna, the Hindu "Christ", expounds a system of Attainment.

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE, by H.P. Blavatsky, with an elaborate commentary by Frater O.M.

THE GOETIA. The most intelligible of all the mediæval rituals of Evocation. Contains also the favourite Invocation of the Master Therion.

THE SHIVA SAMHITA. A famous Hindu treatise on certain physical practices.

THE HATHAYOGA PRADIPIKA. Similar to The Shiva Samhita.

THE APHORISMS OF PATANJALI. A valuable collection of precepts pertaining to mystical attainment.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD. A collection of Egyptian magical rituals.

DOGME ET RITUEL DE LA HAUTE MAGIE, by Eliphas Levi. The best general textbook of magical theory and practice for beginners. Written in an easy popular style.

THE BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC OF ABRAMELIN THE MAGE. The best exoteric account of the Great Work, with careful instructions in procedure. This Book influenced and helped the Master Therion more than any other.

ERDMANN'S "HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY." A compendious account of philosophy from the earliest times. Most valuable as a general education of the mind.

THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE OF MOLINOS. A simple manual of Christian Mysticism.

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

THE STAR IN THE WEST. (Captain Fuller). An introduction to the study of the Works of Aleister Crowley.

THE DHAMMAPADA. (S. B. E. Series, Oxford University Press). The best of the Buddhist classics.

THE QUESTIONS OF KING MILINDA. (S. B. E. Series) Technical points of Buddhist dogma, illustrated by dialogues.

LIBER DCCLXXVII VEL PROLEGOMENA SYMBOLICA AD SYSTEMAM SCEPTICO-MYSTICÆ VIÆ EXPLICANDÆ, FUNDAMENTUM HIEROGLYPHICAM SANCTISSIMORUM SCIENTIÆ SUMMÆ.

A complete Dictionary of the Correspondences of all magical elements, re-printed with extensive additions, making it the only standard comprehensive book of reference ever published. It is to the language of Occultism what Webster or Murray is to the English language.

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE (James). Valuable as showing the uniformity of mystical attainment.

KABBALA DENUDATA, von Rosenroth: also **THE KABBALAH UNVEILED**, by S.L. Mathers. The text of the Qabalah, with commentary. A good elementary introduction to the subject.

KONX OM PAX. Four invaluable treatises and a preface on Mysticism and Magick.

THE PISTIS SOPHIA. An admirable introduction to the study of Gnosticism.

THE ORACLES OF ZOROASTER. An invaluable collection of precepts mystical and magical.

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO, by Cicero. Excellent for its Vision and its Philosophy.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS, by Fabre d'Olivet. An interesting study of the exoteric doctrines of this Master.

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THE DIVINE PYMANDER, by Hermes Trismegistus.
Invaluable as bearing on the Gnostic Philosophy.

THE SECRET SYMBOLS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS, reprint of
Franz Hartmann. An invaluable compendium.

SCRUTINIUM CHYMICUM, by Michael Maier. One of the
best treatises on alchemy.

SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE, by Sidney Klein. One of the
best essays written in recent years.

TWO ESSAYS ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, by Richard
Payne Knight. Invaluable to all students.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH, by J.G. Frazer. The textbook of Folk
Lore. Invaluable to all students.

THE AGE OF REASON, by Thomas Paine. Excellent, though
elementary, as a corrective to superstition.

RIVERS OF LIFE, by General Forlong. An invaluable
textbook of old systems of initiation.

THREE DIALOGUES, by Bishop Berkeley. The Classic of
Subjective Idealism.

ESSAYS OF DAVID HUME. The Classic of Academic
Scepticism.

FIRST PRINCIPLES by Herbert Spencer. The Classic of
Agnosticism.

PROLEGOMENA, by Immanuel Kant. The best introduction
to Metaphysics.

THE CANON. The best textbook of Applied Qabalah.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION, by H. Hinton. The best essay on
the subject.

THE ESSAYS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. Masterpieces of
philosophy, as of prose.

The object of this course of reading is to familiarize the
student with all that has been said by the Great Masters in
every time and country. He should make a critical

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

examination of them; not so much with the idea of discovering where the truth lies, for he cannot do this except by virtue of his own spiritual experience, but rather to discover the essential harmony in those varied works. He should be on his guard against partisanship with a favourite author. He should familiarize himself thoroughly with the method of mental equilibrium, endeavouring to contradict any statement soever, although it may be apparently axiomatic.

The general object of this course, besides that already stated, is to assure sound education in occult matters, so that when spiritual illumination comes it may find a well-built temple. When the mind is strongly biased towards any special theory, the result of an illumination is often to inflame that portion of the mind which is thus overdeveloped, with the result that the aspirant, instead of becoming an Adept, becomes a bigot and fanatic.

The A.:A.: does not offer examination in this course, but recommends these books as the foundation of a library.

SECTION 2. Other books, principally fiction, of a generally suggestive and helpful kind

ZANONI, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Valuable for its facts and suggestions about Mysticism.

A STRANGE STORY, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Valuable for its facts and suggestions about Magick.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT, by Mabel Collins. Valuable for its account of the Path.

PETRONIUS ARBITER. Valuable for those who have wit to understand it.

THE GOLDEN ASS, by Apuleius. Valuable for those who have wit to understand it.

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LE COMTE DE GABALIS. Valuable for its hints of those things which it mocks.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK, by Alexander Pope. Valuable for its account of elementals.

UNDINE, by de la Motte-Fouqué. Valuable as an account of elementals.

BLACK MAGIC, by Marjorie Bowen. An intensely interesting story of sorcery.

LE PEAU DE CHAGRIN, by Honoré de Balzac. A magnificent magical allegory.

NUMBER NINETEEN, by Edgar Jepson. An excellent tale of modern magic.

DRACULA, by Bram Stoker. Valuable for its accounts of legends concerning vampires.

SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES, by H. Hinton. Valuable as an introduction to the study of the Fourth Dimension.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND, by Lewis Carrol. Valuable to those who understand the Qabalah.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, by Lewis Carrol. Valuable to those who understand the Qabalah.

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK, by Lewis Carrol. Valuable to those who understand the Qabalah.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, translated either by Sir Richard Burton or John Payne. Valuable as a storehouse of oriental magick-lore.

MORTE D'ARTHUR, by Sir Thomas Malory. Valuable as a storehouse of occidental magick-lore.

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. Invaluable for Wisdom.

THE KASIDAH, by Sir Richard Burton. Valuable as a storehouse of philosophy.

THE SONG CELESTIAL, by Sir Edwin Arnold. The Bhagavad-Gita in verse.

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

THE LIGHT OF ASIA, by Sir Edwin Arnold. An account of the attainment of Gautama Buddha.

THE ROSICRUCIANS, by Hargrave Jennings. Valuable to those who can read between the lines.

THE REAL HISTORY OF THE ROSICRUCIANS, by Arthur Edward Waite. A good piece of vulgar journalism on the subject.

THE WORKS OF ARTHUR MACHEN. Most of these stories are of great magical interest.

THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM O'NEILL (BLAKE). Invaluable to all students.

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, by George Meredith. An excellent allegory.

LILITH, by George MacDonald. A good introduction to the Astral.

LÀ-BAS, by J.-K. Huysmans. An account of the extravagances caused by the Sin-Complex.

THE LORE OF PROSERPINE, by Maurice Hewlett. A suggestive enquiry into the Hermetic Arcanum.

EN ROUTE, by J.-K. Huysmans. An account of the follies of Christian mysticism.

SIDONA THE SORCERESS, by William Meinhold.

THE AMBER WITCH, by William Meinhold. These two tales are highly informative.

MACBETH; MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; THE TEMPEST, by W. Shakespeare. Interesting for traditions treated.

REDGAUNTLET, by Sir Walter Scott. Also one or two other novels. Interesting for traditions treated.

ROB ROY, by James Grant. Interesting for traditions treated.

THE MAGICIAN, by W. Somerset Maugham. An amusing hotch-potch of stolen goods.

THE BIBLE, by various authors unknown. The Hebrew and Greek Originals are of Qabalistic value. It contains also

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many magical apologues, and recounts many tales of folk-lore and magical rites.

KIM, by Rudyard Kipling. An admirable study of Eastern thought and life. Many other stories by this writer are highly suggestive and informative.

For Mythology, as teaching Correspondences:

Books of Fairy Tales generally

Oriental Classics generally

Sufi Poetry generally

Greek and Latin Classics generally

Scandinavian and Teutonic Sagas generally

Celtic Folk-Lore generally.

This course is of general value to the beginner. While it is not to be taken, in all cases, too seriously, it will give him a general familiarity with the mystical and magical tradition, create a deep interest in the subject, and suggest many helpful lines of thought.

It has been impossible to do more, in this list, than to suggest a fairly comprehensive course of reading.

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

COURSE II

The basis of our whole work is *The Book of the Law*. It is essential for every Probationer to study this book and those which are directly connected with it, as commentaries:

LIBER CCXX. LIBER L VEL LEGIS SUB FIGURÂ CCXX as delivered by XCIII unto DCLXVI. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

LIBER II. THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTER THERION.
Explains the essence of the new Law in a very simple manner.

LIBER DCCCXXXVII. THE LAW OF LIBERTY. A further explanation of *The Book of the Law* in reference to certain ethical problems.

LIBER CL. DE LEGE LIBELLUM. A further explanation of the Law, with special reference to the Powers and Privileges conferred by its acceptance.

LIBER CXI (ALEPH). THE BOOK OF WISDOM OR FOLLY.
An extended and elaborate commentary on *The Book of the Law*, in the form of a letter from the Master Therion to his magical son.

LIBER X. LIBER PORTA LUCIS. This book is an account of the sending forth of the Master by the A.:A.: an explanation of his mission.

LIBER TZADDI VEL HAMUS HERMETICUS sub figurâ XC.
An account of Initiation, and an indication as to those who are suitable for the same.

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LIBER CDXVIII. LIBER XXX ÆRUM VEL SÆCULI, Being of the Angels of the Thirty Æthyrs the Vision and the Voice.

Besides being the classical account of the thirty Æthyrs and a model of all visions, the cries of the Angels should be regarded as accurate and the doctrine of the function of the Great White Brotherhood understood as the foundation of the Aspiration of the Adept. The account of the Master of the Templi should in particular be taken as authentic.

The instruction in the 8th Æthyr pertains to Class D, *i.e.* it is an Official Ritual, and the same remarks apply to the account of the proper method of invoking Æthyrs given in the 18th Æthyr.

LIBER LXV. LIBER CORDIS CINCTI SERPENTE. An account of the relations of the Aspirant with his Holy Guardian Angel. This book is given to Probationers, as the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is the Crown of the Outer College. Similarly Liber VII is given to Neophytes, as the grade of Master of the Temple is the next resting-place, and Liber CCXX to the Zelator, since that carries him to the highest of all possible grades. Liber XXVII is given to the Practicus, as in this book is the ultimate foundation of the highest theoretical Qabalah, and Liber DCCCXIII to the Philosophus, as it is the foundation of the highest practical Qabalah.

LIBER VI. LIBER O VEL MANUS ET SAGITTÆ. The instructions given in this book are too loose to find place in the Class D publications. Instructions given for elementary study of the Qabalah, Assumption of God forms, vibrations of Divine Names, the Rituals of

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

Pentagram and Hexagram, and their uses in protection and invocation, a method of obtaining astral visions so called, and an instruction in the practice called Rising on the Planes.

LIBER IX. LIBER E VEL EXERCITIUM. This book instructs the aspirant in the necessity of keeping a record. Suggests methods of testing physical clairvoyance. Gives instruction in Asana, Pranayama and Dharana, and advises the application of tests to the physical body, in order that the student may thoroughly understand his own limitations.

LIBER XXX. LIBER LIBRÆ. An elementary course of morality suitable for the average man.

LIBER LXI. LIBER CAUSÆ. The Preliminary Lesson, including the History Lesson. Explains the actual history and origins of the present movement. Its statements are accurate in the ordinary sense of the word. The object of this book is to discount Mythopœia.

LIBER XXXIII. An account of A.:A.: first written in the language of his period by the Councillor Von Eckarthausen, and now revised and rewritten in the Universal Cipher.

LIBER XXV. This is the chapter called the "Star Ruby" in the Book of Lies. It is an improved form of the "lesser" ritual of the Pentagram.

LIBER CC. RESH VEL HELIOS. An instruction for the adoration of the Sun four times daily, with the object of composing the mind to meditation and of regularizing the practices.

LIBER CCC. A SPECIAL INSTRUCTION for the Promulgation of the Law. This is the first and most important duty of

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every Aspirant of whatever grade. It builds up in him the Character and Karma which form the Spine of Attainment.

LIBER ABA (Book 4). A general account in elementary terms of magical and mystical powers. In four parts: (1) Mysticism (2) Magical Theory (3) Magical Practise (4) The Law.

LIBER CCVII. SYLLABUS. An enumeration of the Official Publications of the A.∴A.∴. with a brief description of the contents of each book.

This course of reading will furnish the Probationer with a through general knowledge of the whole system of Attainment, and of the practices tending to this goal, so that he may choose freely as to what way he will take in his Beginning. For this is always left by the A.∴A.∴. to his Free Will; They only begin to advise and criticize him on the information supplied to Them by himself in the Magical Record which he prepares for Their Instruction.

COURSE III

The following books are officially appointed for the study of the Neophyte:

LIBER CCXX. LIBER L VEL LEGIS Sub Figurâ CCXX as delivered by XCIII unto DCLXVI. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

LIBER VII. LIBER LIBERI VEL LAPIDIS LAZULI, ADUMBRATIO KABBALÆ ÆGYPTIORUM Sub Figurâ VII, being the Voluntary Emancipation of a certain Exempt Adept from his Adeptship. These are the Birth

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

Words of a Master of the Temple. The nature of this book is sufficiently explained by its title. Its seven chapters are referred to the seven planets in the following order: Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Sol, Mercury, Luna, Venus.

LIBER VI. LIBER O VEL MANUS ET SAGITTÆ. The instructions given in this book are too loose to find place in the Class D publications. Instructions given for elementary study of the Qabalah, Assumption of God forms, vibrations of Divine Names, the Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram, and their uses in protection and invocation, a method of obtaining astral visions so called, and an instruction in the practice called Rising on the Planes.

LIBER IX. LIBER E VEL EXERCITIORUM. This book instructs the aspirant in the necessity of keeping a record. Suggests methods of testing physical clairvoyance. Gives instruction in Asana, Pranayama and Dharana, and advises the application of tests to the physical body, in order that the student may thoroughly understand his own limitations.

LIBER XCVI. LIBER GAIAS. A Handbook of Geomancy. Gives a simple and fairly satisfactory system of Geomancy.

LIBER LXXVIII. A description of the Cards of the Tarot, with their attributions, including a method of divination by their use.

LIBER CDXII. A VEL ARMORUM. An instruction for the preparation of the Elemental Instruments.

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LIBER CDLXXIV. LIBER OS ABYSMI VEL DAATH. An instruction in a purely intellectual method of entering the Abyss.

LIBER DCCCXI. ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM.

This course is specially adapted to the Task of this Grade, the Attainment of Control of the Body of Light, development of Intuition, *et cetera*.

COURSE IV

The Zelator will be examined in the following books:

LIBER CCXX. LIBER L VEL LEGIS Sub Figurâ CCXX as delivered by XCIII unto DCLXVI. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

LIBER CMLXIII. (Only the short note pertains to Class A.) This book is a superb collection of Litanies appropriate to the Signs of the Zodiac.

LIBER CMXIII. LIBER VIAE MEMORIAE. Gives methods for attaining the magical memory or memory of past lives, and an insights into the function of the aspirant in this present life.

LIBER III. LIBER JUGORUM. An instruction for the control of speech, action and thought.

LIBER XIII. GRADUUM MONTIS ABIEGNI. An account of the task of the Aspirant from Probationer to Adept.

LIBER XVII. LIBER I.A.O. Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts. This book has not been published. It is the active counterpart of

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

Liber HHH. The article "Energized Enthusiasm" is an adumbration of this book.

LIBER XXXVI. THE STAR SAPPHIRE. Is Chapter XXXVI of the *Book of Lies*, giving an improved ritual of the Hexagram.

LIBER CLXXXV. LIBER COLLEGII SANCTI. Being the tasks of the Grades and their Oaths proper to Liber XIII. This is the official paper of the various grades. It includes the Task and Oath of a Probationer.

LIBER CCVI. LIBER R V VEL SPIRITUS. Full instruction in Pranayama.

LIBER CCCLXI. LIBER HHH. Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

LIBER CCCXXXIII. THE BOOK OF LIES falsely so called. This book deals with many matters on all planes of the very highest importance. It is an official publication for Babes of the Abyss, but is recommended even to beginners as highly suggestive. Its Chapters XXV, XXXVI, and XLIV are in Class D.

LIBER DCCCXI. ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM.

This course is specially adapted to the Task of this Grade, the Attainment of Hatha-Yoga.

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COURSE V

The Practicus will be examined in the following books:

LIBER CCXX. LIBER L VEL LEGIS Sub Figurâ CCXX as delivered by XCIII unto DCLXVI. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

LIBER XXVII. LIBER TRIGRAMMATON, being a book of Trigrams of the Mutations of the Tao with the Yin and the Yang. An account of the cosmic process: corresponding to the Stanzas of Dzyan in another system.

LIBER CCXXXI. LIBER ARCANORUM των ATV του ΤΑΗΥΤΙ QVAS VIDIT ASAR IN AMENTI Sub Figurâ CCXXXI. Liber Carcerum Twm QLIPHOTH cum suis Geniis. Addentur Sigilla et Nomina Eorum. This is an account of the cosmic process so far as it is indicated by the Tarot Trumps.

LIBER CD. LIBER TAV VEL KABBALÆ TRIUM LITERARUM Sub Figurâ CD. A graphic interpretation of the Tarot on the plane of initiation.

LIBER LVIII. This is an artical on the Qabalah in the Temple of Solomon the King, EQUINOX V.

LIBER LXIV. LIBER ISRAFEL, formerly called ANUBIS. An instruction in a suitable method of preaching.

LIBER LXXXIV. VEL CHANOKH. A brief abstraction of the symbolic representation of the Universe derived by Dr. John Dee through the Scrying of Sir Edward Kelly. Its publication is at present incomplete.

LIBER DXXXVI. BATRACHOPHRENOBOOCOSMOMACHIA. An instruction in expansion of the field of the mind.

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

LIBER D. SEPHER SEPHIROTH. A dictionary of Hebrew words arranged according to their numerical value. This is an Encyclopædia of the Holy Qabalah, which is a Map of the Universe, and enables man to attain its Perfect Understanding.

LIBER DCCLXXVII. VEL PROLEGOMENA SYMBOLICA AD SYSTEMAM SCEPTICO-MYSTICÆ VIÆ EXPLICANDÆ, FUNDAMENTUM HIEROGLYPHICAM SANCTISSIMORUM SCIENTIÆ SUMMÆ. A complete Dictionary of the Correspondences of all magical elements, re-printed with extensive additions, making it the only standard comprehensive book of reference ever published. It is to the language of Occultism what Webster or Murray is to the English language.

LIBER LXVII. THE SWORD OF SONG. A critical study of various philosophies. An account of Buddhism.

LIBER MMCMXI. A NOTE ON GENESIS. A model of Qabalistic ratiocination.

This course is especially adapted to the Task of this Grade, the attainment of Gnana Yoga.

COURSE VI

The Philosophus will be examined in the following books:

LIBER CCXX. LIBER L VEL LEGIS Sub Figurâ CCXX as delivered by XCIII unto DCLXVI. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

LIBER DCCCXIII. VEL ARARITA Sub Figurâ DLXX. This book is an account of the Hexagram and the method of reducing it to the Unity, and Beyond.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER LV. THE CHYMICAL JOUSTING OF BROTHER PERARDUA. An account of the Magical and Mystic Path in the language of Alchemy.

LIBER LIX. ACROSS THE GULF. A fantastic account of a previous incarnation. Its principal interest is that its story of the overthrowing of Isis by Osiris may help the reader to understand the meaning of the overthrowing of Osiris by Horus in the present Æon.

LIBER CXC VII. THE HIGH HISTORY OF GOOD SIR PALAMEDES THE SARACEN KNIGHT and of his following of the Questing Beast. A poetic account of the Great Work, and enumeration of many obstacles.

LIBER CCXLII. AHA! An exposition in poetic language of several of the ways of attainment and the results obtained.

LIBER CCCXXXV. ADONIS. This gives an account in poetic language of the struggle of the human and divine elements in the consciousness of man, giving their harmony following upon the victory of the latter.

LIBER XVI. LIBER TURRIS VEL DOMUS DEI. An instruction for attainment by the direct destruction of thoughts as they arise in the mind.

LIBER CLXXV. ASTARTE VEL LIBER BERYLLI. An instruction in attainment by the method of devotion, of Bhakta-Yoga.

LIBER XLVI. THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES. A translation by Frater O.M. of the masterpiece of Eliphas Levi.

This course is specially adapted to the task of this Grade, the Attainment of Bhakta-Yoga.

CURRICULUM OF A.:A.:

COURSE VII

The Dominus Liminis will be examined in the following books:

LIBER CCXX. LIBER L VEL LEGIS Sub Figurâ CCXX as delivered by XCIII unto DCLXVI. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

LIBER XCV. THE WAKE WORLD (in *Konx Om Pax*). A poetic allegory of the relations of the soul and the Holy Guardian Angel.

LIBER DCCCLX. JOHN ST JOHN. A model of what a magical record should be, so far as accurate analysis and fullness of description are concerned.

LIBER VIII. See CDXVIII.

LIBER XI. LIBER NV. An instruction for attaining Nuit.

LIBER DLV. LIBER HAD. An instruction for attaining Hadit.

LIBER DCCCXXXI. LIBER IOD, formerly called VESTA. An instruction giving three methods of reducing the manifold consciousness to the Unity.

This course is specially adapted to facilitate the Task proper to the Grade of Adeptus Minor, the Attainment of Raja Yoga and of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

COURSE VIII

LIBER CCXX. LIBER L VEL LEGIS Sub Figurâ CCXX as delivered by XCIII unto DCLXVI. This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our work.

LIBER I. LIBER B VEL MAGI. This is an account of the Grade of Magus, the highest grade which it is ever possible to manifest in any way whatever upon this plane. Or so it is said by the Masters of the Temple.

THE EQUINOX

LIBER LXVI. LIBER STELLÆ RUBÆ. A secret ritual, the Heart of IAO-OAI, delivered unto V.V.V.V.V. for his use in a certain matter of Liber Legis, and written down under the figure LXVI.

LIBER CLVI. LIBER CHETH VEL VALLUM ABIEGNI Sub Figurâ CLVI. This book is a perfect account of the task of the Exempt Adept, considered under the symbols of a particular plane, not the intellectual.

LIBER XLIV. THE MASS OF THE PHOENIX. A Ritual of the Law.

LIBER XLI. THIEN TAO. An Essay on Attainment by the Way of Equilibrium.

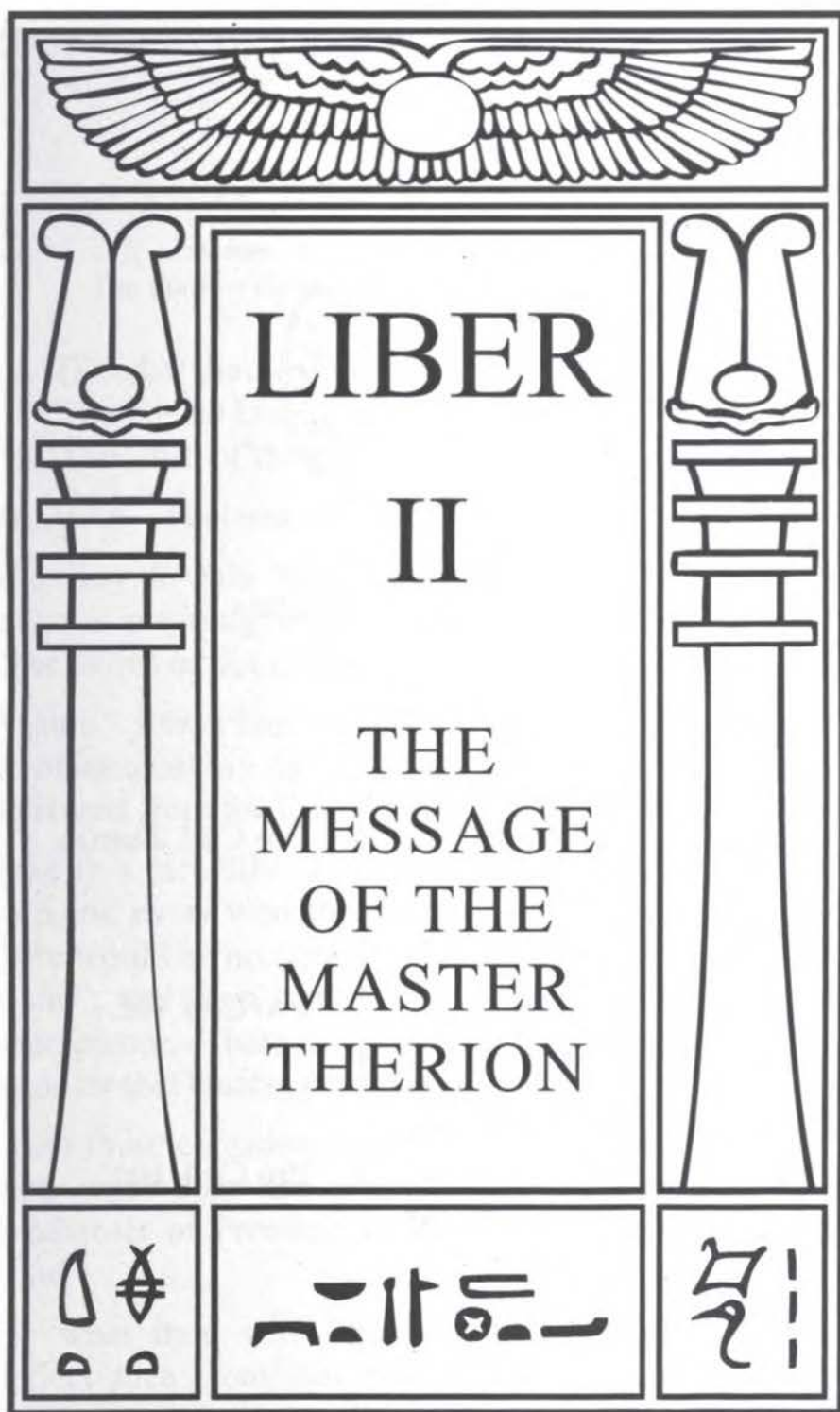
LIBER DCCCLXVIII. LIBER VIARUM VIÆ. A graphic account of magical powers classified under the Tarot Trumps.

Course VIII publications are specially suited to the grade of Major Adept, whose task is the attainment of the full Magical Power. It is highly desirable that Aspirants to this grade should have attained the 9th degree of O.T.O., in which case much secret knowledge is offered them besides that openly published. The methods of examination for the Inner College differ therefore from those employed in the Outer.

Additional publications will be referred, as they are issued, to the proper course.

The Exempt Adept will possess a thorough knowledge of all these courses, and present a thesis of his own, as a general epitome of his own Attainment as reflected in the sphere of the mind.

Love is the law, love under will.





A.:A.: Publication in Class A

93	$10^{\circ}=1^{\square}$	}	Pro Coll. Summ.
666	$9^{\circ}=2^{\square}$		
777	$8^{\circ}=3^{\square}$		
D. D. S.	$7^{\circ}=4^{\square}$	}	Pro Coll. Int.
O. M.	$7^{\circ}=4^{\square}$		
O. S. V.	$6^{\circ}=5^{\square}$		
Parzival	$5^{\circ}=6^{\square}$		
V. N.	Præmonstrator	}	Pro Coll. Ext.
P.	Imperator		
Achad	Cancellarius		

LIBER LXI

THE PRELIMINARY LECTION

In the name of the Initiator, Amen.

1. In the beginning was Initiation. The flesh profiteth nothing; the mind profiteth nothing; that which is unknown to you and above these, while firmly based upon their equilibrium, giveth life.

2. In all systems of religion is to be found a system of Initiation, which may be defined as the process whereby a man comes to learn that unknown Crown.

3. Though none can communicate either the knowledge or the power to achieve this, which we may call the Great Work, it is yet possible for initiates to guide others.

4. Every man must overcome his own obstacles, expose his own illusions. Yet others may assist him to do both, and they may enable him altogether to avoid many of the false paths, leading no whither, which tempt the weary feet of the uninitiated pilgrim. They can further insure that he is duly tried and tested, for there are many who think themselves to be Master who have not even begun to tread the Way of Service that leads thereto.

5. Now the Great Work is one, and the Initiation is one, and the Reward is one, however diverse are the symbols wherein the Unutterable is clothed.

6. Hear then the history of the system which this lection gives you the opportunity of investigating.

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4. Therefore thou writest that which is of mother of emerald, and of lapis-lazuli, and of turquoise, and of alexandrite.

5. Another writeth the words of topaz, and of deep amethyst, and of gray sapphire, and of deep sapphire with a tinge as of blood.

6. Therefore do ye fret yourselves because of this.

7. Be not contented with the image.

8. I who am the Image of an Image say this.

9. Debate not of the image, saying Beyond! Beyond!

One mounteth unto the Crown by the moon and by the Sun, and by the arrow, and by the Foundation, and by the dark home of the stars from the black earth.

10. Not otherwise may ye reach unto the Smooth Point.

11. Nor is it fitting for the cobbler to prate of the Royal matter. O cobbler! mend me this shoe, that I may walk. O king! if I be thy son, let us speak of the Embassy to the King thy Brother.

12. Then was there silence. Speech had done with us awhile.

There is a light so strenuous that it is not perceived as light.

13. Wolf's bane is not so sharp as steel; yet it pierceth the body more subtly.

14. Even as evil kisses corrupt the blood, so do my words devour the spirit of man.

15. I breathe, and there is infinite dis-ease in the spirit.

16. As an acid eats into steel, as a cancer that utterly corrupts the body; so am I unto the spirit of man.

17. I shall not rest until I have devoured it all.

LIBER LXV

18. So also the light that is absorbed. One absorbs little, and is called white and glistening; one absorbs all and is called black.

19. Therefore, O my darling, art thou black.

20. O my beautiful, I have likened thee to a jet Nubian slave, a boy of melancholy eyes.

21. O the filthy one! the dog! they cry against thee.
Because thou art my beloved.

22. Happy are they that praise thee; for they see thee with Mine eyes.

23. Not aloud shall they praise thee; but in the night watch one shall steal close, and grip thee with the secret grip; another shall privily cast a crown of violets over thee; a third shall greatly dare, and press mad lips to thine.

24. Yea! the night shall cover all, the night shall cover all.

25. Thou wast long seeking Me; thou didst run forward so fast that I was unable to come up with thee.

O thou darling fool! what bitterness thou didst crown thy days withal.

26. Now I am with thee; I will never leave thy being.

27. For I am the soft sinuous one entwined about thee, heart of gold!

28. My head is jewelled with twelve stars. My body is white as milk of the stars; it is bright with the blue of the abyss of stars invisible.

29. I have found that which could not be found; I have found a vessel of quicksilver.

30. Thou shalt instruct thy servant in his ways, thou shalt speak often with him.

31. (The scribe looketh upwards and crieth) Amen! Thou hast spoken it, Lord God!

THE EQUINOX

32. Further Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. and said:

33. Let us take our delight in the multitude of men!

Let us shape unto ourselves a boat of mother-of-pearl from them, that we may ride upon the river of Amrit!

34. Thou seest yon petal of amaranth, blown by the wind from the low sweet brows of Hathor?

35. (The Magister saw it and rejoiced in the beauty of it.) Listen!

36. (From a certain world came an infinite wail.)

That falling petal seemed to the little ones a wave to engulf their continent.

37. So they will reproach thy servant, saying: Who hath set thee to save us?

38. He will be sore distressed.

39. All they understand not that thou and I are fashioning a boat of mother-of-pearl. We will sail down the river of Amrit even to the yew-groves of Yama, where we may rejoice exceedingly.

40. The joy of men shall be our silver gleam, their woe our blue gleam—all in the mother-of-pearl.

41. (The scribe was wroth therat. He spake:

O Adonai and my master, I have born the inkhorn and pen without pay, in order that I might search this river of Amrit, and sail thereon as one of ye. This I demand for my fee, that I partake of the echo of your kisses.)

42. (And immediately it was granted unto him.)

43. (Nay; but not therewith was he content. By an infinite abasement unto shame did he strive. Then a voice:)

44. Thou strivest ever; even in thy yielding thou strivest to yield—and lo! thou yieldest not.

LIBER LXV

45. Go thou unto the outermost places and subdue all things.

46. Subdue thy fear and thy disgust. Then—yield!

47. There was a maiden that strayed among the corn, and sighed; then grew a new birth, a narcissus, and therein she forgot her sighing and her loneliness.

48. Even instantly rode Hades heavily upon her, and ravished her away.

49. (Then the scribe knew the narcissus in his heart; but because it came not to his lips, therefore was he shamed and spake no more.)

50. Adonai spake yet again with V.V.V.V.V. and said:

The earth is ripe for vintage; let us eat of her grapes and be drunken thereon.

51. And V.V.V.V.V. answered and said: O my lord, my dove, my excellent one, how shall this word seem unto the children of men?

52. And He answered him: Not as thou canst see.

It is certain that every letter of this cipher hath some value; but who shall determine the value? For it varieth ever, according to the subtlety of Him that made it.

53. And He answered Him: Have I not the key thereof?

I am clothed with the body of flesh; I am one with the Eternal and Omnipotent God.

54. Then said Adonai: Thou hast the Head of the Hawk, and thy Phallus is the Phallus of Asar. Thou knowest the white, and thou knowest the black, and thou knowest that these are one. But why seekest thou the knowledge of their equivalence?

55. And he said: That my Work may be right.

THE EQUINOX

56. And Adonai said: The strong brown reaper swept his swathe and rejoiced. The wise man counted his muscles, and pondered, and understood not, and was sad.

Reap thou, and rejoice!

57. Then was the Adept glad, and lifted his arm.

Lo! an earthquake, and plague, and terror on the earth!

A casting down of them that sate in high places; a famine upon the multitude.

58. And the grape fell ripe and rich into his mouth.

59. Stained is the purple of thy mouth, O brilliant one, with the white glory of the lips of Adonai.

60. The foam of the grape is like the storm upon the sea; the ships tremble and shudder, the shipmaster is afraid.

61. That is thy drunkenness, O holy one, and the winds whirl away the soul of the scribe into the happy haven.

62. O Lord God! let the haven be cast down by the fury of the storm! Let the foam of the grape tincture my soul with Thy light!

63. Bacchus grew old, and was Silenus; Pan was ever Pan for ever and ever more throughout the æons.

64. Intoxicate the inmost, O my lover, not the outermost!

65. So it was—ever the same! I have aimed at the peeled wand of my God, and I have hit; yea, I have hit.

LIBER LXV

II

1. I passed into the mountain of lapis lazuli, even as a green hawk between the pillars of turquoise that is seated upon the throne of the East.

2. So came I to Duant, the starry abode, and I heard voices crying aloud.

3. O Thou that sittest upon the Earth! (so spake a certain Veiled One to me) thou art not greater than thy mother! Thou speck of dust infinitesimal!

Thou art the Lord of Glory, and the unclean dog.

4. Stooping down, dipping my wings, I came unto the darkly-splendid abodes. There in that formless abyss was I made a partaker of the Mysteries Averse.

5. I suffered the deadly embrace of the Snake and of the Goat; I paid the infernal homage to the shame of Khem.

6. Therein was this virtue, that the One became the all.

7. Moreover I behld a vision of a river. There was a little boat thereon; and in it under purple sails was a golden woman, an image of Asi wrought in finest gold. Also the river was of blood, and the boat of shining steel. Then I loved her; and, loosing my girdle, cast myself into the stream.

8. I gathered myself into the little boat, and for many days and nights did I love her, burning beautiful incense before her.

9. Yea! I gave her of the flower of my youth.

THE EQUINOX

10. But she stirred not; only by my kisses I defiled her so that she turned to blackness before me.

11. Yet I worshipped her, and gave her of the flower of my youth.

12. Also it came to pass, that thereby she sickened and corrupted before me. Almost I cast myself into the stream.

13. Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk of the stars, and her lips red and warm as the sunset, and her life of a white heat like the heat of the midmost sun.

14. Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad.

15. The river also became the river of Amrit, and the little boat was the chariot of the flesh, and the sails thereof the blood of the heart that beareth me, that beareth me.

16. O serpent woman of the stars! I, even I, have fashioned Thee from a pale image of fine gold.

17. Also the Holy One came upon me, and I beheld a white swan floating in the blue.

18. Between its wings I sate, and the æons fled away.

19. Then the swan flew and dived and soared, yet no whither we went.

20. A little crazy boy that rode with me spake unto the swan, and said:

21. Who art thou that dost float and fly and dive and soar in the inane? Behold, these many æons have passed; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?

22. And laughing I chid him, saying: No whence! No whither!

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23. The swan being silent, he answered: Then, if with no goal, why this eternal journey?

24. And I laid my head against the Head of the Swan, and laughed, saying: Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging? Is there not weariness and impatience for who would attain to some goal?

25. And the swan was ever silent. Ah! but we floated in the infinite Abyss. Joy! Joy!

White swan, bear thou ever me up between thy wings!

26. O silence! O rapture! O end of things visible and invisible! This is all mine, who am Not.

27. Radiant God! Let me fashion an image of gems and gold for Thee! that the people may cast it down and trample it to dust! That Thy glory may be seen of them.

28. Nor shall it be spoken in the markets that I am come who should come; but Thy coming shall be the one word.

29. Thou shalt manifest Thyself in the unmanifest; in the secret places men shall meet with thee, and Thou shalt overcome them.

30. I saw a pale sad boy that lay upon the marble in the sunlight, and wept. By his side was the forgotten lute. Ah! but he wept.

31. Then came an eagle from the abyss of glory and overshadowed him. So black was the shadow that he was no more visible.

32. But I heard the lute lively discoursing through the blue still air.

33. Ah! messenger of the beloved One, let Thy shadow be over me!

THE EQUINOX

34. Thy name is Death, it may be, or Shame, or Love.
So thou bringest me tidings of the Beloved One, I shall not ask thy name.

35. Where now is the Master? cry the little crazy boys.
He is dead! He is shamed! He is wedded! and their mockery shall ring around the world.

36. But the Master shall have his reward.
The laughter of the mockers shall be a ripple in the hair of the Beloved One.

37. Behold! the Abyss of the Great Deep. Therein is a mighty dolphin, lashing his sides with the force of the waves.

38. There is also an harper of gold, playing infinite tunes.

39. Then the dolphin delighted therein, and put off his body, and became a bird.

40. The harper also laid aside his harp, and played infinite tunes upon the Pan-pipe.

41. Then the bird desired exceedingly this bliss, and laying down its wings became a faun of the forest.

42. The harper also laid down his Pan-pipe, and with the human voice sang his infinite tunes.

43. Then the faun was enraptured, and followed far; at last the harper was silent, and the faun became Pan in the midst of the primal forest of Eternity.

44. Thou canst not charm the dolphin with silence, O my prophet!

45. Then the adept was rapt away in bliss, and the beyond of bliss, and exceeded the excess of excess.

46. Also his body shook and staggered with the burden of that bliss and that excess and that ultimate nameless.

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47. They cried He is drunk or He is mad or He is in pain or He is about to die; and he heard them not.

48. O my Lord, my beloved! How shall I indite songs, when even the memory of the shadow of thy glory is a thing beyond all music of speech or of silence.

49. Behold! I am a man. Even a little child might not endure thee. And lo!

50. I was alone in a great park, and by a certain hillock was a ring of deep enamelled grass wherein greed-clad ones, most beautiful, played.

51. In their play I came even unto the land of Fairy Sleep.

52. All night they danced and sang; but Thou art the morning, O my darling, my serpent that twinest Thee about this heart.

53. I am the heart, and Thou the serpent. Wind Thy coils closer about me, so that no light nor bliss may penetrate.

54. Crush out the blood of me, as a grape upon the tongue of a white Doric girl that languishes with her lover the moonlight.

55. Then let the End awake. Long hast thou slept, O great God Terminus! Long ages hast thou waited at the end of the city and the roads thereof.

Awake Thou! wait no more!

56. Nay, Lord! but I am come to Thee. It is I that wait at last.

57. The prophet cried against the mountain; come thou hither, that I may speak with thee!

THE EQUINOX

58. The mountain stirred not. Therefore went the prophet unto the mountain, and spake unto it. But the feet of the prophet were weary, and the mountain heard not his voice.

59. But I have called unto Thee, and I have journeyed unto Thee, and it availed me not.

60. I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning.

61. This now I know, O my beloved, and we are stretched at our ease among the vines.

62. But these thy prophets; they must cry aloud and scourge themselves; they must cross trackless wastes and unfathomed oceans; to await Thee is the end, not the beginning.

63. Let darkness cover up the writing! Let the scribe depart among his ways.

64. But thou and I are stretched at our ease among the vines; what is he?

65. O Thou beloved One! is there not an end? Nay, but there is an end. Awake! arise! gird up thy limbs, O thou runner; bear thou the Word unto the mighty cities, yea, unto the mighty cities.

LIBER LXV

III

1. Verily and Amen! I passed through the deep sea, and by the rivers of running water that abound therein, and I came unto the Land of No Desire.

2. Wherein was a white unicorn with a silver collar, whereon was graven the aphorism *Linea viridis gyrat universa*.

3. Then the word of Adonai came unto me by the mouth of the Magister mine, saying: O heart that art girt about with the coils of the old serpent, lift up thyself unto the mountain of initiation.

4. But I remembered. Yea, Than, yea, Theli, yea, Lilith! these three were about me from of old. For they are one.

5. Beautiful wast thou, O Lilith, thou serpent-woman!

6. Thou wast lithe and delicious to the taste, and thy perfume was of musk mingled with ambergris.

7. Close did thou cling with thy coils unto the heart, and it was as the joy of all the spring.

8. But I beheld in thee a certain taint, even in that wherein I delighted.

9. I beheld in thee the taint of thy father the ape, of thy grandsire the Blind Worm of Slime.

10. I gazed upon the Crystal of the Future, and I saw the horror of the End of thee.

11. Further, I destroyed the Time Past, and the time to Come—had I not the Power of the Sand-glass?

THE EQUINOX

12. But in the very hour I beheld corruption.

13. Then I said: O my beloved, O Lord Adonai, I pray thee to loosen the coils of the serpent!

14. But she was closed fast upon me, so that my Force was stayed in its inception.

15. Also I prayed unto the Elephant God, the Lord of Beginnings, who breaketh down obstructions.

16. These gods came right quickly to mine aid. I beheld them; I joined myself unto them; I was lost in their vastness.

17. Then I beheld myself compassed about with the Infinite Circle of Emerald that encloseth the Universe.

18. O Snake of Emerald, thou hast no time Past, no time To Come. Verily Thou art not.

19. Thou art delicious beyond all taste and touch, Thou art not-to-be-beheld for glory, Thy voice is beyond the Speech and the Silence and the Speech therein, and Thy perfume is of pure ambergris, that is not weighed against the finest gold of the fine gold.

20. Also Thy coils are of infinite range; the Heart that Thou dost encircle is an Universal Heart.

21. I, and Me, and Mine were sitting with lutes in the market-place of the great city, the city of the violets and the roses.

22. The night fell, and the music of the lutes was stilled.

23. The tempest arose, and the music of the lutes was stilled.

24. The hour passed, and the music of the lutes was stilled.

25. But Thou art Eternity and Space; Thou art Matter and Motion; and Thou art the negation of all these things.

26. For there is no Symbol of Thee.

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27. If I say, Come up upon the mountains! the celestial waters flow at my word. But thou art the Water beyond the waters.

28. The red three-angled heart hath been set up in Thy shrine; for the priests despised equally the shrine and the god.

29. Yet all the while Thou wast hidden therein, as the Lord of Silence is hidden in the buds of the lotus.

30. Thou art Sebek the crocodile against Asar; thou art Mati, the Slayer in the Deep. Thou art Typhon, the Wrath of the Elements, O Thou who transcendest the Forces in their Concourse and Cohesion, in their Death and their Disruption. Thou art Python, the terrible serpent about the end of all things!

31. I turned about me thrice in every way; and always I came at the last unto Thee.

32. Many things I beheld mediate and immediate; but, beholding them no more, I beheld Thee.

33. Come thou, O beloved One, O Lord God of the Universe, O Vast One, O Minute One! I am Thy beloved.

34. All day I sign of Thy delight; all night I delight in Thy song.

35. There is no other day or night than this.

36. Thou art beyond the day and the night; I am Thyself, O my Maker, my Master, my Mate!

37. I am like the little red dog that sitteth upon the knees of the Unknown.

38. Thou hast brought me into great delight. Thou hast given me of Thy flesh to eat and of Thy blood for an offering of intoxication.

THE EQUINOX

39. Thou hast fastened the fangs of Eternity in my soul, and the Poison of the Infinite hath consumed me utterly.

40. I am become like a luscious devil of Italy; a fair strong woman with worn cheeks, eaten out with hunger for kisses. She hath played the harlot in divers places; she hath given her body to the beasts.

41. She hath slain her kinsfolk with strong venom of toads; she hath been scourged with many rods.

42. She hath been broken in pieces upon the Wheel; the hands of the hangman have bound her unto it.

43. The fountains of water have been loosed upon her; she hath struggled with exceeding torment.

44. She hath burst in sunder with the weight of the waters; she hath sunk into the awful Sea.

45. So am I, O Adonai, my lord, and such are the waters of Thine intolerable Essence.

46. So am I, O Adonai, my beloved, and Thou hast burst me utterly in sunder.

47. I am shed out like spilt blood upon the mountains; the Ravens of Dispersion have borne me utterly away.

48. Therefore is the seal unloosed, the guarded the Eighth abyss; therefore is the vast sea as a veil; therefore is there a rending asunder of all things.

49. Yea, also verily Thou art the cool still water of the wizard fount. I have bathed in Thee, and lost me in Thy stillness.

50. That which went in as a brave boy of beautiful limbs cometh forth as a maiden, as a little child for perfection.

51. O Thou light and delight, ravish me away into the milky ocean of the stars!

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52. O Thou Son of a light-transcending mother, blessed be Thy name, and the Name of Thy Name, throughout the ages!

53. Behold! I am a butterfly at the Source of Creation; let me die before the hour, falling dead into Thine infinite stream!

54. Also the stream of the stars floweth ever majestic unto the Abode; bear me away upon the Bosom of Nuit!

55. This is the world of the waters of Maim; this is the bitter water that becometh sweet. Thou art beautiful and bitter, O golden one, O my Lord Adonai, O thou Abyss of Sapphire!

56. I follow Thee, and the waters of Death fight strenuously against me. I pass into the Waters beyond Death and beyond Life.

57. How shall I answer the foolish man? In no way shall he come to the Identity of Thee!

58. But I am the Fool that heedeth not the Play of the Magician. Me doth the Woman of the Mysteries instruct in vain; I have burst the bonds of Love and of Power and of Worship.

59. Therefore is the Eagle made one with the man, and the gallows of infamy dance with the fruit of the just.

60. I have descended, O my darling, into the black shining waters, and I have plucked Thee forth as a black pearl of infinite preciousness.

61. I have gone down, O my God, into the abyss of the all, and I have found Thee in the midst under the guise of No Thing.

62. But as Thou art the Last, Thou art also the Next, and as the Next do I reveal Thee to the multitude.

THE EQUINOX

63. They that ever desired Thee shall obtain Thee, even at the End of their Desire.

64. Glorious, glorious, glorious art Thou, O my lover supernal, O Self of myself.

65. For I have found Thee alike in the Me and the Thee; there is no difference, O my beautiful, my desirable One! In the One and the Many have I found Thee; yea, I have found Thee.

LIBER LXV

IV

1. O crystal heart! I the Serpent clasp Thee; I drive home mine head into the central core of Thee, O God my beloved.

2. Even as on the resounding wind-swept heights of Mitylene some god-like woman casts aside the lyre, and with her locks aflame as an aureole, plunges into the wet heart of the creation, so I, O Lord my God!

3. There is a beauty unspeakable in the heart of corruption, where the flowers are aflame.

4. Ah me! but the thirst of Thy joy parches up this throat, so that I cannot sing.

5. I will make a little boat of my tongue, and explore the unknown rivers. It may be that the everlasting salt may turn to sweetness, and that my life may be no longer athirst.

6. O ye that drink of the brine of your desire, ye are nigh to madness! Your torture increaseth as ye drink, yet still ye drink. Come up through the creeks to the fresh water; I shall be waiting for you with my kisses.

7. As the bezoar-stone that is found in the belly of the cow, so is my lover among lovers.

8. O honey boy! Bring me Thy cool limbs hither! Let us sit awhile in the orchard, until the sun go down! Let us feast on the cool grass! Bring wine, ye slaves, that the cheeks of my boy may flush red.

9. In the garden of immortal kisses, O thou brilliant One, shine forth! Make Thy mouth an opium-poppy, that one kiss

THE EQUINOX

is the key to the infinite sleep and lucid, the sleep of Shi-loh-am.

10. In my sleep I beheld the Universe like a clear crystal without one speck.

11. There are purse-proud penniless ones that stand at the door of the tavern and prate of their feats of wine-bibbing.

12. There are purse-proud penniless ones that stand at the door of the tavern and revile the guests.

13. The guests dally upon couches of mother-of-pearl in the garden; the noise of the foolish men is hidden from them.

14. Only the inn-keeper feareth lest the favour of the king be withdrawn from him.

15. Thus spake the Magister V.V.V.V.V. unto Adonai his god, as they played together in the starlight over against the deep black pool that is in the Holy Place of the Holy House beneath the Altar of the Holiest One.

16. But Adonai laughed, and played more languidly.

17. Then the scribe took note, and was glad. But Adonai had no fear of the Magician and his play.

For it was Adonai who had taught all his tricks to the Magician.

18. And the Magister entered into the play of the Magician. When the Magician laughed he laughed; all as a man should do.

19. And Adonai said: Thou art enmeshed in the web of the Magician. This He said subtly, to try him.

20. But the Magister gave the sign of the Magistracy, and laughed back on him: O Lord, O beloved, did these fingers relax on Thy curls, or these eyes turn away from Thine eye?

21. And Adonai delighted in him exceedingly.

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22. Yea, O my master, thou art the beloved of the Beloved One; the Bennu Bird is set up in Philæ not in vain.

23. I who was the priestess of Ahathoor rejoice in your love. Arise, O Nile-God, and devour the holy place of the Cow of Heaven! Let the milk of the stars be drunk up by Sebek the dweller of Nile!

24. Arise, O serpent Apep, Thou art Adonai the beloved one! Thou art my darling and my lord, and Thy poison is sweeter than the kisses of Isis the mother of the Gods!

25. For Thou art He! Yea, Thou shall swallow up Asi and Asar, and the children of Ptah. Thou shalt pour forth a flood of poison to destroy the works of the Magician. Only the Destroyer shall devour Thee; Thou shalt blacken his throat, wherein his spirit abideth. Ah, serpent Apep, but I love Thee!

26. My God! Let Thy secret fang pierce to the marrow of the little secret bone that I have kept against the Day of Vengeance of Hoor-Ra. Let Kheph-Ra sound his sharded drone! let the jackals of Day and Night howl in the wilderness of Time! let the towers of the Universe totter, and the guardians hasten away! For my Lord hath revealed himself as a mighty serpent, and my heart is the blood of His body.

27. I am like a love-sick courtesan of Corinth. I have toyed with kings and captains, and made them my slaves. To-day I am the slave of the little asp of death; and who shall loosen our love?

28. Weary, weary! saith the scribe, who shall lead me to the sight of the Rapture of my master?

29. The body is weary and the soul is sore weary and sleep weighs down their eyelids; yet ever abides the sure

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consciousness of ecstasy, unknown, yet known in that its being is certain. O Lord, be my helper, and bring me to the bliss of the Beloved!

30. I came to the house of the Beloved, and the wine was like fire that flieth with green wings through the world of the waters.

31. I felt the red lips of nature and the black lips of perfection. Like sisters they fondled me their little brother; they decked me out as a bride; they mounted me for Thy bridal chamber.

32. They fled away at Thy coming; I was alone before Thee.

33. I trembled at Thy coming, O my God, for Thy messenger was more terrible than the Death-star.

34. On the threshold stood the fulminant figure of Evil, the Horror of emptiness, with his ghastly eyes like poisonous wells. He stood, and the chamber was corrupt; the air stank. He was an old and gnarled fish more hideous than the shells of Abaddon.

35. He enveloped me with his demon tentacles; yea, the eight fears took hold upon me.

36. But I was anointed with the right sweet oil of the Magister; I slipped from the embrace as a stone from the sling of a boy of the woodlands.

37. I was smooth and hard as ivory; the horror gat no hold. Then at the noise of the wind of Thy coming he was dissolved away, and the abyss of the great void was unfolded before me.

38. Across the waveless sea of eternity Thou didst ride with Thy captains and Thy hosts; with Thy chariots and horsemen and spearmen didst Thou travel through the blue.

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39. Before I saw Thee Thou wast already with me; I was smitten through by Thy marvellous spear.

40. I was stricken as a bird by the bolt of the thunderer; I was pierced as the thief by the Lord of the Garden.

41. O my Lord, let us sail upon the sea of blood!

42. There is a deep taint beneath the ineffable bliss; it is the taint of generation.

43. Yea, though the flower wave bright in the sunshine, the root is deep in the darkness of earth.

44. Praise to thee, O beautiful dark earth, thou art the mother of a million myriads of myriads of flowers.

45. Also I beheld my God, and the countenance of Him was a thousandfold brighter than the lightning. Yet in his heart I beheld the slow and dark One, the ancient one, the devourer of His children.

46. In the height and the abyss, O my beautiful, there is no thing, verily, there is no thing at all, that is not altogether and perfectly fashioned for Thy delight.

47. Light cleaveth unto Light, and filth to filth; with pride one contemneth another. But not Thou, who art all, and beyond it; who art absolved from the Division of the Shadows.

48. O day of Eternity, let Thy wave break in foamless glory of sapphire upon the laborious coral of our making!

49. We have made us a ring of glistening white sand, strewn wisely in the midst of the Delightful Ocean,

50. Let the palms of brilliance flower upon our island; we shall eat of their fruit, and be glad.

51. But for me the lustral water, the great ablution, the dissolving of the soul in that resounding abyss.

THE EQUINOX

52. I have a little son like a wanton goat; my daughter is like an unfledged eaglet; they shall get them fins, that they may swim.

53. That they may swim, O my beloved, swim far in the warm honey of Thy being, O blessed one, O boy of beatitude!

54. This heart of mine is girt about with the serpent that devoureth his own coils.

55. When shall there be an end, O my darling, O when shall the Universe and the Lord thereof be utterly swallowed up?

56. Nay! who shall devour the Infinite? who shall undo the Wrong of the Beginning?

57. Thou criest like a white cat upon the roof of the Universe; there is none to answer Thee.

58. Thou art like a lonely pillar in the midst of the sea; there is none to behold Thee, O Thou who beholdest all!

59. Thou dost faint, thou dost fail, thou scribe; cried the desolate Voice; but I have filled thee with a wine whose savour thou knowest not.

60. It shall avail to make drunken the people of the old gray sphere that rolls in the infinite Far-off; they shall lap the wine as dogs that lap the blood of a beautiful courtesan pierced through by the Spear of a swift rider through the city.

61. I too am the Soul of the desert; thou shalt seek me yet again in the wilderness of sand.

62. At thy right hand a great lord and a comely; at thy left hand a woman clad in gossamer and gold and having the stars in her hair. Ye shall journey far into a land of pestilence and evil; ye shall encamp in the river of a foolish city forgotten; there shall ye meet with Me.

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63. There will I make Mine habitation; as for bridal will I come bedecked and anointed; there shall the Consummation be accomplished.

64. O my darling, I also wait for the brilliance of the hour ineffable, when the universe shall be like a girdle for the midst of the ray of our love, extending beyond the permitted end of the endless One.

65. Then, O thou heart, will I the serpent eat thee wholly up; yea, I will eat thee wholly up.

THE EQUINOX

V

1. Ah! my Lord Adonai, that dalliest with the Magister in the Treasure-House of Pearls, let me listen to the echo of your kisses.

2. Is not the starry heaven shaken as a leaf at the tremulous rapture of your love? Am not I the flying spark of ight whirled away by the great wind of your perfection?

3. Yea, cried the Holy One, and from Thy spark will I the Lord kindle a great light; I will burn through the grey city in the old and desolate land; I will cleanse it from its great impurity.

4. And thou, O prophet, shalt see these things, and thou shalt heed them not.

5. Now is the Pillar established in the Void; now is Asi fulfilled of Asar; now is Hoor let down into the Animal soul of Things like a fiery star that falleth upon the darkness of the earth.

6. Through the midnight thou art dropt, O my child, my conquerer, my sword-girt captain, O Hoor! and they shall find thee as a black gnarl'd glittering stone, and they shall worship thee.

7. My prophet shall prophesy concerning thee; around thee the maidens shall dance, and bright babes be born unto them. Thou shalt inspire the proud ones with infinite pride, and the humble ones with an ecstasy of abasement; all this shall transcend the Known and the Unknown with somewhat that hath no name. For it is as the abyss of the Arcanum that is opened in the secret Place of Silence.

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8. Thou hast come hither, O my prophet, through grave paths. Thou hast eaten of the dung of the Abominable Ones; thou hast prostrated thyself before the Goat and the Crocodile; the evil men have made thee a plaything; thou hast wandered as a painted harlot, ravishing with sweet scent and Chinese colouring, in the streets; thou hast darkened thine eyepits with Kohl; thou hast tinted thy lips with vermilion; thou hast plastered thy cheeks with ivory enamels. Thou hast played the wanton in every gate and by-way of the great city. The men of the city have lusted after thee to abuse thee and to beat thee. They have mouthed the golden spangles of fine dust wherewith thou didst bedeck thine hair; they have scourged the painted flesh of thee with their whips; thou hast suffered unspeakable things.

9. But I have burnt within thee as a pure flame without oil. In the midnight I was brighter than the moon; in the daytime I exceeded utterly the sun; in the byways of thy being I flamed, and dispelled the illusion.

10. Therefore thou art wholly pure before Me; therefore thou art My virgin unto eternity.

11. Therefore I love thee with surpassing love; therefore they that despise thee shall adore thee.

12. Thou shalt be lovely and pitiful toward them; thou shalt heal them of the unutterable evil.

13. They shall change in their destruction, even as two dark stars that crash together in the abyss, and blaze up in an infinite burning.

14. All this while did Adonai pierce my being with his sword that hath four blades; the blade of the thunderbolt, the blade of the Pylon, the blade of the serpent, the blade of the Phallus.

THE EQUINOX

15. Also he taught me the holy unutterable word Ararita, so that I melted the sixfold gold into a single invisible point, whereof naught may be spoken.

16. For the Magistry of this Opus is a secret magistry and the sign of the master thereof is a certain ring of lapis-lazuli with the name of my master, who am I, and the Eye in the Midst thereof.

17. Also He spake and said: This is a secret sign, and thou shalt not disclose it unto the profane, nor unto the neophyte, nor unto the zelator, nor unto the practicus, nor unto the philosophus, nor unto the lesser adept, nor unto the greater adept.

18. But unto the exempt adept thou shalt disclose thyself if thou have need of him for the lesser operations of thine art.

19. Accept the worship of the foolish people, whom thou hatest. The Fire is not defiled by the altars of the Ghebers, nor is the Moon contaminated by the incense of them that adore the Queen of Night.

20. Thou shalt dwell among the people as a precious diamond among cloudy diamonds, and crystals, and pieces of glass. Only the eye of the just merchant shall behold thee, and plunging in his hand shall single thee out and glorify thee before all men.

21. But thou shalt heed none of this. Thou shalt be ever the heart, and I the serpent will coil close about thee. My coils shall never relax throughout the æons. Neither change nor sorrow nor unsubstantiality shall have thee; for thou art passed beyond all these.

22. Even as the diamond shall glow red for the rose, and green for the rose-leaf; so shalt thou abide apart from the Impressions.

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23. I am thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.

24. Also thou art beyond the stabilities of Being and of Consciousness and of Bliss; for I am thou, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.

25. Also thou shalt discourse of these things unto the man that writeth them, and he shall partake of them as a sacrament; for I who am thou am he, and the Pillar is 'stablished in the void.

26. From the Crown to the Abyss, so goeth it single and erect. Also the limitless sphere shall glow with the brilliance thereof.

27. Thou shalt rejoice in the pools of adorable water; thou shalt bedeck thy damsels with pearls of fecundity; thou shalt light flame like licking tongues of liquor of the Gods between the pools.

28. Also thou shalt convert the all-sweeping air into the winds of pale water, thou shalt transmute the earth into a blue abyss of wine.

29. Ruddy are the gleams of ruby and gold that sparkle therein; one drop shall intoxicate the Lord of the Gods my servant.

30. Also Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. saying: O my little one, my tender one, my little amorous one, my gazelle, my beautiful, my boy, let us fill up the pillar of the Infinite with an infinite kiss!

31. So that the stable was shaken and the unstable became still.

32. They that beheld it cried with a formidable affright: The end of things is come upon us.

33. And it was even so.

34. Also I was in the spirit vision and beheld a parricidal

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pomp of atheists, coupled by two and by two in the supernal ecstasy of the stars. They did laugh and rejoice exceedingly, being clad in purple robes and drunken with purple wine, and their whole soul was one purple flower-flame of holiness.

35. They beheld not God; they beheld not the Image of God; therefore were they arisen to the Palace of the Splendour Ineffable. A sharp sword smote out before them, and the worm Hope writhed in its death-agony under their feet.

36. Even as their rapture shore asunder the visible Hope, so also the Fear Invisible fled away and was no more.

37. O ye that are beyond Aormuzdi and Ahrimanes! blessed are ye unto the ages.

38. They shaped Doubt as a sickle, and reaped the flowers of Faith for their garlands.

39. They shaped Ecstasy as a spear, and pierced the ancient dragon that sat upon the stagnant water.

40. Then the fresh springs were unloosed, that the folk athirst might be at ease.

41. And again I was caught up into the presence of my Lord Adonai, and the knowledge and Conversation of the Holy One, the Angel that Guardeth me.

42. O Holy Exalted One, O Self beyond self, O Self-Luminous Image of the Unimaginable Naught, O my darling, my beautiful, come Thou forth and follow me.

43. Adonai, divine Adonai, let Adonai initiate refulgent dalliance! Thus I concealed the name of Her name that inspireth my rapture, the scent of whose body bewildereth the soul, the light of whose soul abaseth this body unto the beasts.

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44. I have sucked out the blood with my lips; I have drained Her beauty of its sustenance; I have abased Her before me, I have mastered Her, I have possessed Her, and Her life is within me. In Her blood I inscribe the secret riddles of the Sphinx of the Gods, that none shall understand,—save only the pure and voluptuous, the chaste and obscene, the androgyne and gynander that have passed beyond the bars of the prison that the old Slime of Khem set up in the Gates of Amennti.

45. O my adorable, my delicious one, all night will I pour out the libation on Thine altars; all night will I burn the sacrifice of blood; all night will I swing the thurible of my delight before Thee, and the fervour of the orisons shall intoxicate Thy nostrils.

46. O Thou who camest from the land of the Elephant, girt about with the tiger's pell, and garlanded with the lotus of the spirit, do Thou inebriate my life with Thy madness, that She leap at my passing.

47. Bid thy maidens who follow Thee bestrew us a bed of flowers immortal, that we may take our pleasure thereupon. Bid Thy satyrs heap thorns among the flowers, that we may take our pain thereon. Let the pleasure and pain be mingled in one supreme offering unto the Lord Adonai!

48. Also I heard the voice of Adonai the Lord the desirable one concerning that which is beyond.

49. Let not the dwellers in Thebai and the temples thereof prate ever of the Pillars of Hercules and the Ocean of the West. Is not the Nile a beautiful water?

50. Let not the priest of Isis uncover the nakedness of Nuit, for every step is a death and a birth. The priest of Isis lifted the veil of Isis, and was slain by the kisses of her

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mouth. Then he was the priest of Nuit, and drank of the milk of the stars.

51. Let not the failure and the pain turn aside the worshippers. The foundations of the pyramid were hewn in the living rock ere sunset; did the king weep at dawn that the crown of the pyramid was as yet unquarried in the distant land?

52. There was also an humming-bird that spake unto the horned cerastes, and prayed him for poison. And the great snake of Khem the Holy One, the royal Uræus serpent, answered him and said:

53. I sailed over the sky of Nu in the car called Millions-of-Years, and I saw not any creature upon Seb that was equal to me. The venom of my fang is the inheritance of my father, and of my father's father; and how shall I give it unto thee? Live thou and thy children as I and my fathers have lived, even unto an hundred millions of generations, and it may be that the mercy of the Mighty Ones may bestow upon thy children a drop of the poison of eld.

54. Then the humming-bird was afflicted in his spirit, and he flew unto the flowers, and it was as if naught had been spoken between them. Yet in a little while a serpent struck him that he died.

55. But an Ibis that meditated upon the bank of Nile the beautiful god listened and heard. And he laid aside his Ibis ways, and became as a serpent, saying Peradventure in an hundred millions of millions of generations of my children, they shall attain to a drop of the poison of the fang of the Exalted One.

56. And behold! ere the moon waxed thrice he became an

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Uræus serpent, and the poison of the fang was established in him and his seed even for ever and for ever.

57. O thou Serpent Apep, my Lord Adonai, it is a speck of minutest time, this travelling through eternity, and in Thy sight the landmarks are of fair white marble untouched by the tool of the graver. Therefore Thou art mine, even now and for ever and for everlasting. Amen.

58. Moreover, I heard the voice of Adonai: Seal up the book of the Heart and the Serpent; in the number five and sixty seal thou the holy book.

As fine gold that is beaten into a diadem for the fair queen of Pharaoh, as great stones that are cemented together into the Pyramid of the ceremony of the Death of Asar, so do thou bind together the words and the deeds, so that in all is one Thought of Me thy delight Adonai.

59. And I answered and said: It is done even according to Thy word. And it was done. And they that read the book and debated thereon passed into the desolate Land of Barren Words. And they that sealed up the book into their blood were the chosen of Adonai, and the Thought of Adonai was a Word and a Deed; and they abode in the Land that the far-off travellers call Naught.

60. O land beyond honey and spice and all perfection! I will dwell therein with my Lord for ever.

61. And the Lord Adonai delighteth in me, and I bear the Cup of his gladness unto the weary ones of the old grey land.

62. They that drink thereof are smitten of disease; the abomination hath hold upon them, and their torment is like the thick black smoke of the evil abode.

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63. But the chosen ones drank thereof, and became even as my Lord, my beautiful, my desirable one. There is no wine like unto this wine.

64. They are gathered together into a glowing heart, as Ra that gathered his clouds about Him at eventide into a molten sea of joy; and the snake that is the crown of Ra bindeth them about with the golden girdle of the death-kisses.

65. So also is the end of the book, and the Lord Adonai is about it on all sides lie a Thunderbolt, and a Pylon, and a Snake, and a Phallus, and in the midst thereof He is like the Woman that jetteth out the milk of the stars from her paps; yea, the milk of the stars from her paps.



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Preface THE LAW

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

IN RIGHTEOUSNESS OF HEART come hither, and listen: for it is I, TO MEΓA ΘHPION, who gave this Law unto everyone that holdeth himself holy. It is I, not another, that willeth your whole Freedom, and the arising within you of full Knowledge and Power.

Behold! the Kingdom of God is within you, even as the Sun standeth eternal in the heavens, equal at midnight and at noon. He riseth not: he setteth not: it is but the shadow of the earth which concealeth him, or the clouds upon her face.

Let me then declare unto you the Mystery of this Law, as it hath been made known unto me in divers places, upon the mountains and in the deserts, but also in great cities, which thing I speak unto you for your comfort and good courage. And so be it unto all of you.

Know first, that from the Law spring four Rays or Emanations: so that if the Law be the centre of your own being, they must needs fill you with their secret goodness. And these four are Light, Life, Love, and Liberty.

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By Light shall ye look upon yourselves, and behold All Things that are in Truth One Thing only, whose name hath been called No Thing for a cause which later shall be declared unto you. But the substance of Light is Life, since without Existence and Energy it were naught. By Life therefore are you made yourselves, eternal and incorruptible, flaming forth as suns, self-created and self-supported, each the sole centre of the Universe.

Now by the Light ye beheld, by Love ye feel. There is an ecstasy of pure Knowledge, and another of pure Love. And this Love is the force that uniteth things diverse, for the contemplation in Light of their Oneness. Know that the Universe is not at rest, but in extreme motion whose sum is Rest. And this understanding that Stability is Change, and Change Stability, that Being is Becoming, and Becoming Being, is the Key to the Golden Palace of this Law.

Lastly, by Liberty is the power to direct your course according to your Will. For the extent of the Universe is without bounds, and ye are free to make your pleasure as ye will, seeing that the diversity of being is infinite also. For this also is the Joy of the Law, that no two stars are alike, and ye must understand also that this Multiplicity is itself Unity, and without it Unity could not be. And this is an hard saying against Reason: ye shall comprehend, when, rising above Reason, which is but a manipulation of the Mind, ye come to pure Knowledge by direct perception of the Truth.

Know also that these four Emanations of the Law flame forth upon all paths: ye shall use them not only in these Highways of the Universe whereof I have written, but in every By-path of your daily life.

Love is the law, love under Will.

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I OF LIBERTY

IT IS OF LIBERTY that I would first write unto you, for except ye be free to act, ye cannot act. Yet all four gifts of the Law must in some degree be exercised, seeing that these four are one. But for the Aspirant that cometh unto the Master, the first need is freedom.

The great bond of all bonds is ignorance. How shall a man be free to act if he know not his own purpose? You must therefore first of all discover which star of all the stars you are, your relation to the other stars about you, and your relation to, and identity with, the Whole.

In our Holy Books are given sundry means of making this discovery, and each must make it for himself, attaining absolute conviction by direct experience, not merely reasoning and calculating what is probably. And to each will come the knowledge of his finite will, whereby one is a poet, one prophet, one worker in steel, another in jade. But also to each the knowledge of his infinite Will, his destiny to perform the Great Work, the realization of his True Self. Of this Will let me therefore speak clearly unto all, since it pertaineth unto all.

Understand now that in yourselves is a certain discontent. Analyse well its nature: at the end is in every case one conclusion. The ill springs from the belief in two things, the Self and the Not-Self, and the conflict between them. This also is a restriction of the Will. He who is sick is in conflict with his own body: he who is poor is at odds with society:

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and so for the rest. Ultimately, therefore, the problem is how to destroy this perception of duality, to attain to the apprehension of unity.

Now then let us suppose that you have come to the Master, and that He has declared to you the Way of this attainment. What hindereth you? Alas! there is yet much Freedom afar off.

Understand clearly this: that if you are sure of your Will, and sure of your means, then any thoughts or actions which are contrary to those means are contrary also to that Will.

If therefore the Master should enjoin upon you a Vow of Holy Obedience, compliance is not a surrender of the Will, but a fulfilment thereof.

For see, what hindereth you? It is either from without or from within, or both. It may be easy for the strong-minded seeker to put his heel upon public opinion, or to tear from his heart the objects which he loves, in a sense: but there will always remain in himself many discordant affections, as also the bond of habit, and these also must he conquer.

In our holiest Book it is written: "Thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that, and no other shall say nay." Write it also in your heart and in your brain: for this is the key of the whole matter.

Here Nature herself be your preacher: for in every phenomenon of force and motion doth she proclaim aloud this truth. Even in so small a matter as driving a nail into a plank, hear this same sermon. Your nail must be hard, smooth, fine-pointed, or it will not move swiftly in the direction willed. Imagine then a nail of tinder-wood with twenty points—it is verily no longer a nail. Yet nigh all mankind are like unto this. They wish a dozen different

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careers; and the force which might have been sufficient to attain eminence in one is wasted on the others: they are null.

Here then let me make open confession, and say thus: though I pledged myself almost in boyhood to the Great Work, though to my aid came the most puissant forces in the Universe to hold me to it, though habit itself now constraineth me in the right direction, yet I have not fulfilled my Will: I turn aside daily from the appointed task. I waver. I falter. I lag.

Let this then be of great comfort to you all, that if I be so imperfect—and for very shame I have not emphasized that imperfection—if I, the chosen one, still fail, then how easy for yourselves to surpass me! Or, should you only equal me, then even so how great attainment should be yours!

Be of good cheer, therefore, since both my failure and my success are arguments of courage for yourselves.

Search yourselves cunningly, I pray you, analysing your inmost thoughts. And first you shall discard all those gross obvious hindrances to your Will: idleness, foolish friendships, waste employments or enjoyments, I will not enumerate the conspiritors against the welfare of your State.

Next, find the minimum of daily time which is in good sooth necessary to your natural life. The rest you shall devote to the True Means of your Attainment. And even these necessary hours you shall consecrate to the Great Work, saying consciously always while at these Tasks that you perform them only in order to preserve your body and mind in health for the right application to that sublime and single Object.

It shall not be very long before you come to understand that such a life is the true Liberty. You will feel distractions

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from your Will as what they are. They will no longer appear pleasant and attractive, but as bonds, as shames. And when you have attained this point, know that you have passed the Middle Gate of this Path. For you will have unified your Will.

Even thus, were a man sitting in a theatre where the play wearies him, he would welcome every distraction, and find amusement in any accident: but if he were intent upon the play, every such incident would annoy him. His attitude to these is then an indication of his attitude towards the play itself.

At first the habit of attention is hard to acquire. Persevere, and you will have spasms of revulsion periodically. Reason itself will attack you, saying: how can so strict a bondage be the Path of Freedom?

Persevere. You have never yet known Liberty. When the temptations are overcome, the voice of Reason silenced, then will your soul bound forward unhampered upon its chosen course, and for the first time will you experience the extreme delight of being Master of Yourself, and therefore of the Universe.

When this is fully attained, when you sit securely in the saddle, then you may enjoy also all those distractions which first pleased you and then angered you. Now they will do neither any more: for they are your slaves and toys.

Until you have reached this point, you are not wholly free. You must kill out desire, and kill out fear. The end of all is the power to live according to your own nature, without danger that one part may develop to the detriment of the whole, or concern lest that danger should arise.

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The sot drinks, and is drunken: the coward drinks not, and shivers: the wise man, brave and free, drinks, and gives glory to the Most High God.

This then is the the Law of Liberty: you possess all Liberty in your own right, but you must buttress Right with Might: you must win Freedom for yourself in many a war. Woe unto the children who sleep in the Freedom that their forefathers won for them!

“There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt:” but it is only the greatest of the race who have the strength and courage to obey it.

O man! behold thyself! With what pains wast thou fashioned! What ages have gone to thy shaping! The history of the planet is woven into the very substance of thy brain! Was all this for naught? Is there no purpose in thee? Wast thou made thus that thou shouldst eat, and breed, and die? Think it not so! Thou dost incorporate so many elements, thou art the fruit of so many æons of labour, thou art fashioned thus as thou art, and not otherwise, for some colossal End.

Nerve thyself, then, to seek it and to do it. Naught can satisfy thee but the fulfilment of thy transcendent Will, that is hidden within thee. For this, then, up to arms! Win thine own Freedom for thyself! Strike hard!

II OF LOVE

IT IS WRITTEN THAT “Love is the law, love under will.” Herein is an Arcanum concealed, for in the Greek Language *Αγαπη*, Love, is of the same numerical value as *Θελημα*,

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Will. By this we understand that the Universal Will is of the nature of Love.

Now Love is the enkindling in ecstasy of Two that will to become One. It is thus an Universal formula of High Magick. For see now how all things, being in sorrow caused by dividuality, must of necessity will Oneness as their medicine.

Here also is Nature monitor to them that seek Wisdom at her breast: for in the uniting of elements to opposite polarities is there a glory of heat, of light, and of electricity. Thus also in mankind do we behold the spritual fruit of poetry and all genius, arising from the seed of what is but an animal gesture, in the estimation of such as are schooled in Philosophy. And it is to be noted strongly that the most violent and divine passions are those between people of utterly unharmonious natures.

But now I would have you know that in the mind are no such limitations in respect of species as prevent a man falling in love with an inanimate object, or an idea. For to him that is in any wise advanced upon the Way of Meditation it appears that all objects save the One Object are distasteful, even as appeared formerly in respect of his chance wishes to the Will. So therefore all objects must be grasped with the mind, and heated in the sevenfold furnace of Love, until with explosion of ecstasy they unite, and disappear, for they, being imperfect, are destroyed utterly in the creation of the Perfection of Union, even as the persons of the Lover and the Beloved are fused into the spiritual gold of Love, which knoweth no person, but comprehendeth all.

Yet since each star is but one star, and the coming together of any two is but one partial rapture, so must the aspirant to

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our holy Science and Art increase constantly by this method of assimilating ideas, that in the end, become capable of apprehending the Universe in one thought, he may leap forth upon It with the massed violence of his Self, and destroying both these, become that Unity whose name is No Thing. Seek ye all therefore constantly to unite yourselves in rapture with each and every thing that is, and that by utmost passion and lust of Union. To this end take chiefly all such things as are naturally repulsive. For what is pleasant is assimilated easily and without ecstasy: it is in the transfiguration of the loathsome and abhorred into The Beloved that the Self is shaken to the root in Love.

Thus in human love also we see that mediocrities among men mate with null women: but History teacheth us that the supreme masters of the world seek ever the vilest and most horrible creatures for their concubines, overstepping even the limitig laws of sex and species in their necessity to transcend normality. It is not enough in such natures to excite lust or passion: the imagination itself must be inflamed by every means.

For us, then, emancipated from all base law, what shall we do to satisfy our Will to Unity? No less a mistress than the Universe: no lupanar more cramped than Infinite Space: no night of rape that is not coeval with Eternity!

Consider that as Love is mighty to bring forth all Ecstasy, so absence of Love is the greatest craving. Whoso is balked in Love sufereth indeed, but he that hath not actively that passion in his heart towards some object is weary with the ache of craving. And this state is called mystically "Dryness." For this there is, as I believe, no cure but patient persistence in a Rule of Life.

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But this Dryness hath its virtue, in that thereby the soul is purged of those things that impeach the Will: for when the drouth is altogether perfect, then it is certain that by no means can the Soul be satisfied, save by the Accomplishment of the Great Work. And this is in strong souls a stimulus to the Will. It is the Furnace of Thirst that burneth up all dross within us.

But to each act of Will is a particular Dryness corresponding: and as Love increaseth within you, so does the torment of His absence. Be this also unto you for a consolation in the ordeal! Moreover, the more fierce the plague of impotence, the more swiftly and suddenly is it wont to abate.

Here is the method of Love in Meditation. Let the Aspirant first practice and then discipline himself in the Art of fixing the attention on any thing whatsoever at will, without permitting the least imaginable distraction.

Let him also practice the art of the Analysis of Ideas, and that of refusing to allow the mind its natural reaction to them, pleasant or unpleasant, thus fixing himself in Simplicity and Indifference. These things being achieved in their ripe season, be it known to you that all ideas will have become equal to your apprehension, since each is simple and each indifferent: any one of them remaining in the mind at Will without stirring or striving, or tending to pass on to any other. But each idea will possess one special quality common to all: this, that no one of any of them is The Self, inasmuch as it is perceived by The Self as Something Opposite.

When this is thorough and profound in the impact of its realization, then is the moment for the aspirant to direct his Will to Love upon it, so that his whole consciousness findeth

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focus upon that One Idea. And at the first it may be fixed and dead, or lightly held. This may then pass into dryness, or into repulsion. Then at last by pure persistence in that Act of Will to Love, shall Love himself arise, as a bird, as a flame, as a song, and the whole Soul shall wing a fiery path of music unto the Ultimate Heaven of Possession.

Now in this method there are many roads and ways, some simple and direct, some hidden and mysterious, even as it is with human love whereof no man hath made so much as the first sketches for a Map: for Love is infinite in diversity even as are the Stars. For this cause do I leave Love himself master in the heart of every one of you: for he shall teach you rightly if you but serve him with diligence and devotion even to abandonment.

Nor shall you take umbrage at the strange pranks that he shall play: for He is a wayward boy and wanton, wise in the Wiles of Aphrodite Our Lady His sweet Mother: and all His jests and cruelties are spices in a confection cunning as no art may match.

Rejoice therefore in all His play, not remitting in any wise your own ardour, but glowing with the sting of His whips, and making of Laughter itself a sacrament adjuvant to Love, even as in the Wine of Rheims is sparkle and bite, like as they were ministers to the High Priest of Intoxication.

It is also fit that I write to you of the importance of Purity in Love. Now this matter concerneth not in any wise the object or the method of the practice: the one thing essential is that no alien element should intrude. And this is of most particular pertinence to the aspirant in that primary and mundane aspect of his work wherein he establisheth himself in the method through his natural affections.

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For know, that all things are masks or symbols of the One Truth, and nature serveth alway to point out the higher perfection under the veil of the lower perfection. So then all the Art and Craft of human love shall serve you as an hieroglyphic: for it is written that That which is above is like that which is below: and That which is below is like that which is above.

Therefore also doth it behoove you to take well heed lest in any manner you fail in this business of purity. For though each act is to be complete on its own plane, and no influence of any other plane is to be brought in for interference or admixture, for that such is all impurity, yet each act should in itself be so complete and perfect that it is a mirror of the perfection of every plane, and thereby becometh partaker of the pure Light of the highest. Also, since all acts are to be acts of Will in Freedom on every plane, all planes are in reality but one: and thus the lowest expression of any function of that Will is to be at the same time an expression of the highest Will, or only true Will, which is that already implied in the acceptance of the Law.

Be it also well understood that it is not necessary or right to shut off natural activity of any kind, as certain false folk, eunuchs of the spirit, most foully teach, to the destruction of many. For in every thing soever inhereth its own perfection proper to it, and to neglect the full operation and function of any one part bringeth distortion and degeneration to the whole. Act therefore in all ways, but transforming the effect of all these ways to the One Way of the Will. And this is possible, because all ways are in actual Truth One Way, the Universe being itself One and One Only, and its appearance as Multiplicity that cardinal illusion which it is the very object of Love to dissipate.

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In the achievement of Love are two principles, that of mastering, and that of yielding. But the nature of these is hard to explain, for they are subtle, and are best taught by Love Himself in the course of the Operations. But it is to be said generally that the choice of one formula or the other is automatic, being the work of that inmost Will which is alive within you. Seek not then to determine consciously this decision, for herein true instinct is not liable to err.

But now I end, without further words: for in our Holy Books are written many details of the actual practices of Love. And those are the best and truest which are most subtly written in symbol and image, especially in Tragedy and Comedy, for the whole nature of these things is in this kind, Life itself being but the fruit of the flower of Love.

It is then of Life that I must needs now write to you, seein that by every act of Will in Love you are creating it, a quintessence more mysterious and joyous than you deem, for this which men call life is but a shadow of that true Life, your birthright, and the gift of the Law of Thelema.

III OF LIFE

SYSTOLE AND DIASTOLE: these are the phases of all component things. Of such also is the life of man. Its curve arises from the latency of the fertilized ovum, say you, to a zenith whence it declines to the nullity of death? Rightly considered, this is not wholly truth. The life of man is but one segment of a serpentine curve which reaches out to infinity, and its zeros but mark the changes from the plus to minus, and minus to plus, coefficients of its equation. It is

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for this cause, among many others, that wise men in old time chose the Serpent as the Hieroglyph of Life.

Life then is indestructible as all else is. All destruction and construction are changes in the nature of Love, as I have written to you in the former chapter proximate. Yet even as the blood in one pulse-throb of the wrist is not the same blood as that in the next, so individuality is in part destroyed as each life passeth; nay, even with every thought.

What then maketh man, if he dieth and is reborn a changeling with each breath? This: the consciousness of continuity given by memory, the conception of his Self as something whose existence, far from being threatened by these changes, is in verity assured by them. Let then the aspirant to the sacred Wisdom consider his Self no more as one segment of the Serpent, but as the whole. Let him extend his consciousness to regard both birth and death as incidents trivial as systole and diastole of the heart itself, and necessary as they to its function.

To fix the mind in this apprehension of Life, two modes are preferred, as preliminary to the greater realizations to be discussed in their proper order, experiences which transcend even those attainments of Liberty and Love of which I have hitherto written, and this of Life which I now inscribe in this my little book which I am making for you so that you may come unto the Great Fulfilment.

The first mode is the acquisition of the Magical Memory so-called, and the means is described with accuracy and clearness in certain of our Holy Books. But for nearly all men this is found to be a practice of exceeding difficulty. Let then the aspirant follow the impulse of his own Will in the decision to choose this or no.

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The second mode is easy, agreeable, not tedious, and in the end as certain as the other. But as the way of error in the former lieth in Discouragement, so in the latter are you to be ware of False Paths. I may say indeed generally of all Works, that there are two dangers, the obstacle of Failure, and the snare of Success.

Now this second mode is to dissociate the beings which make up your life. Firstly, because it is easiest, you should segregate that Form which is called the Body of Light (and also by many other names) and set yourself to travel in this Form, making systematic exploration of those worlds which are to other material things what your own Body of Light is to your own material form.

Now it will occur to you in these travels that you come to many Gates which you are not able to pass. This is because your Body of Light is itself as yet not strong enough, or subtle enough, or pure enough: and you must then learn to dissociate the elements of that body by a process similar to the first, your consciousness remaining in the higher and leaving the lower. In this practice do you continue, bending your Will like a great Bow to drive the Arrow of your consciousness through heavens ever higher and holier. But the continuance in this Way is itself of vital value: for it shall be that presently habit herself shall persuade you that the body which is born and dieth within so little a space as one cycle of Neptune in the Zodiac is no essential of your Self, that the Life of which you are become partaker, while itself subject of the Law of action and reaction, ebb and flow, systole and diastole, is yet insensible to the afflictions of that life which you formerly held to be your sole bond with existence.

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And here must you resolve your Self to make the mightiest endeavours: for so flowered are the meadows of this Eden, and so sweet the fruit of its orchards, that you will love to linger among them, and to take delight in sloth and dalliance therein. Therefore I write to you with energy that these enjoyments are dependent upon duality, so that their true name is Sorrow of Illusion, like that of the normal life of man, which you have set out to transcend.

Be it according to your Will, but learn this, that (as it is written) they only are happy who have desired the unattainable. It is then best, ultimately, if it be your Will to find alway your chiefest pleasure in Love, that is, in Conquest, and in Death, that is, in Surrender, as I have written to you already. Thus then you shall delight in these delights aforesaid, but only as toys, holding your manhood firm and keen to pierce to deeper and holier ecstasies without arrest of Will.

Furthermore, I would have you to know that in this practice, pursued with ardour unquenchable, is this especial grace, that you will come as it were by fortune into states which transcend the practice itself, being of the nature of those works of Pure Light of which I will write to you in the chapter following after this. For there be certain Gates which no being who is still conscious of dividuality, that is, of the Self and not-Self as opposites, may pass through: and in the storming of those Gates by fiery assault of lust celestial, your flame will burn vehemently against your gross Self, though it be already divine beyond your present imagining, and devour it in a mystical death, so that in the Passing of the Gate all is dissolved in formless Light of Unity.

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Now then, returning from these states of being, and in the return also there is a Mystery of Joy, you will be weaned from the Milk of Darkness of the Moon, and made partaker of the Sacrament of Wine that is the blood of the Sun. Yet at the first there may be shock and conflict, for the old thought persists by force of its habit: it is for you to create by repeated act the true right habit of this consciousness of the Life which abideth in Light. And this is easy, if your will be strong: for the true Life is no much more vivid and quintessential than the false that (as I rudely estimate) one hour of the former makes an impression on the memory equal to one year of the latter. One single experience, in duration it may be but a few seconds of terrestrial time, is sufficient to destroy the belief in the reality of our vain life on earth: but this wears gradually away if the consciousness, through shock or fear, adhere not to it, and the Will strive not continually to repetition of that bliss, more beautiful and terrible than death, which it hath won by virtue of Love.

There be moreover many other modes of attaining the apprehension of true Life, and these two following are of much value in breaking up the ice of your mortal error in the vision of your being. And of these the first is the constant contemplation of the Identity of Love and Death, and the understanding of the dissolution of the body as an Act of Love done upon the Body of the Universe, as also it is written at length in our Holy Books. And with this goeth, as it were sister with twin brother, the practice of mortal love as a sacrament symbolical of that great Death: as it is written "Kill thyself": and again "Die daily."

And the second of these lesser modes is the practice of the mental apprehension and analysis of ideas, mainly as I have already taught you, but with especial empahsis in choice of

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things naturally repulsive, in particular death itself, and its phenomena ancillary. Thus the Buddha bade his disciples to meditate upon Ten Impurities, that is, upon ten cases of death or decomposition, so that the Aspirant, identifying himself with his own corpse in all these imagined forms, might lose the natural horror, loathing, fear or disgust which he might have had for them. Know this, that every idea of every sort becomes unreal, phantastic, and most manifest illusion, if it be subjected to persistent investigation, with concentration. And this is particularly easy to attain in the case of all bodily impressions, because all material things, and especially those of which we are first conscious, namely, our own bodies, are the grossest and most unnatural of all falsities. For there is in us all, latent, that Light wherein no error may endure, and It already teaches our instinct to reject first of all those veils which are most closely wrapt about It. Thus also in meditation it is (for many men) most profitable to concentrate the Will to Love upon the sacred centres of nervous force: for they, like all things, are apt images or true reflexions of their semblances in finer spheres: so that, their gross images being dissipated by the dissolving acid of the Meditation, their finer souls appear (so to speak) naked, and display their force and glory in the consciousness of the aspirant.

Yea, verily, let your Will to Love burn eagerly toward this creation in yourselves of the true Life that rolls its waves across the shoreless sea of Time! Live not your petty lives in fear of the hours! The Moon and Sun and Stars by which ye measure Time are themselves but servants of that Life which pulses in you, joyous drum-beat as you march triumphant through the Avenue of the Ages. Then, when each birth and death of yours are recognized in this

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perception as mere milestones on your ever-living Road, what of the foolish incidents of your mean lives? Are they not grains of sand blown by the desert wind, or pebbles that you spurn with your winged feet, or grassy hollows where you press the yielding and elastic turf and moss with lyrical dances? To him who lives in Life naught matters: his is eternal motion, energy, delight of never-failing Change: unwearied, you pass on from æon to æon, from star to star, the Universe your playground, its infinite variety of sport ever old and ever new. All those ideas which bred sorrow and fear are known in their truth, and thus become the seed of joy: for you are certain beyond all proof that you can never die: that though you change, change is part of your own nature: the Great Enemy is become the Great Ally.

And now, rooted in this perfection, your Self become the very Tree of Life, you have a fulcrum for your lever: you are ready to understand that this pulsation of Unity is itself Duality, and therefore, in the highest and most sacred sense, still Sorrow and Illusion; which, having comprehended, aspire yet again, even unto the Fourth of the Gifts of the Law, unto the End of the Path, even unto Light.

IV OF LIGHT

I PRAY YOU, be patient with me in that which I shall right concerning Light: for here is a difficulty, ever increasing, in the use of words. Moreover, I am myself carried away constantly and overwhelmed by the sublimity of this matter, so that plain speech may whirl into lyric, when I would plod

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peaceably with didactic, expression. My best hope is that you may understand by virtue of the sympathy of your intuition, even as two lovers may converse in language as unintelligible to others as it seemeth silly, wanton, and dull, or as in that other intoxication given by Ether the partakers commune with infinite wit, or wisdom, as the mood taketh them, by means of a word or a gesture, being initiated to apprehension by the subtlety of the drug. So may I that am inflamed with love of this Light, and drunken on the wine Ethereal of this Light, communicate not so much with your reason and intelligence, but with that principle hidden in yourself which is ready to partake with me. Even so may man and woman become mad with love, no word being spoken between them, because of the induction (as it were) of their souls. And your understanding will depend upon your ripeness for perception of my Truth. Moreover, if so be that Light in you ready to break forth, then Light will interpret to you these dark words in the language of Light, even as a string inanimate, duly adjusted, will vibrate to its particular tone, struck on another chord. Read, therefore, not only with the eye and brain, but with the rhythm of the Life which you have attained by your Will to Love quickened to dancing measure by these words, which are the movements of the wand of my Will to Love, and so to enkindle your Life to Light.

[In this mood did I interrupt myself in the writing of this my little book, and for two days and nights sleeplessly have I made consideration, wrestling vehemently with my spirit, lest by haste or carelessness I might fail toward you.]

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In exercise of Will and Love are implied motion and change, but in Life is gained an Unity which moveth and changeth only in pulse or in phase, and is even as music. Yet in the attainment of this Life you will already have experienced that the Quintessence thereof is pure Light, an ecstasy formless, and without bound or mark. In this Light naught exists, for It is homogeneous: and therefore have men called it Silence, and Darkness, and Nothing. But in this, as in all other effort to name it, is the root of every falsity and misapprehension, since all words imply some duality. Therefore, though I call it Light, it is not Light, nor absence of Light. Many also have sought to describe it by contradiction, since through transcendent negation of all speech it may by some natures be attained. Also by images and symbols have men striven to express it: but always in vain. Yet those that were ready to apprehend the nature of this Light have understood by sympathy: and so shall it be with you who read this little book, loving it. However, be it known unto you that the best of all instruction on this matter, and the Word best suited to the Æon of Horus, is written in the The Book of the Law. Yet also the Book Ararita is right worthy in the Work of Light, as Trigrammaton in that of Will, Cordis Cincti Serpente in the Way of Love, and Liberi in that of Life. All these Books also concern all these Four Gifts, for in the end you will see that every one is inseparable from every other.

I wish to write to you with regard to the number 93, the number of *Θελημα*. For it is not only the number of its interpretation *Αγαπη*, but also that of a Word unknown to you unless you be Neophyte of our Holy Order of the A.:A.: which word representeth in itself the arsing of the Speech from the Silence, and the return thereunto in the End.

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Now the number 93 is thrice 31, which is in Hebrew LA, that is to say NOT, and so it denieth extension in the three dimensions of Space. Also I would have you to meditate closely upon the name NU that is 56, which we are told to divide, add, multiply, and understand. By division cometh forth 0.12, as if it were written Nuith! Hadith! Ra-Hoor-Khuith! before the Dyad. By addition ariseth Eleven, the number of True Magick: and by multiplication Three Hundred, the Number of the Holy Spirit or Fire, the letter Shin, wherein all things are consumed utterly. With these considerations, and a full understanding of the mysteries of the Number 666 and 418, you will be armed mightily in this Way of far flight. But you should also consider all numbers in their scales. For there is no means of resolution better than this of pure mathematics, since already therein are gross ideas made fine, and all is ordered and ready for the Alchemy of the Great Work.

I have already written to you of how, in the Will of Love, Light ariseth as the secret part of Life. And in the first, the little, Loves, the attained Life is still personal: later, it becometh impersonal and universal. Now then is Will arrived, may I say so, at its magnetic pole, whence the lines of force point alike every way and no way: and Love also is no more a work, but a state. These qualities are become part of the Universal Life, which proceedeth infinitely with the enjoyment of the Will, and of Love as inherent therein. These things therefore, in their perfection, have lost their names, and their natures. Yet these were the Substance of Life, its Father and Mother: and without their operation and impact Life itself will gradually cease its pulsations. But since the infinite energy of the whole Universe is therein, what then is possible but that it return to its own First

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Intention, dissolving itself little by little into that Light which is its most secret and most subtle Nature?

For this Universe is in Truth Zero, being an equation whereof Zero is the sum. Whereof this is the proof, that if not, it would be unbalanced, and something would have come from Nothing, which is absurd. This Light or Nothing is then the Resultant or Totality thereof in pure Perfection; and all other states, positive or negative, are imperfect, since they omit their opposites.

Yet, I would have you consider that this equality or identity of equation between all things and No thing is most absolute, so that you will remain no more in one than you did in the other. And you will understand this greatest Mystery very easily in the light of those other experiences which you have enjoyed, wherein motion and rest, change and stability, and many other subtle opposites, have been redeemed to identity by the force of your holy meditation.

The greatest gift of the Law, then, cometh forth by the most perfect practice of the Three Lesser Gifts. And so thoroughly must you travail in this Work that you are able to pass from one side of the equation to the other at will: nay, to comprehend the whole at once, and for ever. Thus then your time-and-space-bound soul shall travel according to its nature in its orbit, revealing the Law to them that walk in chains, for that this is your particular function.

Now here is the Mystery of the Origin of Evil. Firstly, by Evil we mean that which is in opposition to our own wills: it is therefore a relative, and not an absolute, term. For everything which is the greatest evil of some one is the greatest good of some other, just as the hardness of the wood

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which wearieth the axeman is the safety of him that ventureth himself upon the sea in a ship built of that wood. And this is a truth easy to apprehend, being superficial, and intelligible to the common mind.

All evil is thus relative, or apparent, or illusory: but, returning to philosophy, I will repeat that its root is always in duality. Therefore the escape from this apparent evil is to seek the Unity, which you shall do as I have already shewn you. But I will make mention of that which is written concerning this in *The Book of the Law*.

The first step being Will, Evil appears as by this definition, "all that hinders the execution of the Will." Therefore is it written: "The word of Sin is Restriction." It should also be noted that in *The Book of the Thirty Æthyrs* Evil appears as Choronzon whose number is 333, which in Greek importeth Impotence and Idleness: and the nature of Choronzon is Dispersion and Incoherence.

Then in the Way of Love Evil appears as "all that which tends to prevent the Union of any two things." Thus *The Book of the Law* sayeth, under the figure of the Voice of Nuit: "take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where, and with whom ye will! But always unto me." For every act of Love must be "under will," that is, in accordance with the True Will, which is not to rest content with things partial and transitory, but to proceed firmly to the End. So also, in *The Book of the Thirty Æthyrs*, the Black Brothers are those who shut themselves up, unwilling to destroy themselves by Love.

Thirdly, in the Way of Life Evil appears under a subtler form as "all that which is not impersonal and universal." Here *The Book of the Law*, by the Voice of Hadit, informeth us:

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“In the sphere I am everywhere the centre...” And again: “I am Life and the giver of Life ... ‘Come unto me’ is a foolish word: for it is I that go. ... For I am perfect, being Not.” For this Life is in every place and time at once, so that in It these limitations no longer exist. And you will have seen this for yourself, that in every act of Love time and space disappear with the creation of the Life by its virtue, as doth also personality itself. For the third time, then, in even subtler sense, “The word of Sin is Restriction”

Lastly, in the Way of Light this same versicle is the key to the conception of Evil. But here Restriction is in the failure to solve the Great Equation, and, later, to prefer one expression or phase of the Universe to another. Against this we are warned in *The Book of the Law* by the Word of Nuit, saying: “None ... and two. For I am divided for love’s sake, for the chance of union”, and therefore, “If this be not aright: if ye confound the space marks, saying, They are many ... then expect the direful judgements ...”

Now therefore by the favour of Thoth am I come to the end of this my book: and do you arm yourselves accordingly with the Four Weapons: the Wand for Liberty, the Cup for Love, the Sword for Life, the Disk for Light: and with these work all wonders by the Art of High Magick under the Law of the New Æon, whose Word is *Θελημα*.

A PSALM

The Lord hath brought me into the House of Darkness; by stealth hath the Lord drawn me into Night.

I beheld blackness that encompassed me; mine eyes were darkened in the house of darkness.

There came into my nostrils the scent of a great river; even of a river that boileth secretly under the palm-trees.

I lifted mine head, and behold, the Lord stood forth in the blackness.

As a pillar of fire shone the Lord; as a devil that whirlleth in the wilderness of sand.

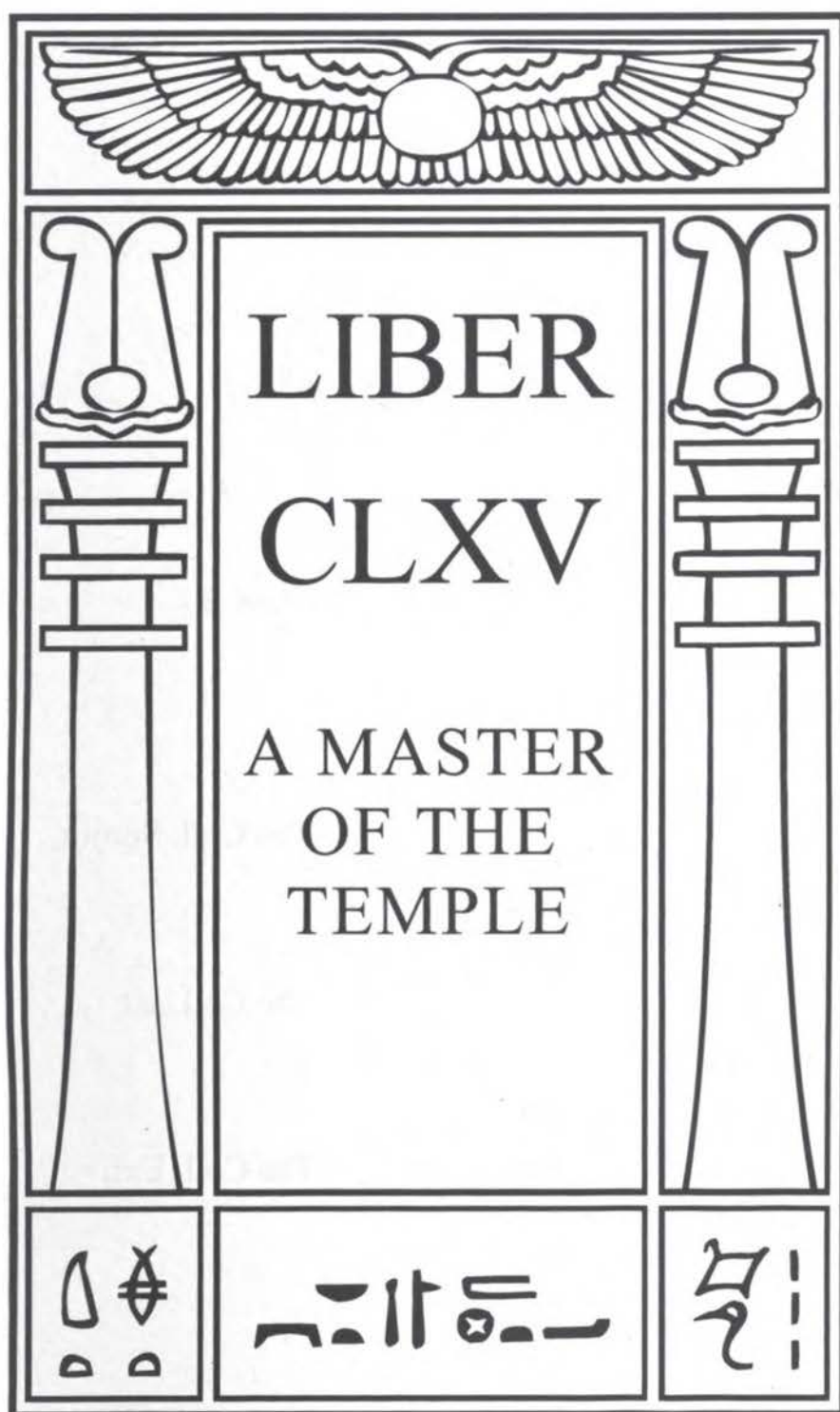
The Lord hath veiled Himself in purple; the Lord hath exalted himself in manifestation.

The Lord went before me into the darkness; the Lord hewed Him a way into the forest of Night.

The Glory of the Lord was as the sunrise upon black mountains; the Lord shone forth as the full moon on the dark river.

Then went I forth into the city, praising the Lord; I cried aloud in my joy, I made songs unto the Lord, the living God.

I will follow the Lord all the days of my life, and in the hour of my death let the Lord lead me into the House Everlasting.





A.:A.: Publication in Class B

93	$10^{\circ}=1^{\square}$	} Pro Coll. Summ.
666	$9^{\circ}=2^{\square}$	
777	$8^{\circ}=3^{\square}$	
D. D. S.	$7^{\circ}=4^{\square}$	} Pro Coll. Int.
O. M.	$7^{\circ}=4^{\square}$	
O. S. V.	$6^{\circ}=5^{\square}$	
Parzival	$5^{\circ}=6^{\square}$	
V. N.	Præmonstrator	} Pro Coll. Ext.
P.	Imperator	
Achad	Cancellarius	



Frater VNVS in Omnibvs
From the Photograph by Henry B. Camp

The Master is represented in the Robe of, and described by His name as, a Probationer, as if to assert his Simplicity. He is in His favourite Asana, the Dragon, in profound holy meditation.

A MASTER OF THE TEMPLE

Section I

April 2, 1886, to December 24, 1909

Charles Stansfeld Jones, whom I shall usually mention by the motto V.I.O., which he took on becoming a Probationer of the A.:A.:, made his entry into this World by the usual and approved method, on April 2nd 1886 E. V., having only escaped becoming an April Fool by delaying a day to summon up enough courage to turn out once more into this cold and uninviting World. Having been oiled, smacked and allowed to live, we shall trouble no further about the details of his career until 1906, when, having reached the age of 20 years, he began to turn his attention toward the Mysteries, and to investigate Spiritualism, chiefly with the idea of disproving it. From this year his interest in the Occult seems to date, and it was about this time that he first consciously aspired to find, and get into touch with, a True Occult Order. This aspiration was, as we shall see, fulfilled three years later, when he had an opportunity to become a Probationer of the A.:A.:, and immediately grasped it; but during those three years his researches led him into varied paths: Spiritualism, Faithism and other Isms on the one hand, and "The Europe," "The Leicester," and "The Cosy Corner" on the other: last, but not least, into Marriage, a difficult thing to put on one side and perhaps best left on the other. Having then plunged wholeheartedly into this final experiment,

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becoming as it were “Omnia in Uno” for a time, he emerged in a frame of mind well suited to the study of Scientific Illuminism, of which he was much in need, and, having signed the Probationer’s Pledge Form on December 24th, 1909, E.V., he took—after careful thought—the Motto “Unus in Omnibus” and has been riding very comfortably ever since.

From this time onward, according to the Rules of the Order, he began keeping a written record of his Work, and this makes our task easier; but since he himself became more serious from that moment, we must to a certain extent follow his example and treat what is recorded as the attempt of a struggling soul to obtain Light for himself and others. Whatever his mistakes, however poor his results, or laughable his failures, there is this much to be said for him, that he never turned back.

Section II

December 24, 1909, to May 14, 1910

Frater V.I.O. started off bravely enough. As soon as he had read the first number of *The Equinox*, and before he got into touch with any Member of the A.:A.: he made an attempt at Asana. The earliest record I can find reads as follows:

Thursday, Nov. 4th, 1909. 11:20 P.M. to 11:41 P.M.

Asana. Position I. The God.

Inclination for back to bend, just above hips, had to straighten up several times.

Opened eyes once and moved head, after about five minutes.

Breathed fairly regularly after the first few minutes, counting 9 in, holding 4, 9 out, holding 4.

Saw various colours in clouds, and uncertain figures, during the latter part of the time.

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On December 19th his practice lasted 46 minutes. He hoped to do 60 minutes next time. But he does not appear to have done so, for after signing his Probationer's Oath on December 24th I find no record till January 11th, 1910, E.V., the day he received his first written instructions from his Neophyte, Frater P.A. As those instructions represent the basis upon which he worked for a considerable period, I shall include them here, in spite of the fact that it may have been out of order for him to work on definite instructions at all, since the Probationer is supposed to choose for himself those practices which please him best, and to experiment therewith for himself. Since however he did not know this at the time, he cannot be blamed for doing his best along the lines laid down by his Neophyte.¹ In any case he might have done far worse than to strive to carry out these few simple rules which are as follows:

THE RULES

1. Ever be moderate and follow the middle path; rather be the tortoise than the hare; do not rush wildly into anything; but do not abandon what you have taken up, without much forethought.

2. Always keep your body and mind in a healthy and fit condition; and never carry out an exercise, whether mental or physical, when you are fatigued.

3. In an ideal country the hours in which to practice are: at sunrise, sunset, noon and midnight (and always before a meal never immediately after one).

¹ It is presumptuous for a Neophyte to lay down rules; for (a) he cannot possibly know what his Probationer needs, having no record to guide him; (b) the Probationer's task is to explore his own nature, not to follow any prescribed course. A third objection is that by putting the Probationer in Corsets, an entirely flabby person may sneak through his year, and become a Neophyte, to the shame of the Order. But this objection is theoretical; for Initiation is overseen from the Third Order, where no Error may endure.—O.M.

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As this cannot be done with comfort, in this country (England), let your chief practice take place an hour or half an hour before your breakfast hour.

4. If possible set apart a room wherein to carry out your exercises; keep it clean, and only keep in it objects which please you; burn a little incense in the room before beginning an exercise; keep the room holy to yourself, and do not allow yourself or another to do anything unbalanced in thought or action in it. In will and deed make this room a temple and a symbol of that greater Temple which is your HIGHER SELF.

THE EXERCISES

The First Exercise

Rise to time, and without undue haste, wash and dress, robe yourself and enter the room you have set apart; burn a little incense and turning to the East repeat some simple orison such as: "May the light of Adonai arise within me, may it guide me through this day and be as a lamp to lighten my darkness." Then make a general confession, as shortly as possible, of your last day's work and enter it in your diary, after which sit down in a comfortable position and do the following.

With your hands upon your knees and your head straight, take in a breath in measured time inwards and concentrate the whole of your thought on that breath as it flows into your lungs, cutting away all other thoughts that may arise at the time; then exhale the breath, still keeping your thought fixed on it. Do this for some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and mark down in your diary the number of "breaks," or any result. The whole of this practice must be performed rhythmically and harmoniously.

The Second Exercise

As the rush of daily work tends to undo what the morning exercise has done, try your utmost to turn every item of your professional work into a magical exercise. Do all, even the smallest work, in honour and glory of Adonai: excel in your special duties in life, because He is of you, and you of Him; do not think of Him as Adonai, but think of Adonai as the work; and of your daily work create a symbol of the Symbol of "The Great Work which is TO BE."

The Third Exercise.

As the rush of your daily work tends to unbalance you, so do the pleasures you indulge in. Cultivate joyfulness in all your amusements; and, when joyful, break out into silent and inward praise of the joy within you. Do not make a prudish exercise of it, work silently and joyously, and do not discuss your results with casual friends. And above all do everything

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for the honour and glory of Adonai, so that of your daily pleasures you may construct a symbol of that Unchanging Joy that IS.

These instructions were accompanied by a letter from which I quote the following: "The enclosed exercises perform regularly, say to yourself: 'I will do these for three months; even if I get no benefit from them, yet I am *determined* to do them.' Write to me whenever you like, but don't consider any result that you may get as worth much; for these little exercises are only to produce an equilibrium which is essential before really setting out. If you add any exercise of your own then do it at a definite hour daily and do it continuously; to take up an exercise and then drop it is worse than useless, for it is unbalancing."

Now, as any Probationer knows, as soon as one sets out to do the simplest task regularly and with magical intent, that task becomes not only difficult, but well nigh impossible of performance. This is just what V.I.O. found, and no sooner had his task been set than all kinds of difficulties presented themselves, like the dog-faced demons mentioned by Zoroaster, to prevent its fulfilment. He tried, but at the end of January he writes: "I cannot get on under these conditions. Had plenty of time to do exercises this morning, but was continually interrupted. Did not robe myself as I have no place fit to call a temple." How little did he know at that time how well off he really was in the latter respect! He was living in comfort in a Kensington Flat with every convenience of civilization; a few years later he was glad to do Asana and perform his meditations out in the rain, clad in pyjamas, because his tiny tent in British Columbia was too small to allow of work inside. But we digress. At this point his record breaks off abruptly. He remained in London until May of 1910, when circumstances arose which made it possible for him to visit British Columbia.

Armed then with his instruction paper, *The Equinox*, and

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a few Occult books, he sailed for Canada, alone, to start again in new and unploughed fields.

Section III

July 25, 1910, to April 30, 1911

The next entry in his diary is dated July 25th, 1910. It is a general confession of the previous six months. Half of his year of Probation had passed away, and he has not reported to, or received any communication from, the Order. He laments his negligence in this respect, but writes: "Yet know I well that I alone have suffered and shall suffer from this negligence, and I must humbly take any results that may arise out of my failure. Still, even though I may have neglected the advice given me when I first became a Probationer, I feel that I have progressed, be it never so slightly, along the Path which from the first I set out to tread. May it not be, O Adonai, that even now the second six months may be made to balance the first six, and that what is passed may yet be for the best?"

At that time he had not found out that things always turn out for the best; it took him a long while to realize this, but it is evident that soon afterwards his efforts produced some result; for we find an entry on Sunday, August 7th, 1910. "I have found (for a few moments) the Peace which passeth all understanding. Amen." This was evidently the foreshadowing of his first really notable result, the first Dawning of L.V.X. which he experienced on August 29th. There is an entry on September 2nd, full of joy and gladness and wonder at his first Illumination; and then, three days later, he had evidently recognised that this alone was not enough, and this was evidently the reason for the next somewhat curious entry

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of September 5th, 7:53 P.M., which I shall quote practically in full:

I am calm now, as I commence to write what may be the last entry in this diary. All that I can remember of my life on this planet has, as I look back upon it, been guided by an unseen hand. For so short a life (24 years and six months) it has been filled with an unusual number of incidents, some painful, some joyful and some of a purely spiritual nature. I regret nothing. Again three days have passed since I made entry in this book. I cannot talk of what has happened during those three days, it seems useless to try and do so, in fact it seems useless to make this entry at all except that I know not what is before me, and I feel that had I (or if I) lived longer upon this planet it would have been my life work, indeed it must have been, to help others to the Path. Therefore to those who follow after are these lines written in the hope that they may be saved one drop of the anguish I now suffer. Whatever may have happened in this last three days, the results of my thoughts amount to this. I who have found the heart of the shining triangle, who have indeed become one with the Great White Brotherhood, who have heard the Voice of God in all Its sweetness, who have made that message a part (nay all) of my being, who have held my Beloved in my arms, who have Become my Beloved and lost myself therein, who have for ever given up my lower self, who have conquered Death, who have felt the Pain of the whole World, who have found Wisdom, Love and Power, who have given up All to become Nothing, I who have seen the need of the World, have found that books (hitherto my dearest companions) have no longer any word to say to me—have found that knowledge (relative) or what I thought was knowledge, is of no avail to supply the need of all that other part of my Being that my great God-love would give it. I who have conquered Fear and Death, am now confronted with the fact that without Absolute Knowledge all is vain. I am going to ask the One Last Question. WHY? I have written it. An awful stillness falls. I am alone in my lodgings, I have no money, and I cannot use my Will to demand it from others if I can give nothing in return to help them to find what they really seek. I have cried with Christ “Eli, Eli, Lama Sabacthani.” I have suffered the Bloody Sweat with Him on the Cross, and now I say with Him “It is finished” Amen. One last note occurs to me before I wrap up this book and seal it and address it to F. . . in whose hands it will be safe. I looked into the eyes of a little child this evening. Does the answer lie there?

Sep. 5th, 12:26 P.M. It is over. I have unsealed the package and once more opened the book. This time it will be but a short entry. Very quietly I knelt; I did not robe or burn incense. I just took with me the memory of the little child who had looked into my eyes as I kissed its forehead. Very

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quietly I asked my question. I rose and lay upon the bed, and soon the answer came. It came quite silently, and at first I thought I must be mistaken, I had (it seemed) heard it so many times before. No other answer came, so I went out into the streets and along my way. Gradually the fuller meaning has dawned on me, and I have returned to make this entry. I need not add much more. I do not put the answer down. It was given in silence and must remain in Silence. Still there seemed to be just one little ripple of joy in the Great Silent Sea as another sould gently sank to its rest, and the silent voices whispered "Welcome brother." Then all was calm and Peace as before. The little ripple flowed on to let the whole world know, then, having delivered its message, all was still. Amen.

Whatever the nature of this Illumination, probably a state of Dhyana, it left a very marked result on the consciousness of Frater V.I.O., and gave him the necessary energy to continue his Work through many a dark and dismal period. He himself could not gauge its value at all at the time. He was alone in Vancouver and out of touch with the Order, having received no further word from his Neophyte since he left England. In fact he heard nothing till January of the following year. He however sent a post-card to say that he had obtained some result.

About this same time I find an entry called "The Philosophy of V.I.O." which seems of interest on account of some similarities to the Law of Thelema, of which he had heard nothing at that time. It reads as follows:

Man is bound by but One Law.

If he breaks a part of it, he hurts no one but himself.

While he lives in unity with It, he is God..

While he does not live in unity with It he is Man.

While he lives in unity with it he becomes the Law.

To realise the Law and live it is the Great Work.

To break the Law after he has realized it is Sin.

To endeavour to bring all to the knowledge of the Law, is to keep the Law.

Seek ye the Law that ye may be Free.

Wisdom, Love and Power, these three are One. That these should be One is the Law.

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By finding the Point from which these three become equal, and there remaining, by this means only, can the Law be Known.

If ye know this, ye know All.

If ye know not this, ye know less than All.

Seek ever for the Absolute, and be content with Nothing less.

By the end of September the immediate results of this first Illumination seem to have worn off, and we find Frater V.I.O. striving desperately to estimate the value of what had happened to him. He was certainly in a mental muddle, as the following entry shows, yet at the same time his one thought seems to have been to find a means of helping others to find that Light which had so transformed his whole being.

Sept. 24th, 1910. Driad Hotel. Victoria, B. C.

I sit here with the idea of attempting to classify the results lately obtained. (Since L.V.X. entry.)

I may mention that during the interval I have carefully read and studied Crowley's *Tannhäuser*, *The Sword of Song*, *Excluded Middle*, *Time*, *Berashith*, *Science and Buddhism*, *Three Characteristics*, *etc.* In the Light of Understanding, all these works have taken on a very different aspect to when I read them previously. Also the Purpose of Liber LXV is clear. The result of all this gives me a feeling that I have arrived at the End and also at the Beginning at the same time.

This (by the way) seems the usual experience of the beginner; no sooner does he get a result, any result, than he immediately thinks he is at the end. But V.I.O. is evidently not to be deceived in that way, for he goes on:

Now, had I really arrived at the End, it seems reasonable to suppose I should not be here writing this. My body and mind are at any rate still in existence as a body and mind. But, as these are admittedly impermanent, does it matter much that they continue to exist in this form or no? What has that to do with the Consciousness of the Existence of That which transcends both? Now, had not some part of my present State of Existence realized the possibility of another and higher state of Consciousness, should I not still be in that state of uncertainty in which I lived before this

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realization came? This realization having come about has at any rate remained as a glimpse of Being, different from the previous not-being.

The result of his mental analysis appears to amount to this, that he had experienced within himself a state of consciousness full of Peace and Joy, yet which more nearly approximated to Zero than any other term. He can find nothing with which to compare this state, but he recognizes its immense superiority over normal consciousness, and feels an intense desire to make it possible for others to share his experience. Since however he finds it impossible to explain it in words, he recognises that he must obtain the knowledge of some definite System of producing the state scientifically, but since he is not even a Neophyte of the A.:A.:, he wonders if They will recognise him as qualified to demand the right to know and spread Their teachings. He determines in any case to reduce the wants of the Ego as a separate being as far as possible, by forgetting self in his efforts to do all he can for others according to the Light he had obtained.

He found however that the destruction of the Ego was not thus easily accomplished at the first assault. Nevertheless he learned, not from books but from experience, that the Goal was to be found within himself, and that the nearer he could approach to the Consciousness of Nothingness the nearer he got to the Realization of Pure Existence. This reduction of consciousness to Zero then became the fixed aim of his Meditations; and any other experiments he entered upon, were, from that time onward, looked upon as necessary in order that he might fit himself to help others, rather than for his personal development.

On January 7th, 1911, he received No. 4 of *The Equinox*,

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and on seeing the Frontispiece to *Liber Jvgorvm* he experienced a feeling of decided aversion to cutting his arm in the prescribed manner. But, said be, "Fear is failure and the forerunner of failure"; and it will no doubt be best to undertake a week of this work so as to get used to it, after which I shall probably have no more trouble in this respect. He decided therefore to omit the word AND from his conversation for that period. His record of this experiment is kept in detail² and may prove interesting to other Students; so I shall transcribe it in full.

Saturday, Jan. 7th, 1911. Vancouver, B. C.

4 P.M. Have just received The Equinox and am going to experiment with the Control of Speech by not using the word "AND" for one week. May My Lord Adonai assist me. Amen.

Sat. 7th., 12 Midnight.

Although continually watchful, have had to chastise myself 15 times since 4 o'clock. Will try and make a better record to-morrow. (I am certain that I have not missed cutting arm immediately after using the word.)

Sun. 8th, 11:30 P.M.

Said prohibited word

2. before rising in morning.
1. during conversation.
3. during singing practice.
1. at tea.
1. in evening.
1. Supper.

Total 9

² The reader is asked to note that only a very few of very many practices are transcribed in this abridged record. This note is especially important, because a casual reader might be led to suppose that V.I.O. got a great deal for very little. On the contrary, he is the hardest worker of all the Brethren, and well deserved his unprecedented success.—O.M.

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This is certainly better. The three times during singing practice occurred while trying over new music with the choir of which I am a member, and it is very hard to leave out a word when singing. I find this practice makes one speak much less. The word chosen being a conjunction often results in the second part of a sentence remaining unspoken. I never before noticed how unnecessary some of our speech is; in fact I have now no doubt that a great many things are better left unsaid.

Monday, Jan. 9th. Bedtime.

Said word to-day for the first time at Lunch.

1 at 1:20 P.M. Lunch.

1 at 2:25 P.M. at Office.

2 at 4 P.M. { (Was careless enough to repeat a sentence containing
it. Give extra sharp cut.)

1 at 5:10 P.M.

1 at 5:30 P.M.

Total 6

I am glad this shows further improvement. I was working and taking at the Office all the evening up to 10 o'clock. and then had some conversation at home.

Tuesday, Jan. 10th. 12:35 P.M.

I am annoyed with myself, have been very careless. Had a talk with a man this morning for about 7 minutes, and forgot all about concentration. However, I have more or less formed a habit of speaking in short sentences; so I don't think I said the word more than twice. However am just going to give an extra cut in case, for being careless.

1 before leaving home in morning.

2 during conversation (as above) 12:10 A.M.

1 during Lunch. (This only half sounded, but have recorded it.)

1 at 7:45 P.M. (arm begins to feel sore)

1 at 10:30 P.M. (speaking too quickly to M.)

— Went to bed at 11:10 P.M.

Total 6

Wednesday, Jan. 11. 6:45 P.M.

1 at 9:50 A.M. at Office.

Lunch 1 while talking to my brother C.

Hour 1 while talking to my wife.

12—1 o'clock. 1 while talking to my barber.

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I consider the above *very bad*; but the explanation is that this particular hour was a great "rush" as I had to call at my brother's Office, go home for lunch, do some shopping for lunch, and back again to eat same, also get shaved, in one hour. I evidently got flurried and lost control a bit. (Note the time when talking to my brother is doubtful, but have included it.) I think I should here note that on Saturday evening, Sunday and Monday I was quite aware of my task practically *all the time*; even when I made mistakes, they were in almost every case caused through *trying too hard*. Probably, having got over a difficult bit of conversation successfully, I was seduced into the error. Tuesday and to-day have been rather different. I have lapsed a little in vigilance, but attained a certain subconscious wariness. This makes conversation easier, but is not established enough to make me free from errors. In fact I am not sure if I am not getting more careless.

I at 5:20 P.M. office.

I at 8:30 P.M. to wife.

I at 10:00 P.M. Singing.

I 10:50 talking to wife.

Total for day, 9

Note. I felt terribly restless all the evening, and had an intense desire to talk freely. Went to a Smoking Concert at 8:45, but left again at 10:5, as I could not stand it any longer. I wanted to sing very much, and in fact did join in one song and made slip noted above. I find it very difficult to leave out a word throughout a song, even if singing with others.

Thursday, Jan. 12, 7:35 P.M.

Have felt much better to-day and had much more control so far. At 8:58 A.M. I recorded one failure, but this time not spoken audibly; the meaning however was in mind, so I count it. I was repeating the time after being told it by a friend, viz., one and a half minutes to nine. Again at 6:35 P.M. once, but also inaudible.

I completed the day successfully with a total of 2 (inaudible).

Friday, Jan. 13, 6:20 P.M.

I during morning at office.

I at 2:35 P.M.

all inaudible

I at 4:30 P.M.

I at 6:10 P.M. Aloud.

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I hardly know whether to count the inaudible ones, but would rather make failure appear worse than to try and deceive myself.

I at 7:10 P.M. to Mrs. R. (loud)

I at 9:00 P.M. Office.

I at 10:30 P.M. to wife.

I at 11:30 P.M. to wife.

8 Total for day

This was a very bad day; and I had so much hoped to get through one clear day without a break! Never mind, better results next experiment.

Saturday, Jan. 14, 6:30 P.M.

Results very poor again.

I during morning.

I at 1:45 P.M. to wife.

I at 3:00 P.M. to wife.

3

Saturday evening, Jan. 7	15
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Sunday	9
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Monday	6
--------	---

Tuesday	6
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Wednesday	9
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Thursday	2
----------	---

Friday	8
--------	---

Sat. till 4 P.M.	3
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Total for week	58
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Thus ends first experiment in control of Speech. It has been somewhat disappointing as regards results; but has proved to me how much I needed the exercise. I am very glad I undertook it, and shall try again in the near future.

Note. I have got over the feeling of shrinking at cutting myself. The first cuts were quite short and about half an inch long, afterwards I increased them to as much as 3 inches in length.

From Jan. 21 to 28th, Frater V.I.O. experimented with control of body, by not crossing legs. Same penalty as before. Total breaks for week, 24. On Feb. 25th, he records the fact that he had succeeded in performing this practice for a clear week with one doubtful break only during sleep.

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The result of these practices on Frater V.I.O. was a marked one. For one thing, the cutting of his arm during the first practice in the control of speech resulted in a subconscious wariness, for during the second—the details of which I have not recorded—he noticed that although the object of the practice was the control of the body by not crossing the legs, yet the attempt of the legs to drop into their old habits often had the effect of making him suddenly more careful in his speech, thus showing that there was an underlying connection in his subconscious mind resulting from his former work. These practices may then be said to have a cumulative effect, which makes them all the more valuable in helping towards the general control of body and mind.

But what is of still greater importance as far as Frater V.I.O. was concerned, they evidently had the effect—heightened perhaps by a letter from his Neophyte—of causing him to make a fresh and more determined effort to perform the Mystical Exercises for a definite period and with regularity, according to his original A.:A.: instructions. From January 30th, 1911, to April 30th of that year, he kept a scientifically tabulated diary and during the prescribed three months he never missed a day in the performance of his appointed task.

His results, during this period, were perhaps not of a very startling nature, but, as any true Student learns, it is the long and continued “grind,” the determined effort to carry out the work in hand or task set, in spite of every obstacle that may arise, that really counts when it comes to lasting results. It is the Will that needs training, and the accomplishment of such work, particularly if uninteresting and tedious in itself, goes far towards that end.

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Jan. 30th, 1911. Letter from Frater P.A. his Neophyte. From this letter he learned that many changes had transpired since he left England, and among them that Frater P.A. had severed his connection with the Outer Order, but was willing to continue in charge of him.

Feb. 5th. He wondered if Frater P.A. had only told him this as a test. It must be remembered that all this while he had worked on alone, and had had no news to speak of, and this he attributed to his own failure to carry out his task in detail. In this he was no doubt right to a great extent, for unless any Probationer does what he is instructed, he can expect no further help, which would only mean that the Master concurred in his laziness or weakness.

March 6th, 1911. Up to this time, although he had done the exercises regularly no particular result had occurred, and we find this note: "I do not really look for any results now, or expect any, since control of 'self' is the object of these exercises."

Now it is to be noted that when one really gets to a state when having worked one is content to continue to do so, expecting no results, one often obtains them. (Of course it's no use trying to fool oneself on these things, you can't get a result by just saying you don't care a damn.) Something of the sort seems to have happened in this case, as the following shows.

March 12th. During Lecture on "Parsifal," I felt illumination within which permeated my whole being, and I became *conscious once more* of the Truth of *my previous Illumination* which I had lost, as it were.

This entry is interesting. Illumination comes, and at the time there is no doubt about it. IT IS. Then, perhaps, life goes on much as before, except for the ever present remembrance of "Something that happened"; and, having nothing with which to compare it, that Something is difficult to describe or even to formulate. However, immediately one

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approaches another period one can recognise the symptoms, almost in advance, and the new Illumination is as it were added to the old, and there is fresh wonder and joy in both.

March 15th I feel as if I were a highly strung musical instrument. My Will runs over the strings, causing complete and harmonious vibrations in my being, which seems to give forth at times an unformulated and therefore most delightful melody.

March 28th. How can I write it, how put into words the least idea of that which is unformed? Yet I will try while yet a vestige of the thought remains. I have conceived within my womb a child. Or is it that I have for the first time realized that I have a womb? Yet it is so, that "blank" within, into which I have projected my thoughts, and from which they have come forth again "living" is for a greater purpose. Can I not form therein a child that shall be MYSELF made from the highest ideals, the essence of my pains, refined and purified, freed from dross by the living fire? This life of Service must be lived till I am "selfless" in all that I knew as myself; but all the time will not my "child" be growing within me, composed of finer materials? And by complete union therewith.. . I cannot formulate any more now.

This entry indicates a recognition of the "formulation of the negative in the ego" which shall eventually destroy it. Is it not written in *Liber LXV* "As an acid eats into steel, and as a cancer utterly corrupts the body, so am I unto the spirit of Man. I shall not rest until I have destroyed it utterly"?

Sunday, April 2nd. (Fra V.I.O.'s 25th Birthday.) During practice I had a distinct consciousness of the "centre of consciousness" being not "within" as usual, but above head.

April 3rd. I alternate between a state of "enjoying any task or position because it is the first that comes to hand and therefore the simplest and best course of action," and "a feeling of absolute mental torture caused by the necessity of existing at all." The first appears to give the chance of continually "enlarging" until one becomes That which I can "consciously be" for a short period at a time, and the other seems to lead to annihilation. Probably the multiplication of one state by the other is the solution. (Crowley's $0 \times \infty$.)

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Sat., April 8th. During the last three days have gradually been nearing another "climax" which reached, shall I say, its height on Saturday, when I arrived at a state of Illumination which was, as it were "added to my previous state." I seized a scrap of paper and wrote "Amid all the complications and perplexity there remains, back of all, the Will. The Will to Be. The Will to Be Nothing, which is the only state inconceivable to the mind. The old God willed to be something, and the Universe appeared; The New God wills to be Nothing and becomes?" After writing the foregoing, there was a state of bliss the reflection of which was caught by the body. So joyful it became that it whirled round in a mad dance, and was filled with music. It was stifled by the confines of the room; but "I" was Free, so it couldn't matter much. (This is the second experience of rhythm filling the body, and causing it to whirl and dance in order to find expression somehow.)

April 9th. Started to read about 8:30 this morning. Sometime during morning lost idea of "ego" to realize All as Self. (Left notes for a couple of hours.) I find terrible difficulty in expressing the slightest idea of that which occurred during this state, yet it would seem of importance to do the best I can. That *there is no soul* struck me as a horrible blank. That *I do not, and never have existed as "I"* comes as a wonderful realization while the consciousness of the unreality of the "I" lasts. With the loss of "the ego" comes the consciousness that the whole universe of things and people is but a part of the State then arrived at. That if this little body dies, existence still remains in all the other part of the Universe and therefore the change called Death, occurring in different atoms, all the time, makes no difference. Is there any reason why one should not look upon every thing and everybody as parts of Oneself, since one is equally willing to allow any other body to consider you as a part of their imagination only? It would seem that one tiny part—self—has been fondly cherished, while in reality that tiny part is but a reflex of the Whole which is really You, but even this state must in the end give way before the Power of Nothing.

April 16th, 8:30 A.M. Finished reading *The Life of Buddha*, and then, lying down, composed myself for Meditation. Breathed regularly and deeply for a time, afterwards stopping all entries two or three times. (Shanmukhi Mudra.) Presently I passed into a state which was practically desireless. I could feel the Goal, but the wish to help others made it impossible to Become the State I contemplated. After this, I was surprised, on letting all breath out of the body, to feel a sudden lightness, as if I were about to float. This being unexpected, caused me to turn my thoughts to the body, after which, although I tried, I could not get back to the previous

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state. I estimate that I remained in the condition mentioned for over an hour, as it was 12 o'clock when I looked at the time. In fact, it may have been nearer two hours.

The above meditation left Frater V.I.O. with a feeling of "Nearly but not Quite." He had, to some extent, gazed at the Goal of Nothingness, but had failed to Become that Goal. The following day there is despondency and dissatisfaction. On April 22nd reason again holds sway, and he tries to use it to discover just where he is, of course without success, since Reason can never explain that which is Beyond Reason. I think at this point he also began to make another grave error; he tried to compare his experiences with those of *John St. John*, with the result that, later on, when he undertook a Retirement, that of J. St. J. subconsciously influenced him to a great extent, although he would not and could not have admitted it at the time. In these things one must be Oneself, not try to be another. His entry of April 22 is a long one, and I quote it in part.

I wish I could express myself better. On reading J. St. J. again I find that I can comprehend it ever so much better than when I first read it some three months after its publication. Then, it seemed like a dream of the far distant future; now, many parts seem like records of my own experiences, only expressed infinitely better than I have been able to put them. Now, of what value are the experiences I have gained? Why is the state of Oneness with Adonai not lasting, or rather, is it possible to remain always conscious of that State? How is it when reading an account like J. St. John's that I know what he is talking about, and can feel with him the difficulty of putting these things into words? I could not have realized this a year ago, before I entered into certain states of which I cannot gauge the value at all, while in normal consciousness. There is no Doubt Then. But how may I be Sure always? I will fetch *The Equinox*, and put down the points as they come to me. Let me quote page 87. "Well, one thing I got (again!) that is that when all is said and done I am that I am, all these thoughts of mine, angels and devils both, are only fleeting moods of me. The one true self of me is Adonai. Simple! Yet I cannot remain in that simplicity." I can realize that state perfectly, but I am not a Magician, I know little or nothing of

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Ceremonial Magick, except from reading; my results have not been accompanied by visions. What results I have obtained have been in the nature of becoming the thing itself, not seeing it. However, to pass on: Is the idea of coming back to help others (see Sun. Apr. 16) only a form of the Dweller on the Threshold and caused through fear of annihilation or madness? Or is it a concession to my own weakness, a pandering to my "self" because I am really nowhere near ready to hurl myself into the Gulf, instead of which I come back to normal consciousness, and try and make myself believe I have "given up" what I "could not get" for the sake of "others" which do not exist at the time (for me)? This is certainly a difficult one to tackle; I am entering it so as to try and formulate the proposition clearly. Now, the doubt enters my mind, that I have only put it down in order to appear honest to Fra. P.A., or anyone who may read this record. NO. . . . The foregoing thought seems to have a parallel in J. St. J. Again on page 96 "I must attain or . . . an end to J. St. J." seems similar to the state arrived at one Sept. 5, 1910, when I determined to ask the last WHY? and afterwards entered into Peace. On page 133 he says "subtly, simply, imperceptibly gliding I passed away into nothing. . . . I felt the interior trembling kindle itself into a kiss. . . . also I was given to enjoy the subtle Presence of my Lord interiorly during the whole of the twelfth day. But he withdrew Himself . . . yet leaving a comfort not to be told, a Peace . . . The Peace." Yes, with me also the Peace has remained, but sometimes I cannot connect myself with It, or fail to do so, being led away by Maya. Then comes the entry of the Thirteenth Day: "Being entered into the Silence let me abide in the Silence. Amen." And here I am puzzled. Either J. St. J. attained permanently to a State such that he was never again annoyed by the silly mistake of identifying Himself with the body, or he did not.³ But after all, what has that to do with V.I.O.? It has certainly nothing to do with C.S.J. But how do I stand? This seems to be the position. While in normal consciousness I know that I (or Not I) am ever in the state of which I sometimes catch the reflection when I realize that I am not I. There, that is the clearest original thought I have expressed this afternoon, and bad at that. Of course, I am really quite content, it is only when I begin to think and reason about things that I begin to become discontented. It's about time I shut up.

And on April 30th the three months prescribed by his Neophyte came to an end. He writes: "I feel they have been

³ He had finished his immediate work, and went back into the world, as per Liber VII, II: 51-53, bestowing on himself this Benediction as he did so.—O.M.

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well spent, and that I have gained a more certain control of my body and mind, but realize *how much is* needed before . . . $0 \times \infty$. Peace unto all beings. Amen.”

Section IV

April 30th, 1911, to October 13th, 1912

Frazer V.I.O. next experienced a state of “Dryness” such as almost invariably follows a partial success. On Sunday, May 7th he writes:

I have not made an entry in this record for a whole week. I seem to be losing control, and my diary, lying untouched in my drawer, is becoming like a horrible fiend. It worries me when I do not enter it; and yet it requires a great effort even to touch it or take it out, while to enter it daily appears an almost superhuman task. Why is this? I have done exercises this week as usual, but a little earlier than previously, because I have to be at the office by 8:30 A.M. instead of nine o’c. as heretofore. I think Fra. P.A. might write to me. I feel that he is testing me, and have tried to hold to that idea. I know that really it does not matter, but I am weak yet, and should so like a little friendly push and a few words of advice. I feel like dropping it all for a time; but that is perhaps the very thing that is so difficult, in fact, the whole trick! O dear, I am certainly having a spell of “dryness.” But I will plod on, On, ON, and in, In, IN. O for one kiss, or the echo of a Kiss, My Lord Adonai. I yearn for Thee, I am Parched for Thee. Let me be utterly consumed in Thee! Amen.

Saturday, June 10, 1911. Tonight I must write an entry. I MUST. And it is time. Why have I not done so before? Because I have experienced a “dryness” for the last month, and have made no definite effort to overcome it, but have just kept a firm hold on the little atom of real Knowledge I have obtained, & setting my face still towards the East, have plodded on with this material existence and the office work I have undertaken. I have experienced an incessant yearning for that “Something” or “Nothing” of which a glimpse had been vouchsafed unto me, and *Waited*. Maybe I should have *Worked and waited*, but I did not. I have not heard from Frazer P.A. yet, but I wrote again during the month, saying I wanted to do something to help others a little, and asking if he could spare time to advise me on that score. To-day, I received The Equinox ordered last April. It had been sent to my brother’s Club and had been lying there for a month,

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and all the while I had been waiting and hoping for its arrival. Then, when hope was about dead, I obtained a trace of it. It came as a drink of sweet nectar to a thirsty pilgrim, and it is wonderful how much better I feel. The note re Neophytes and Probationers has set me at rest about the silence of Fra P.A.; and confirms, what all the while I have suspected, that his delay in answering is a test. This confirmation is cheering, however hard the trial may have been, in so far as I had made up my mind to work on, whether he writes or not, and had got quite used to the idea of having to work out my own Path, without outside aid or encouragement.

He was also pleased to find some of his own experiments more or less confirmed in Liber HHH of which he writes:

M.M.M. 2, "mentions the breath playing upon the skin, etc." I have experienced this, and asked Fra P.A. for instructions thereon. Sometimes, after hard breathing, I have been filled with the sensation. I think I understand the "lightning flash," but shall experiment. My present knowledge is more as a sheet of summer lightning. The minute point of light has often appeared to me, and I had come to the conclusion that it should be held in the zenith. The radiating cone, I have not experienced. II. A.A.A. The idea of considering one's own death is mentioned. This occurred to me and was carried out before my first Illumination; this serves as a confirmation that I was on the right track. I should have no doubt mentioned these meditations more fully at the time.⁴ I have often wondered how I got into the state I then experienced, and this copy of The Equinox has revived the memory and gives instruction for obtaining, no doubt, a very much fuller result, only I shall have to work with a big W.

June 12, 1911. On Saturday night, in bed I attempted "thinking backwards" and successfully managed two days, with no breaks in the first day, and practically none for the day before, except a few little incidents during office hours in the morning. When I came to thoughts on waking of Saturday morning and got to the "blank" I experienced some mental visions and "telephone-cross voices," but cannot say if they were connected with any dream; then suddenly I found myself lying in bed with the last thoughts of the previous night in mind. Yesterday, I read the article on the subject (Training of the Mind) carefully, also learnt the formula of the four great meditations on Love, Pity, Happiness and Indifference. At night, I again attempted "thinking backwards," but experienced rather more difficulty as

⁴ Observe how the least slackness in writing up the Record avenges itself. The Record is both chart and log to the bold Sea-Captains of The Voyage Marvelous!

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conditions were bad. However, once started, I got back through Sunday and very nearly, if not quite as fully, over the two previous days; then, having got into the swing, I roughly attempted a short and incomplete review of my whole life, which although brief, was much fuller than I expected. I remembered things connected with early childhood quite accurately, but of course not with full connections. Then something occurred that I really did not expect, and only later trials will prove if it was an illusion or not. Having tried hard to pierce the blank, back of all, I had a sudden clear sensation of lying on a bed with people around, and in particular an elderly man in black velvet and knee breeches, whom I at once felt was my Tutor, leaning over me. The ideas that came with this were that I was quite young, and had some disease like consumption, that the family was wealthy, and the house a Country Residence. These impressions were very real and quite unexpected, but as I used to have a dread of consumption, and still young, and meditation took place lying down, it would seem that very little imagination would make up the rest. However, I mention it, as the experience was different from anything I can previously remember.

July 8th, 1911. About a fortnight ago, I received a letter from Frater P.A.⁵ in answer to my previous two. I was pleased to hear from him, but he gave me a good talking to, also some new instructions. He wanted to

⁵ Frater P.A. was not a Neophyte, but had been appointed to receive other Probationers for administrative convenience. This was a plain breach of the regulations of the Order, and the result was this comic letter. Frater P.A. was apparently under the impression that as soon as any one happened along into Samadhi, he was to yawn his "Nunc dimittis."

This incident should be a warning to all those in charge of authority that they must in no wise vary the strict instructions of the Order, however obvious may appear the advantages of doing so.

The result of Frater P.A.'s presumption in trying to train Frater V.I.O., instead of pressing on to the mark of his own high calling, was that he simply dropped out of the Order altogether, leaving himself as a memorial only this ridiculous episode, in which he appears as a small boy who should have hooked a tarpon when he was fishing for catfish.

Had he adhered to the rules of the Order, attended solely to his own business, and forwarded V.I.O.'s record to his superiors, who were competent to interpret it, we should not have had this excellent example of the results of presumption and folly to guide us for the future, and to enliven our perusal of the record of our conscientious V.I.O. with a touch of timely merriment.—O.M.

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know, what I meant by making a claim to having attained Samadhi, or something very like it, in August last, and then shortly afterwards started cutting my arm, etc. I have not answered it yet, but this much for reference: (1) I never mentioned Samadhi, nor can I remember claiming to have attained it. (2) I did attain a state of consciousness which has had a lasting effect upon my life and made my viewpoint entirely different from that time. (3) The language I used to describe the state, came perfectly naturally to me, as the most convenient to describe a state foreign to any previous experience. (4) I might have used language of a higher plane than I was on, but I don't see why. (5) I started control of body some months later when I had in some measure lost the complete recollection of the state, or rather when it was little more than a recollection, also when I first saw picture of man's arm in *The Equinox*, I rather dreaded to cut mine, so thought it best to carry out exercise and get over bodily dread of a little pain. I did so and am not sorry.

This letter from Fra P. A. giving new practice, etc., combined with some considerable dissatisfaction on Frater V.I.O.'s part, regarding his present state, caused him to undertake another regular spell of work for 32 days, after which he seems to have recorded very little until March 25 in the following year, viz., 1912. He then experimented with SSS section of *Liber HHH*, from *The Equinox*, vol. V and obtained automatic rigidity. He writes: "(1) Brain became charged with electric fluid or Prana, in fact whole face and hands became as if connected with an electric battery, also brain seemed luminous but void. (2) Could not awaken spine from 'yoni'; but, after persisting, the part just below small of back became enlivened, then under ribs, then breast and nape of neck. The current became very strong and almost unbearable. Whole body became perfectly and automatically rigid. Hands seemed to feel gnarled and misshapen, contorted by the force in them (I noticed this as a side issue). Feet also became filled with life, etc." He had had some experience with Pranic Currents in his body

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before, in fact in 1910, but never so fully and completely. He then reported this, and his general progress, to Fra P.A.

In July, he received a letter from Fra P.A., saying that he had now arrived at a stage when he might undertake an Operation for the Invocation of Adonai,⁶ which would require six weeks' work, the last twelve days of which must be in complete Retirement. At first he could see no possible way to undertake this, owing to, (1) Family Affairs, (2) Office work, (3) Lack of money. He determined however to go ahead in spite of apparent obstacles, and duly made a start at Midnight, August 31. From that time until September 18th he was occupied by the Preparatory work, and from Midnight September 18th to Midnight September 30th by the Purity Section. October 1st to October 12th Proper Retirement, and on October 12th Invocation of Holy Guardian Angel. All this meant a great deal of work and trouble, and much new experience gained, but was on the whole a failure, though a Step on the Path. During this retirement he cut a Wand, as a Symbol not of his will but of the Will of Adonai in him. It would be hardly right to say that this Magical Retirement produced no results, though it may not have produced the One Desired Result. By the time a man has made 671 entries in his Magical Record (as Frater V.I.O. did during those six weeks) and each of those entries has a direct bearing on the matter in hand, he is bound to have produced a state of mind somewhat different from normal consciousness. (It is interesting to note that 671, by a curious coincidence, is the numeration of Adonai, spelt in full, the Central idea of the Invocation.)

⁶ No man has the right to make the slightest suggestion to another as to when he should or should not undertake this critical and central Operation. To interfere in any way between a man and his Holy Guardian Angel is the most intolerable presumption.—O.M.

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We shall not enter into the details of the various practices he performed during this period, but we may mention, for the sake of completeness, a few fragments recorded during the last few days of the Retirement.

October 9, 9:6 P.M. (This was the 9th day of Section C, and the 39th day of the complete Operation.)

The "state" is getting more and more difficult to describe, in fact I don't know what to make of it. I might almost say I feel "normal"; and yet there is a subtle difference. There is (I think) an entire absence of fear, worry, disgust, joy, sorrow, pain, or any of the old states, and this seems to be a condition of calm observation without any desire to criticise anything. I suppose, as a matter of fact, it is a state of equilibrium. I think I have it. It is the empty shrine awaiting the in-dwelling of the God.

10 P.M. I experienced another peculiar state just now. Having closed my eyes for a few moments (concentrating), I thought I would try and think backwards over the last few things I had been doing, but found, try as I would, I could not think of things done even a moment before. All was the "present peculiar experience," and there was no getting away from it. The concentration acted just like a magnet, and became automatic. Again, on trying to look back over this retirement, it appears as a "Single state of consciousness," not as a number of events. I should really have to read my diary if I wanted to know any details in succession just now.

At the end of the 10th day of this Section C and the beginning of the 11th day I think the true climax of the Operation took place, for he writes:

Oct. 11, 12:30. So did the day start and I knelt at the altar from 12 Midnight until 12:28. During this time did my Lord Adonai begin to manifest within me, so that my being was wrapped away in bliss ineffable. And my body was filled with rapture of His coming until the cry burst from my lips "My Lord and my God." There are no words to describe Thee, my Beloved, though I yet tremble with the joy of Thy presence, yet do I feel that this is but the beginning of the reflection of Thee. O God, wrap me utterly away, beyond even this Bliss. Let me be utterly consumed in Thine Essence. Amen.

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However, on The DAY, the 12th of October, when he came actually to use his Invocation (prepared and illuminated during his retirement) expecting the Result might occur, he writes as follows:

At precisely 6:50 I entered the Temple, lit the incense and robed. All being in order I knelt in prayer and at 7 P.M. I arose and performed the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, then, taking the ritual in my left hand and raising the wand in my right, I slowly and clearly read the Oath and the Invocation. Afterwards, I was impressed to make a certain Sign with the wand. And the Word that came to me was . . . Kneeling, I felt very calm, and I waited . . . afterwards, according to my understanding, I turned off the light, leaving only the lamp of olive Oil, and I lay down upon the place prepared and waited . . . and all was very dark and still, with a feeling of absolute calm and control, and I waited

. . . And nothing happened. Then something seemed to tell me to get up and to kneel again at the altar, yet I waited, but presently I arose and stood at the altar, and I felt "I am that I am"; but there seemed not much joy in the thought, and yet, I knew that I had done all, even the least thing, to the best of mine understanding and ability. . . . And it began to dawn upon me that I had failed, but where and how, I know not.

I have been dazzled with no illusionary success, I have overcome the fear of failure, and now, even as a tired warrior, I will go back into the world—and STRIVE.

The Next day. Chaos. Reason is quite inadequate to solve the problem. Here followeth a certain passage from Ezekiel.

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shalt thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died: and I did in the morning as I was commanded. And the people said unto me: Wilt thou not tell us what these things are to us, that thou doest so? Then I answered them. The word of the Lord came unto me saying: Speak unto the house of Israel: Thus saith the Lord God . . . Ezekiel is unto you a sign: according to all that he hath done, shall ye do; and when this cometh, ye shall know that I am the Lord. Also, son of man, shall it not be in the day when I take from them their strength, the joy of their glory, the desire of their eyes, and that whereon they set their minds. . . In that day shall thy mouth be opened. . . and thou shalt speak. . . and thou shalt be a sign unto them, and they shall know that I am the Lord." Amen.

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A last note: TRUTH must ever be One. Whatever I expected, I found not. But why should I grieve because of having exposed some of my illusions? I have held to the truth, and the Truth remains, for the Truth is ever One, yea, the Truth is Ever One. Amen.

Section V

January 1st, 1913, to December 31st, 1913

We must now pass on to Fra V.I.O.'s diary for the year 1913, E.V. I can find no written records of the period between October 13th, 1912, when he finished the Retirement, and March 2nd, 1913, when he again began to keep a regular summary of his work. On that date he writes:

During the last few days some important events have taken place. First however I must mention that I have heard nothing from Frater P.A. since the retirement except a P.C. to say that he had received my record. On . . . I received a letter dated in London, Jan. 10th, from the Chancellor of A.:A.:, asking the results of my work since I became a Probationer. Answered same on Jan. 26th, and was surprised and pleased on Feb. 26th, to receive a reply passing me to the Grade of Neophyte, followed by the necessary documents. Answered this on Feb. 28th.

This letter from the Chancellor of A.:A.: passing Frater V.I.O. to the grade of Neophyte, contained the following passage, which is important, in the light of later events:

"We wish our Body to be a Body of Servants of Humanity. A time will come when you will obtain the experience of the 14th Æthyr. You will become a Master of the Temple. That experience must be followed by that of the 13th Æthyr, in which, the Master, wholly casting aside all ideas of personal attainment, busies himself exclusively with the care of others."

The year 1913 was an important one for Frater V.I.O. in many ways. For one thing, it was during this period that he was forced to stand alone, and to rely upon himself and his own judgment of what was the right course of action for the

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governance of his life and the solution of his family difficulties as well as his occult problems. Hitherto, as before remarked, he had been under the guidance of one upon whom he had looked as his Neophyte, and in whom he had placed the utmost confidence. He now found himself in one of the most trying situations that had up to that time been his lot to cope with, viz.: that he must choose between the continuance of that guidance, and the regular course of training mapped out in the Outer Order of the A.:A.:. He must either resign the grade of Neophyte just conferred upon him, severing his connection with the Outer Order, or cease to work under Frater P.A. altogether. The reasons for this cannot be dealt with fully in this place, nor would they be of the slightest interest to our readers. Suffice it to say that Frater V.I.O. had pledged himself to work on certain lines for six months and that these lines had been laid down by Frater P.A. His duty was then fairly clear, so he practically severed himself from obtaining guidance from either his old Neophyte or his newly appointed Zelator, until that period of work, to which he felt bound by his own oath to himself, was over, and at the end of that time, having worked hard and well. Those who were guiding and directing his life made the way clear for him, and he found himself in a position to accept the instruction of the A.:A.:, coming under the direct guidance of Frater O.M. This event must not be supposed to reflect in any way on Frater P.A. for whom he always felt and will feel great love and respect; the circumstances leading up to this change were outside the sphere of influence of Fra V.I.O. and the more difficult to judge owing to his isolation in Canada. With this brief allusion to the change in his occult affairs, we may pass on to a corresponding change in his material surroundings, for

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although he continued with his usual office work, he lived during the best part of this year under canvas in a small tent by the sea shore, necessitating some miles of walking every day, and throwing him a good deal more in touch with Nature than formerly; also the addition of a "little stranger" to his family had a marked effect on his home affairs, being as it were the key to the solution of certain problems that had been puzzling him in that direction.

During the period from March 2nd to September 4th, when we might say he was working on alone, his record shows some 340 Meditation practices, mostly in the Asana known as the Dragon, the periods ranging from a few minutes to something over an hour, but most of them comparatively short, the average perhaps being twenty minutes.

After this there is a gap, during which he worked morning and evening most days, but made no further record till November 9, from which date to December 31 over eighty practices are recorded.

Of the details of all this early work it is not necessary to treat very fully, but since, on sending in his record at the end of the year, it was returned by Frater O.M. with various notes and comments of the greatest help and value to Fra V.I.O., I am selecting those passages so commented upon as likely to be of most interest and help to other students. The comments of Fra O.M. (in brackets) follow entries.

March 2, 1913. I have got a zeal for service since the retirement, wanted to take for new Motto "I aspire to serve" but cannot find Latin equivalent.

["Volo servare" would do. But a better idea is "I want to help" rather than "serve."—O.M.]

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March 22. Feel sorry I missed exercise this morning through slackness.

[When you detect slackness, double the exercise, if it kills you. Sure cure!—O.M.]

March 25. Dragon Asana. Mantra A.M.P.H. 9:39 to 10:34 P.M.=55 mins, Breaks 14 to 18, mostly very slight. Interruptions none. Results: Dharana, got feeling on skin and automatic rigidity. Lost all personality most of the time, but only found this out by "break" which revived it. Brain soon took up Mantra automatically. Illumination in brain after a while. Towards the last saw some visions of sea, &c. (very slight). Space and time annihilated during most of the practice. Good.

[Beginning good—end bad.—O.M.]

Mar. 30, 5:15 to 5:46 P.M.=31 Mins. Counted first seven breaks, then became concentrated and lost count. Interruptions. (1) A safety pin, falling on floor, made me start violently. (2) R. called.

Results: Breath arose on skin and the "light" arose. Started to concentrate on spine. Towards the end started a sort of automatic chant of apparently senseless words. Have noticed before that when this occur, it leads to a kind of ecstasy. Had to leave off, as was called to tea by Ruby.

[Good, but a virtuous woman is above Rubies, and never calls holy men to tea.—O.M.]

Apr. 4. Control of Body. While at office kept left elbow at side for 3 hours. Wished to see if this would be quite easy and found I had no difficulty in remembering.

[Good: try something harder.—O.M.]

Apr. 6, 9:20—10 P.M. Dragon. This meditation was the best lately. Quickly felt the Prana gripping the body. Conceived the blackness of Understanding become penetrated by Wisdom. Brain became luminous. Body rigid. Tension passed and force concentrated at bridge of nose. Concentrated on Ajna. Personality gone. Tried to project consciousness straight up. Was suddenly interrupted by R. who was in bed just by my side. Hardly knew where I was for the moment and had to concentrate on body to regain normal.

[Too big a handicap, having anyone in the room.—O.M.]

Apr. 8, 9:25 to 10:11 P.M.=46 Mins. Dragon. The mind and seer alone remain. Turning back on the seer there seem intervals of blank. This is accompanied with no illumination or joy, and one almost wonders why one has gone so far to obtain this. Probably desire not entirely obliterated. Some disinclination to leave the state.

[This sounds better.—O.M.]

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Apr. 13, 11:21—11:36 P.M. Dragon. A certain bliss arose at the thought that I was but a little child of the Great Father. Joy. Joy.

[Yes: too emotional.—O.M.]

Apr. 19, 7:07 A.M. to 7:20 A.M. Not anything very definite. There is a certain quality of bliss about these practices which is peculiar to concentration but otherwise indescribable. [This is bad. You do things well, and work hard; but your point of view is all wrong. I feel a sort of sentimentality injuring your scientific attitude.—O.M.]

April 20, 2:40—3:10 P.M. Having left home about 2:15 I climbed up towards the mountain till I found a secluded spot; there I knelt down and did breathing exercise. Felt Prana all over body. Invoked Adonai and tried to unite with Him. A brilliant White light filled sphere of consciousness. Arose as Adonai performed the Ritual of Pentagram, then prayed aloud and fluently, trying to unite consciousness with all Nature. Knelt again in Meditation, and arose much strengthened and with a feeling of the Divine Presence. [This is excellent for a beginner. But remember—all these divine illuminations are mere Breaks.—O.M.]

Note: I find more and more difficulty in remembering any details of these practices the next day. Concentration was good. In this instance at end of practice could not remember what time I started, although I believe I am correct. I have thought several times lately about this loss of memory. Is it a result, or is it a fault? [It's a good sign, as a rule.—O.M.]

May 9, 10:21—10:43 P.M. Dragon. Astral journey of no particular import. Cannot properly identify with image. Seem to see the image while acting in it. [This isn't as bad as it sounds. Don't worry, so long as the Image is quite sure of itself.—O.M.]

[This, by the way, would have been particularly helpful information, and if Fra. V.I.O. had had it at the time he might have done a good many more Astral journeys. This lack of confidence at first seems to hold back many Students who could otherwise travel on the Astral quite successfully.—Ed.]

May 21, 8:45 to 9:34 P.M.=49 Mins. Thumbs in ears; first 25 mins in Dragon. Then lying flat on back. Cramp in left foot on change of position. After the loud sounds subsided, became concentrated on ringing sound in left ear. Mind became calmer, and I heard the sound of a little silver bell, very clear and sweet, struck a number of times. This still in left ear. Then heard sound of metallic throbbing (if I can use the term) very faintly in right ear. Mind must have been well concentrated as time passed quickly.

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[Sounds rather good.—O.M.]

July 7. Note. This afternoon, while reclining in an easy chair, nearly fell asleep; instead, however, I concentrated for some while. On being asked by R. to go and do some little thing for her, I put hands over eyes before rising, and saw a light so peculiar that it is worth mentioning. It had the appearance of being three distinct things at once. Dead black, a beautiful night-sky-blue, but at the same time the very essence of it was brilliant light. Quite indescribable in words. [Seems very good.—O.M.]

[It may be remarked that Fra. V.I.O. had occupied himself with the contemplation of the Stélé of Revealing, completed therefrom a Pantacle of Nuit, and had obtained a sigil for same, during this day. This peculiar light is stigmatically characteristic of the Stélé.—O.M.]

June 18th, 10:34 to 10:53 P.M.=19 mins. 14 mins Pranayama 10, 20, 20. Regular and easy. 5 Mins. Meditation. Mind cleared and became calm. It perhaps appears that little progress is made, and some slackness exists as regards exercises. The truth is, I more and more use the true essence. If a little worry occurs, automatically, I turn to That within which dissolves it at once and restores the balance. It is that NOTHING with which I come into closest contact during meditation, but It is ever present, and I recognize the fact. I believe it to be the true Stone of the Wise which turns everything to gold. I call it Adonai when I give it a name at all. Most often the mind slips into that state without reason or argument. [Yes: it does appear that more time ought to be given to the Work. But the Progress is not bad for all that. However, I don't quite like the complacent feeling. Nothing replaces hard work. Somebody I know (or don't know) does more actual grind than he ever did. 24 full dress Magick ceremonies in the first weeks of 1914, and about 2 hours every morning writing up the records. And in this please include 2 bad goes of influenza and bronchitis !— O.M.]

July 9, 7:20—7:24 A.M. Dragon. Rather bad. Tried to do practice outside in the rain, there being no room in the tent. Note: Man, wife and baby together with all one's earthly belongings in a tent 12'x10' in wet weather, is certainly a record. [I've been one of 5 big men in a tent 7'6x6' in a hurricane blizzard on a glacier. But you win.—O.M.]

Aug. 8. Note. I begin to feel the fuller life again. These few pages of Edward Carpenter have acted like a draught of living water and revived me a great deal. I feel a secret Joy to-night. The unaccountable inner Joy which transforms everything and frees the soul from its shackles. All seems so good to-night, this simple life, the tent by the sea, the night air, the happy tired feeling after the day's work, the presence of my two dear ones,

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and all the dear ones of which I am a part, the presence of Adonai within and without. It is good to have lived for this. [This is dreadful! You must not mistake "feeling good" for a mystic state.—O.M.]

Aug. 9, 9:59 to 10:26 P.M. During this meditation a certain magical understanding arose whereby it was easy to interpret any common object into a symbol of the Work. [A bit better.—O.M.]

Aug. 18, 11:07 to 11:13 P.M. Even 6 mins is a difficulty now. When will the tide turn again!

[The tides are due to the pull of the Sun and Moon.—O.M.]

Aug. 19, 7:32 to 7:42 P.M. Slight feeling of Joy. [Bother joy !—O.M.]

Aug. 25, 1:33 to 10:55 P.M. Changed my Asana once during practice and found I could move body without affecting the particular part which was in the calm state. [Good.—O.M.]

Aug. 26. A quiet evening at home, for which I am grateful. It seems as if so little is entered in this diary and so much remains unsaid. How one longs sometimes to express things and thoughts and generally ends by some commonplace entry. I think to-night I will try a little more than usual. All this time I have been plodding on, having made up my mind to a course of action in accordance with my aspiration. Day after day I have continued until this round of existence has become almost a fixed habit. My times of meditation and practice have dwindled till they are somewhat short, but for all that, the main idea has never become clouded. I feel far more determined in every way than I did, although less certain of any fixed goal. I know also that I have problems to face, now, or in the future, but have learnt to keep doing what comes to hand, without wavering or despairing. I do not seem to have made much definite progress, yet there are signs which give me to understand that all is as it should be; perhaps I am more in tune and so do not notice such vivid changes. I have found nature very fair and beautiful, this summer. I have got to love Her so much more than formerly. Then again, I have mastered Her a little more; I have learnt more of swimming, climbing, walking and other exercises through daily practice. I have made new friends, have learnt from them and taught them in return. All this, in spite of the limited existence of living in a tiny tent and often being very hard up. The power to retreat into that part of me which is Peace, free from all strife, remains with me. To be an onlooker at my thoughts and actions and remain the while in perfect rest—very seldom disturbed by outside influences—this is indeed something. Another important thing I would mention. I have an intense longing for more Love,

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a sort of unsatisfied craving to embrace people, particularly women, and sometimes natural things (this was not meant for sarcasm) such as the earth, the grass, etc. I do not think I expect and ask the love of others so much as I feel the need of entire freedom to love without barrier or restraint; but always there seems a something holding me back, invisible, formless, but of great strength, so that I yearn and open my arms (as it were) but am not satisfied; and so I turn and direct it towards that formless vision of Adonai within. Maybe, some day a spark will fire it and it will break loose; & then?

[This sounds very good indeed.—O.M.]

Aug. 27. The most perfect peace I have experienced for a long time.

Sep. 1. This is the last day of the six months.

Nov. 9. Nearly two months since I made an entry. Will write down a few of the events that I remember during that time. Have done some slight morning and evening practice almost every day. Have occupied a fair amount of time in giving what instructions I can on occult matters to those who have requested information.

S. and L. have become sufficiently interested to apply for Studentship, and W. has at last written and asked re Probationer-ship. Have heard finally from Fra P.A. and answered his letter.

Nov. 26, 11:40 to 11:55 P.M. Meditation on Love. Commenced with sending Love to the six directions of space (See Training of the Mind, The Equinox, vol. 5). Became identified with Love to the exclusion of all other ideas. It is verily a dew which dissolves thought.

[Dangerous, though, for a beginner. Often means little more than the maudlin benevolence of one who has dined too well. Fill yourself with Love, and it will flow out of its own accord.—O.M.]

Nov. 27. Letter from Chancellor of A.:A.:. Was glad to receive this, as it cleared up a point that had long troubled me. Note: This was the point re Astral journeys, mentioned before.

[This gave Fra. V.I.O.. fresh confidence, and we find records of experiments at once.—Ed.]

Nov. 27, 11:6 to 11:28 P.M. Astral Journey. Rising on the Planes. Will try and recount this experience in detail as it was somewhat different from any previous experiment. After prayer, formulated astral enclosing body and began to rise. Tried to ascend Middle Pillar. Dark Blue, then more Purple. Presently found my astral body in a sort of open Temple Square with 4 pillars for corners, open sides and a high domed roof. In the centre

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of the floor was a circular basin of water. Someone said (of the water) "It is Thyself" (or thy mind). Could distinguish nothing for some time. Presently a star appeared in the centre of the pool, evidently reflected through a circular hole in centre of roof. Looking up, could not see this star from where I was standing on the step at front of Temple. Someone said: "Enter the water." Did so, finding it reached to the neck. Looked up, and could discern the star clearly. Someone said "You must travel up through the roof to the star." Did so, and discovered I was without clothes. Some time elapsed before I could get near the star, but on doing so I was whirled round it three times and alighted. Then became conscious that the body had given place to a flame only. Ascended as a flame into the air. Became dimly conscious that the flame was in the heart of a larger body. Strove still to rise, but came to blackness. Returned and disrobed. Gave thanks and entered diary.

[This is very good indeed, as a start. It should be repeated with ever-increasing persistence. The time occupied tells me its faults more than the text. A good "rising" should take 1? to ½ hours.— O.M.]

Nov. 28, 11:5 to 11:27 P.M. Astral Journey.

Drew, with wand, in front of me, a circle (three times round) and formed astral in that. Rose to a great height. Suddenly, as it were, a rope flashed round me and fell, forming a spiral, ever widening, at the top of which I sat. Stood up on this, only to fall, down, down, down, not quite vertically into the water. Rising again, and striking out, I after a short while perceived a boat, something like a gondola, and swam towards it. It was rowed by a dark-skinned man, old and wrinkled, whom I at first thought to be an Indian. As I reached the boat and put my hand on the side, it seemed as if he would strike at me with his oar, but no, he grinned, and I drew myself into the boat and sat in the fore part, which was high and covered by a sort of hood. Presently, it struck me that the man was not living but dead. Death. We then drifted in a mist, and all became blank for a while; the memory of boat, man and self, were all but lost. When the mist cleared I realized that the man was no longer there, and I myself guided the boat. Coming back out of the mist the waters were blue and no longer black, and I realized that day was breaking. Gradually I watched the Sunrise, and set the boat in that direction, rowing so as to keep my face to the Sun. It seemed like a Portal; but, keeping on, it presently rose, and by the time it was getting high in the heavens I perceived a fair City ahead. Domes, Minarets, etc. Arriving there, I for the first time noticed I was dark skinned and clad in a loincloth.

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Landing, I was surrounded with men in an Eastern costume, Arabs or Turks I thought. One old man took me by the hand, I made the sign of the Pentagram over him, but he smiled and said "Come along, it's all right," and led me along a street paved with cobbles, the houses of which overhung, till we reached a sort of a mosque. Entering this he led me to the altar, which was supported by brackets from the wall, and above which was a beautiful stained window. At the sides were thin columns and sort of boxes, similar to theatre boxes. We knelt at the altar; and he took my hand and said: "Raise your consciousness." I perceived a star and crescent above me, and a cross dimly formulated in the background. After this, the astral seemed to coincide with the body; but consciousness of the astral surroundings was still clear. Continued to raise consciousness, and to send out thoughts of Love. Perceived around me innumerable streams of thought, interlacing and like a net-work, and when the Love-thought was sent out, the whole net sparkled, as with little specks of gold. Continued in this thought for some minutes, and gradually returned to normal. Gave thanks and entered diary.

[Very nearly in serious trouble, my young and rash friend. It seems that you must go up well outside earth-attraction if you wish to get good astrals. It sounds Sunday-school-talk, and I can give no reason. But I've tried repeatedly going horizontally and downwards, always with the same result. Gross and hostile things are below, pure beings above. The vision is good enough for what it is; it is clear and coherent. But I see no trace of scientific method in directing the vision. I explain further in the general comment.—O.M.]

About this time Frater V.I.O. appears to have been studying Jnana Yoga. There is a simple entry on November 30th, "THOU ART THAT," without any attempt at comment, and on the following day "Ditto, but in a less degree." On December 4 we find this entry:

The reading of "Jnana Yoga" revives very clearly the state of Unity produced by the practice of Raja Yoga. There is a clearer conception, and the feeling of being very near the Truth. N.B. During meditation the Light above head was beginning to envelope the mind, but was disturbed by R. calling me to come to bed.

[R. must be told not to call you to come to bed. The feeling that she may possibly do so is enough to prevent concentration. Also, as a general rule, it's very bad to sleep with another person in the room.—O.M.]

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Dec. 5th. More and More realization of the One Truth. THOU ART THAT. Got some idea that there was only one "plane" in reality, not many.

Dec. 6th, 11:22 A.M. Started Neti, Neti⁷ again. (Very near, not quite. V.I.O.)

10:45 P.M.

Oh Thou Ever-present, Eternal Silence, wherein all vanishes and emerges clothed in Bliss. I Invoke Thee.

Oh Thou elusive Self of my self, Thou All, wherein all dissolves and becomes Thy Being. I invoke Thee.

Oh Thou Existence of Existences, Thou Knower of Knowledge, wherein knowledge of all else is lost. I Invoke Thee.

Oh Thou Bliss Absolute, Thou One without a second, Thou in Whom Time and Space no longer exist. I invoke Thee.

Oh Thou, who when I think of Thee art God, who when I cease to think of Thee art My self, may I be lost in THEE.

Yet never shall I be lost, for Thou Art, who art not. Oh Beloved, I come to Thee when I realize that never have I moved through all Eternity.

Oh Thou, on Whom man looks through the senses, and sees as the world.

Oh Thou, on Whom man looks through the mind and sees as the world of thought.

Oh Thou on Whom man looks as Thyself and becomes Infinite Bliss, let there be no thought of separateness, for there is none other. Thou Art That.

If I call Thee a Point, Thou laughest, saying: "I am the Infinite Circle."

If I worship the Circle, Thou laughest, saying: "I am concealed in the Point."

Only if I claim Thee Wholly, may I define Thee. Then who cares, Aye or Nay?

If I attempt to name Thee, I lose Thee, Oh Thou Nameless unto Eternity.

To Whom shall I reveal Thee, who wast never known but to Thyself?

Surely words are vain, O Thou who art beyond the Silence. Aum.

[This is very good.—O.M.]

Dec. 11th, 9:52—10:37 P.M. Meditation in Asana. Dragon as usual. Took a few long breaths, filling the body and mind with Love, and then expelling it till it flowed through me. Used Mantra: "The Self is Love. That Self am I" first part of the time, afterwards changing to "The Self is THAT, that Self am I."

⁷ "Not this, not this!" a Hindoo phrase used in the practice of rejecting all thoughts as they arise.

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Eyes half closed, fixed on nose. Shut them about the middle of the meditation and turned them to Ajna. Very few invading thoughts.

Presently all became brilliant light, with which I became identified.

Realization of Oneness. No doubt remained that this was indeed the Union with the Higher Self. Then again arose the question "What about the Others when this state subsides again?" Then it seemed that a voice spoke clearly to the brain, saying: "Truly when united so thou art one with the Holy Guardian Angel that speaks unto thee now. Therefore worry no more about attaining. In future it is thy work to see that not only the part attain, but that other parts, those that are called 'others' in ordinary consciousness, realize the Oneness also." N. B. These are not the words, and do not properly express the meaning. The experience itself was in the nature of realization rather than in any language. [Not at all bad.—O.M.]

Dec. 12. To-night, while walking, I thought that some time, when I can find the right person, it would be well to get him to record for me one of these experiences such as that of last night, during its occurrence; (1) providing I could speak without altering the state of consciousness; (2) providing I could find the necessary person. [No good.—O.M.]

Dec. 15th, 11:50 to 12:9 P.M. Astral Journey.

On first trying to project astral it went rapidly off in a N.E. direction [Bad.—O.M.] then described a curve to the North and so round twice, and became normal again. Second attempt. Enclosed astral in egg of light, sent it straight up. Egg opened; and I opened eyes in space. I saw above me a shining object, oblong in shape, and travelling to it, found it almost like a kite. Leaning upon it, I was carried backwards for some distance, during which time I watched a changing landscape below. Wishing to descend, I dropped towards the Earth, and found body supported by another. When near the ground, skimmed over the earth and eventually came to a dark gateway or tunnel. Walked into this and proceeded, lighted by a silver star on brow, till I arrived at a circular room at the end, lit by one candle placed on a round table at which sat an old white-bearded man writing in a book. I approached him, and said: "Why writest thou, Father?" and he replied "That those who read may live." (I seem to have asked him another question, but cannot remember what.) Then I said: "What writest thou, Father?" And he replied: "Death, always Death," And I said: "Show me thy writing, Father" and looking he wrote the word HARTHA. And I said "This is a mystery to me" so he pointed to it letter by letter and I tried to interpret it Qabalistically, but was not successful. It seemed that the value of the letters was 507. He said I should understand, and with that I left him and returned.

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8 P.M., Dec. 16. Have just been working out the meaning of the word obtained last night. I then thought the value was $507 =$ "That which causes ferment" or $5 \text{ plus } 7 = 12 =$ He longed for, missed, etc. This shows how I went astray. I find however that the word actually adds to $607 =$ Adam Primus. But $6 \text{ plus } 7 = 13$ Unity, Love, and The Tarot Trump is DEATH, and this is what he said he was writing. (Note Apr. 21, 1917. Ha=The Sun; tha = The Moon, as stated in the Hatha-Yoga Pradipika.)

[Well worked out, method good; but not much of a place to have reached. You should have got more of the book, too.—O.M.]

Dec. 18th. Note. There is one thing I had intended to mention before. Instead of sleeping deeply, as was my former habit, I have lately noticed quite a change in this respect. Sometimes, though resting, I retain consciousness most of the night. In this state I appear to think very much along the same lines as I do in ordinary waking consciousness. In the morning I have the ability to change from one state to the other quite easily, but on leaving the bed and becoming fully awakened I can seldom remember any particulars of what occurred during sleep.

[This sounds good, as if the Tamo-Guna were breaking up.—O.M.]

Dec. 19, 11:38. Prayer and Meditation. Felt "informed" by that Greater Self that Humility, Patience and Selflessness would bring the condition required. Dwelt for awhile in that Boundless Silence of which words can express nothing.

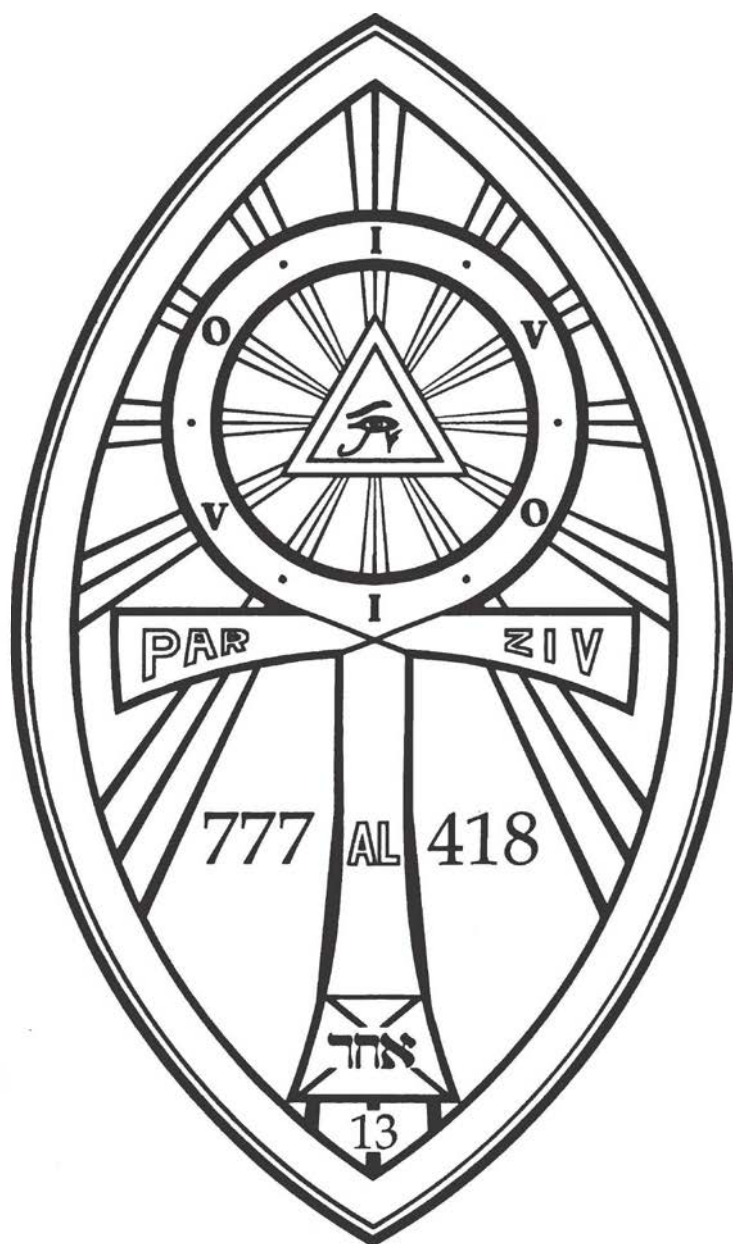
[Humility, like Pride, implies a self.—O.M.]

Dec. 26th, 11:3 to 11:20 P.M. Meditation. Gradually separating the Self from the body, mind, life, death, etc., till an entirely impersonal state resulted.

[These things don't mean much, as a rule. They are only what we call "reverie," a dulcet meandering of the mind.—O.M.]

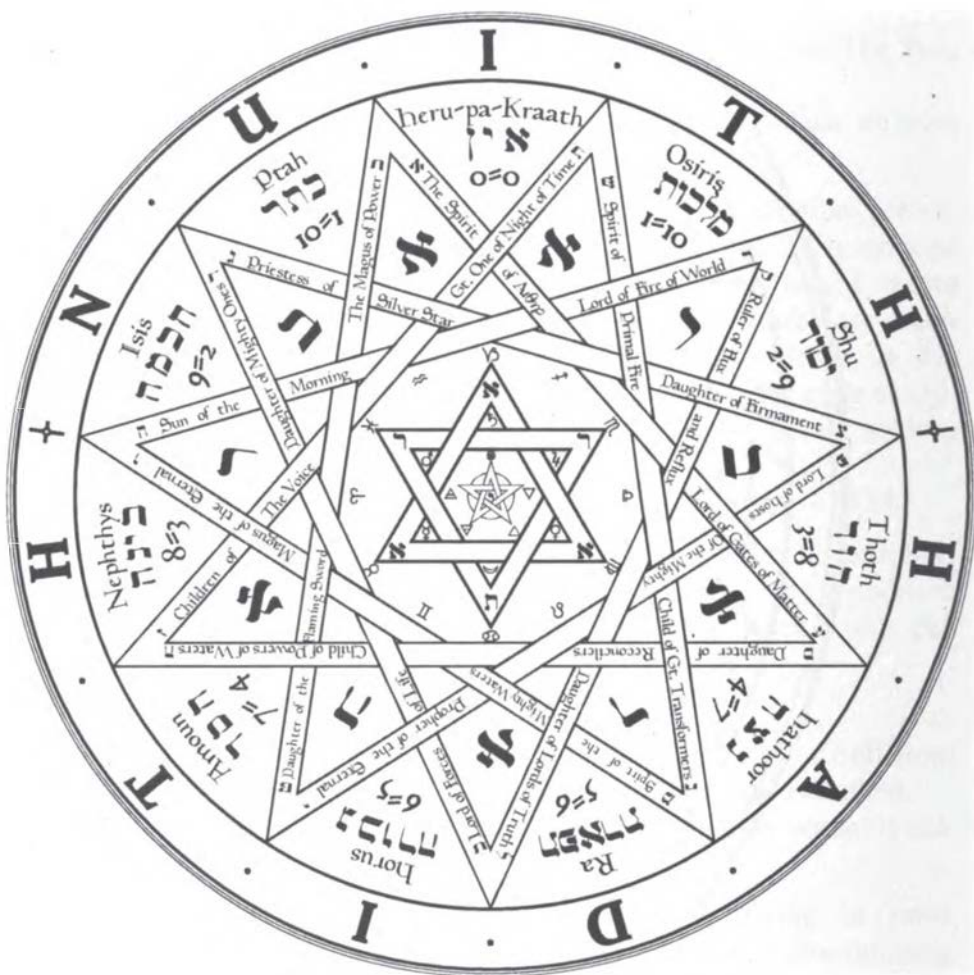
Dec. 27th, 11:13 to 11:30 P.M. Meditation. After striving to unite consciousness completely with Adonai, the sphere of Consciousness widened out and became one with the Many; so that, when asking of the Self: "What am I? Who am I?" this no longer seemed an individual question, but to be taken up by many units in all parts of space, yet upon a formless plane. I rose higher and tried to unify all these; this resulted in an absolutely impersonal state which continued even after the meditation was over until about 12 o'clock. While it lasted it was distinctly different from any former experience, especially the earlier part.

[Not very good; seems too much like thinking.—O.M.]



THE LAMEN OF FRATER V.I.O.

This Lamén is symbolical of the Master's Attainment, the Great Work which He brought to fulfilment.



THE PANTACLE OF FRATER V.I.O.

This Pantacle is a symbolic map of the Universe, as understood by Frater V.I.O. when a Neophyte of A.:A.:, and offered by him for the Examination of that Grade.

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Dec. 31, 11:30 to 11:46 P.M. L.B.R. Dragon. Meditation on Love.⁸ Afterwards I imagined the dim figure of Nuith overshadowed the Universe. Amen. And now I will go out and wish R. and baby a Happy New Year.

A Summary Comment. By Fra O.M. 7°=4°

I think you are the real man, and will attain. You work hard and regularly, and keep the record well. And you have the Root of the Matter in you. These are your-dangers. (1) You are emotional. This is very bad, and must be got rid of. It's a form of Egoism, and leads to the Left-hand Path. You say: "I object to my wife being run over by a motor-car," and think you are stating an Eternal Truth. Now no elephant in Siam cares whether she is run over or not. Say then: "It is (relatively to V.I.O.) right that he should object, etc., etc." Use this analysis with all emotions. Don't allow yourself to think that your own point of view is the only one. Read *Liber LXV*, Cap. I: 32—40 and 57—61. This is extremely important: for one thing, if you fail to understand, you will go mad when you come to a certain Gate. (2) You are inclined to vagueness. This is evidently partly caused by the fog of emotion. Before you can pass to Zelator, you must know and rule the Astral Plane throughout. Astral journeys, however interesting and even splendid and illuminating, don't count unless they are willed. If you want to go to your office, and find yourself at the Town Hall instead, it's no excuse that the Town Hall has fine columns! You should drop all "Meditations on Love." What's the matter with Hate, anyway? From beyond the Abyss, they look as like each other as two new pennies. You really mean "Reflection on Love": "Jones' Night Thoughts": "Idle thoughts of an idle fellow." It's a soul-destroying, mind-fuddling practice. If indulged in, it will absolutely ruin all power of concentration.

Now here is your Examination for the Grade of Zelator.⁹

(a) Go through a door on which is engraved this figure and explain the figure in detail by means of your visions.

(b) Invoke Mercury and Hod, and travel till you meet the Unicorn mentioned in *Liber LXV*, Cap. III, verse 2. Report its conversation fully.



⁸ [This sort of thing is all wrong. It isn't really meditation at all. You let your mind rove about, instead of pinning it down to a single, simple object. Samadhi never occurs in such conditions.—O.M.]

⁹ [This Examination is a subtle compliment, amounting almost to Flattery. It is a much harder paper than would be set in most cases.—O.M.]

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(c) Discover by visions the nature of the Alchemical principles, Sulphur, Mercury, and Salt. How do they differ from the 3 Gunas, and the elements Fire, Water, Air?

(d) Give an account of the sign Aquarius in the 4 Worlds, Assiah, Yetzirah, Briah, and Atziluth.

(e) Visit and describe fully the Qliphoth of Aries.

(f) Visit Iophiel and Hismael, and report their appearance, mode of life, and conversation.

Observe. The A.: A.: work throughout is definite and directed. There is no room for a single loose thought.

(3) You must be perfectly stern and austere about the sanctity of the Work. You wouldn't allow your wife to come to the office and talk: you must make her respect your hour of work at home. Here I foresee trouble: with rarest exceptions a woman objects to a man doing anything of which she is not the centre. His business is only allowable because it provides for her. Herein no compromise is possible. You must be master or slave; and the truest kindness is to be master once and for all, whatever the cost.—O.M.

In this defile we must leave our Pilgrim for the present. He is about to confront the denizens of the Astral World, menacing or seducing in turn; and, following the bold Rosicrucian rule, he remains in the current of life, without the safeguard of an absolute external retirement and renunciation, such as is advocated by Eastern teachers. But in the Way of the A.: A.: externals are of less account than essentials, and V.I.O. was under the guidance and guardianship of an Order whose Omniscience is impeccable, and Its ward sure.

(To Be Continued)



LIBER

CCC

KHABS AM
PEKHT

AN EPISTLE OF THERION
9°=2°, A MAGUS OF A.:A.:,
TO HIS SON, BEING AN
INSTRUCTION IN A MATTER
OF ALL IMPORTANCE, TO
WIT, THE MEANS TO BE
TAKEN TO EXTEND THE
DOMINION OF THE LAW OF
THELEMA THROUGHOUT THE
WHOLE WORLD.





A.:A.: Publication in Class E

93	$10^{\circ}=1^{\square}$	} Pro Coll. Summ.
666	$9^{\circ}=2^{\square}$	
777	$8^{\circ}=3^{\square}$	
D. D. S.	$7^{\circ}=4^{\square}$	} Pro Coll. Int.
O. M.	$7^{\circ}=4^{\square}$	
O. S. V.	$6^{\circ}=5^{\square}$	
Parzival	$5^{\circ}=6^{\square}$	
V. N.	Præmonstrator	} Pro Coll. Ext.
P.	Imperator	
Achad	Cancellarius	

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KHABS AM PEKHT

Son,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

FIRSTLY, let thine attention be directed to this planet, how the Æon of Horus is made manifest by the Universal War. This is the first great and direct result of the Equinox of the Gods, and is the preparation of the hearts of men for the reception of the Law.

Let Us remind you that this is a magical formula of cosmic scope, and that it is given in exact detail in the legend of the Golden Fleece.

Jason, who in this story represents the Beast, first fits out a ship guided by Wisdom or Athena, and this is his aspiration to the Great Work. Accompanied by many heroes, he comes to the place of the Fleece, but they can do nothing until Medea, the Scarlet Woman, puts into his hands a posset “drugged with somnolence, Sleepy with poppy and white hellebore” for the dragon. Then Jason is able to subdue the bulls, sacred to Osiris, and symbolical of his Æon and the Magical Formula of Self-Sacrifice. With these he plows the field of the world, and sows therein “the dreadful teeth of woe, Cadmean Stock of Thebes’ old misery,” which refers to a certain magical formula announced by The Beast that is familiar unto thee, but unsuited to the profane, and therefore

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not further in this place indicated. From this seed armed men sprung to life; but instead of attacking Him, "mutual madness strikes The warriors witless, and fierce wrath invades Their hearts of fury, and with arms engaged, They fell upon each other silently, And slew, and slew" Now then, the Dragon being asleep, we may step quietly past him, and "rending the branches of that wizard Oak, With a strong grasp tear down the Fleece of Gold."

Let us only remember not to repeat the error of Jason, and defy Ares, who is Horus in his warrior mood, that guardeth it, lest He strike us also with madness. Nay! but to the glory of Ra-hoor-Khuit and the establishment of His perfect kingdom let all be done!

Now, O my son, thou knowest that it is Our will to establish this Work, accomplishing fully that which We are commanded in *The Book of the Law*, "Help me, O warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!"—and it is Thy will, manifesting as thou hast done in the Sphere of Malkuth the material world, to do this same thing in an even more immediate and practical way than would naturally appeal to one whose manifestation is in the Heaven of Jupiter. So therefore We now answer Thy filial petition that asketh good counsel of Us as to the means to be taken to extend the Law of Thelema throughout the whole world.

Direct therefore now most closely thine attention to *The Book of the Law* itself. In It we find an absolute rule of life, and clear instruction in every emergency that may befall. What then are Its own directions for the fructification of That Ineffable Seed? Note, pray thee, the confidence with which we may proceed. "They shall gather my children into

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their fold; they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men." They 'shall'; there is no doubt. Therefore doubt not, but strike with all thy strength. Note also, pray thee, this word: "the Law is for all." Do not therefore 'select suitable persons' in thy worldly wisdom; preach openly the Law to all men. In Our experience We have found the most unlikely means have produced the best results; and indeed it is almost the definition of a true Magical Formula that the means should be unsuited, rationally speaking, to the end proposed. Note, pray thee, that We are bound to teach. "He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals." This refers, however, as is evident from the context, to the technique of the new Magick, "the mantras and the spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword."

Note, pray thee, the instruction in CCXX I:41-44, 51, 61, 63, κ.τ.λ. on which We have enlarged in Our tract *The Law of Liberty*, and in private letters to thee and others. The open preaching of this Law, and the practice of these precepts, will arouse discussion and animosity, and thus place thee upon a rostrum whence thou mayest speak unto the people.

Note, pray thee, this mentor: "Remember ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but shadows; they pass and are done; but there is that which remains." For this doctrine shall comfort many. Also there is this word: "They shall rejoice, our chosen; who sorroweth is not of us. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us." Indeed in all ways thou mayest expound the joy of our Law, nay, for thou shalt overflow with the joy thereof, and have no need of words. It would moreover be

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impertinent and tedious to call again thine attention to all those passages that thou knowest so well. Note, pray thee, that in the matter of direct instruction there is enough. Consider the passage "Choose ye an island! Fortify it! Dung it about with enginery of war! I will give you a war-engine. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house." The last phrase suggests that the island may be Great Britain, with its Mines and Tanks; and it is notable that a certain brother obligated to A.:A.: is in the most secret of England's War Councils at this hour. But it is possible that this instruction refers to some later time when our Law, administered by some such Order as the O.T.O. which concerns itself with temporal affairs, is of weight in the councils of the world, and is challenged by the heathen, and by the followers of the fallen gods and demigods.

Note, pray thee, the practical method of overcoming opposition given in CCXX III:23-26. But this is not to Our immediate purpose in this epistle. Note, pray thee, the instruction in the 38th and 39th verses of the Third Chapter of *The Book of the Law*. It must be quoted in full.

"So that thy light is in me; and its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order."

That is, the God himself is aflame with the Light of the Beast, and will himself push the order, through the fire (perhaps meaning the genius) of The Beast.

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“There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters (these are the adorations, as thou hast written) as it is said:

The Light is mine; its rays consume

Me: I have made a secret door

Into the House of Ra and Tum,

Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.

I am thy Theban, O Mentu,

The prophet Ankh-f-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;

By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.

Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!

Bid me within thine House to dwell,

O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!

Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!”

In the comment in *Equinox* I (7) this passage is virtually ignored. It is possible that this “secret door” refers to the four men and four women spoken of later in *The Paris Working*, or it may mean the child elsewhere predicted, or some secret preparation of the hearts of men. It is difficult to decide on such a point, but we may be sure that the Event will show that the exact wording was so shaded as to prove to us absolute foreknowledge on the part of That Most Holy Angel who uttered the Book.

Note, pray thee, further, in verse 39, how the matter proceeds:

“All this ...”—*i.e.* *The Book of the Law* itself.

“... and a book to say how thou didst come hither ...”

i.e. some record such as that in *The Temple of Solomon the King*

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“... and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever ...” *i.e.* by some mechanical process, with possibly a sample of paper similar to that employed.

“—for it is in the word secret and not only in the English—”

Compare CCXX III:47, 73. The secret is still a secret to Us.

“... and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; ...” *i.e.* explain the text “lest there be folly” as it says above, CCXX I:36.

“... and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!”

From this it is evident that a volume must be prepared as signified—Part IV of *Book 4* was intended to fulfil this purpose—and that this book must be distributed widely, in fact to every one with whom one comes into social relations.

We are not to add to this gift by preaching and the like. They can take it or leave it.

Note, pray thee, verse 41 of this chapter:

“Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house; all must be done well and with business way.”

This is very clear instruction indeed. There is to be a modern centralized business organization at the Kaaba—which, We think, does not mean Boleskine, but any convenient headquarters.

Note, pray thee, in verse 42 of this chapter the injunction: “Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not

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overmuch.” This is not any bar to an explanation of the Law. We may aid men to strike off their own fetters, but those who prefer slavery must be allowed to do so. “The slaves shall serve.” The excellence of the Law must be showed by its results upon those who accept it. When men see us as the hermits of Hadit described in *CCXX* II:24 they will determine to emulate our joy.

Note, pray thee, the whole implication of the chapter that sooner or later we are to break the power of the slave-gods by actual fighting. Ultimately, Freedom must rely upon the sword. It is impossible to treat in this epistle of the vast problems involved in this question; and they must be decided in accordance with the Law by those in authority in the Order when the time comes. Thou wilt note that We have written unto thee more as a member of the O.T.O. than in thy capacity as of the A.:A.:, for the former organization is coördinate and practical, and concerns itself with material things. But remember this clearly, that the Law cometh from the A.:A.:, not from the O.T.O. This Order is but the first of the great religious bodies to accept this Law officially, and its whole Ritual has been revised and reconstituted in accordance with this decision. Now then, leaving *The Book of the Law*, note, pray thee, the following additional suggestions for extending the Dominion of the Law of Thelema throughout the whole world.

I. All those who have accepted the Law should announce the same in daily intercourse. “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law” shall be the invariable form of greeting. These words, especially in the case of strangers, should be pronounced in a clear, firm, and articulate voice, with the eyes frankly fixed upon the hearer. If the other be of us, let him reply “Love is the law, love under will.” The

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latter sentence shall also be used as the greeting of farewell. In writing, wherever greeting is usual, it should be as above, opening "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.", and closing "Love is the law, love under will."

2. Social gatherings should be held as often as is convenient, and there the Law should be read and explained.

3. The special tracts written by Us, or authorized by Us, should be distributed to all persons with whom those who have accepted the Law may be in contact.

4. Pending the establishment of other Universities and Schools of Thelema, scholarships and readerships and such should be provided in existing Schools and Universities, so as to secure the general study of Our writings, and those authorized by Us as pertaining to the New Æon.

5. All children and young people, although they may not be able to understand the more exalted heavens of our horoscope, may always be taught to rule their lives in accordance with the Law. No efforts should be spared to bring them to this emancipation. The misery caused to children by the operation of the law of the slave-gods was, one may say, the *primum mobile* of Our first aspiration to overthrow the Old Law.

6. By all manner of means shall all strive constantly to increase the power and freedom of the Headquarters of the O.T.O.; for thereby will come efficiency in the promulgation of the Law. Specific instructions for the extension of the O.T.O. are given in another epistle.

Constant practice of these recommendations will develop skill in him or her that practiseth, so that new ideas and plans will be evolved continually.

Furthermore, it is right that each and every one bind himself with an Oath Magical that he may thus make Freedom

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perfect, even by a bond, as in *Liber III* it is duly written. Amen.

Now, son, note, pray thee, in what house We write these words. For it is a little cottage of red and green, by the western side of a great lake, and it is hidden in the woods. Man, therefore, is at odds with Wood and Water; and being a magician bethinketh Himself to take one of these enemies, Wood, which is both the effect and cause of that excess of Water, and compel it to fight for Him against the other. What then maketh He? Why, He taketh unto himself Iron of Mars, an Axe and a Saw and a Wedge and a Knife, and He divideth Wood therewith against himself, hewing him into many small pieces, so that he hath no longer any strength against His will. Good; then taketh He the Fire of our Father the Sun, and setteth it directly in battle array against that Water by His army of Wood that he hath conquered and drilled, building it up into a phalanx like unto a Cone, that is the noblest of all solid figures, being the Image of the Holy Phallus itself, and combined in himself the Right Line and the Circle. Thus, son, dealeth He; and the Fire kindleth the Wood, and the heat thereof driveth the Water afar off. Yet this Water is a cunning adversary, and He strengthened Wood against Fire by impregnating him with much of his own substance, as it were by spies in the citadel of an ally that is not wholly trusted. Now then therefore what must the Magician do? He must first expel utterly Water from Wood by an invocation of the Fire of the Sun our Father. That is to say, without the inspiration of the Most High and Holy One even We ourselves could do nothing at all. Then, son, beginneth the Magician to set His Fire to the little dry Wood, and that enkindleth the Wood of middle size, and when that

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blazeth brightly, at the last the great logs, though they be utterly green, are nevertheless enkindled.

Now, son, hearken unto this Our reproof, and lend the ear of thine understanding unto the parable of this Magick.

We have for the whole Beginning of Our Work, praise be eternally unto His Holy Name, the Fire of our Father the Sun. The inspiration is ours, and ours is the Law of Thelema that shall set the world ablaze. And We have many small dry sticks, that kindle quickly and burn through quickly, leaving the larger Wood unlit. And the great logs, the masses of humanity, are always with us. But our edged need is of those middle fagots that on the one hand are readily kindled by the small Wood, and on the other endure until the great logs blaze.

(Behold how sad a thing it is, quoth the Ape of Thoth, for one to be so holy that he cannot chop a tree and cook his food without preparing on it a long and tedious Morality!)

Let this epistle be copied and circulated among all those that have accepted the Law of Thelema.

Receive now Our paternal benediction: the Benediction of the All-Begetter be upon thee.

Love is the law, love under will.

ΘHPION 9°=2° A.∴A.∴

Given under Our hand and seal this day of An. XII, the Sun our Father being in 12° 4' 2" of the sign Leo, and the Moon in 25° 39' 11" of the sign Libra, from the House of the Juggler, that is by Lake Pasquaney in the State of New Hampshire.

STEPPING OUT OF THE OLD ÆON AND INTO THE NEW

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

As all of you should know, we have entered a New Æon. A Higher Truth has been given to the World. This truth is waiting in readiness for all those who will consciously accept it, but it has to be realized before it is understood, and day by day those who have accepted this Law, and are trying to live it, realize more and more of its Beauty and Perfection.

The new teaching appears strange at first; and the mind is unable to grasp more than a fragment of what it really means. Only when we are living the Law can that fragment expand into the infinite conception of the whole.

I want you to share with me one little fragment of this great Truth which has been made clear to me this Sun-Day morning: I want you to come with me - if you will - just across the border-line of the Old Æon and gaze for a moment at the New. Then, if the aspect pleases you, you will stay, or, it may be, you will return for a while, but the road once opened and the Path plain, you will always be able to get there again, in the twinkling of an eye, just by readjusting your Inner sight to the Truth.

You know how deeply we have always been impressed with the ideas of Sun-rise and Sun-set, and how our ancient

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brethren, seeing the Sun disappear at night and rise again in the morning, based their religious ideas in this one conception of a Dying and Re-arisen God. This is the central idea of the religion of the Old Æon, but we have left it behind us because although it seemed to be based on Nature (and Nature's symbols are always true), yet we have outgrown this idea which is only apparently true in Nature. Since this great Ritual of Sacrifice and Death was conceived and perpetuated, we, through the observation of our men of science, have come to know that it is not the Sun which rises and sets, but the earth on which we live which revolves so that its shadow cuts us off from the sunlight during what we call night. The Sun does not die, as the ancients thought; it is always shining, always radiating Life and Life. Stop for a moment and get a clear conception of this Sun, how He is shining in the early morning, shining at mid-day, shining in the evening, and shining at night. Have you got this idea clearly in your minds? You have stepped out of the Old Æon and into the New.

Now let us consider what has happened. In order to get this mental picture of the ever shining Sun, what did you do? You identified yourself with the Sun. You stepped out of the consciousness of this planet; and for a moment you had to consider yourself as a Solar Being. Then why step back again? You may have done so involuntarily, because the Light was so great that it seemed as Darkness. But do it again, this time more fully, and let us consider what the changes in our concept of the Universe will be.

The moment we identify ourselves with the Sun, we realized that we have become the source of Light, that we too are now shining gloriously, but we also realize that the Sunlight

STEPPING OUT OF THE OLD ÆON

is no longer for us, for we can no longer see the Sun, any more than in our little old-æon consciousness we could see ourselves. All around us is perpetual Night, but it is the Starlight and the Body of Our Lady Nuit, in which we live and move and have our being. Then, from this height we look back upon the little planet Earth, of which we, a moment ago, were part, and think of ourselves as shedding our Light upon all those individuals we have called our brothers and sisters, the slaves that serve. But we do not stop there. Imagine the Sun concentrating His rays for a moment on one tiny spot, the Earth. What happens? It is burnt up, it is consumed, it disappears. But in our Solar Consciousness is Truth, and though we glance for a moment at the little sphere we have left behind us, and it is no more, yet there is "that which remains." What remains? What has happened? We realize that "every man and every woman is a star." We gaze around at our wider heritage, we gaze at the Body of Our Lady Nuit. We are not in darkness; we are much nearer to Her now. What (from the little planet) looked like specks of light, are now blazing like other great Suns, and these are truly our brothers and sisters, whose essential and Starry nature we had never before seen and realized. These are the 'remains' of those we thought we had left behind.

There is plenty of room here, each one travels in His true Path, all is joy.

Now, if you want to step back into the Old Æon, do so. But try and bear in mind that those around you are in reality Suns and Stars, not little shivering slaves. If you are not willing to be a King yourself, still recognize that they have a right to Kingship, even as you have, whenever you wish to accept it.

THE EQUINOX

And the moment you desire to do so you have only to remember this—Look at things from the point of view of the Sun.

Love is the law, love under will.

THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

In eddies of obsidian
At my feet the river ran
Between me and the poppy-prankt
Isle, with tangled roots embanked,
Where seven sister poplars stood
Like the seven Spirits of God.

Soft as silence in mine ear,
The drone and rustle of the weir
Told in bass the treble tale
Of the embowered nightingale.
Higher, on the patient river,
Velvet lights without a quiver
Echoed through their hushèd rimes
The garden's glow beneath the limes.
Then the sombre village, crowned
By the castellated ground
Where, in cerements of sable,
One square tower and one great gable
Stood, the melancholy wraith
Of a false and fallen faith
Over all, supine, enthralling,
The young moon, her faint edge falling
To the dead verge of her setting,
Saintly swam, her silver fretting
All the leaves with light. Afar

THE EQUINOX

Toward the Zenith stood a star,
As of all worthiness and fitness
The luminous eternal witness.
So silent was the night, that I
Stirred the grasses reverently
And hid myself. The garden's glow
Darkened, and all the gold below
Went out, and left the gold above
To its sacrament of love,
Save where to sentinel my station,
Gold lilies bowed in adoration.
Had I not feared to move, I might
Have hid my shame from such a night!
Man is not worthy to intrude
His soullessness on solitude;
Yet God hath made it to befriend
Pilgrims, that His peace may pend,
A dove upon the dire and dark
Waters that assail the ark,
And lure their less love to His own.
Life is a song, a speech, a groan,
As may be; none of these have part
In the silence of His heart.
Lapsed in that unweanèd air,
I awaited, unaware,
What might fall. The silence wrapped
Veil on veil about me, trapped
By the siren Night, whose words

THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

Were the river and the birds.
So close it swaddled me, and bound
My being to the pure profound
Of its own stealthy intimacy,
Had Artemis come panting by,
Silver-shod with bow and quiver
Hunting along the reedy river,
And called me to the chase, I should
Have neither heard nor understood.
Or had Zeus his dangerous daughter,
Aphrodite, from the water
Risen all shining, her soft arms
Open, all her spells and charms
Melted to one lure divine
Of her red mouth pressed to mine,
I had neither heard nor seen
Nor felt the Idalian.

Between

My soul and all its knowledge of
The universe of light and love,
Thought, being, nature, time and space,
The Mother's heart, the Father's face,
All that was agony or bliss,
Stretched an infinite abyss.
All that behind me! but my soul,
With no star left to point the pole,
Witless and banned of grace or goal,
Beggared of all its wealth, bereft
Of all its images, unweft
Its magic web, its tools all broken,
Its Name forgot, its Word unspoken,

THE EQUINOX

Widowed of its undying Lord,
Its bowl of silver broke, its cord
Of gold unloosed, its shining ladders
Thrown down, its ears more deaf than adders,
Its window blind, its music stopped,
From its place in Heaven dropped,
From its starry throne was hurled
Beyond the pillars of the world—
Borne from the byss of light
To the Dark Night!

The moon had sunk behind the tower
When, for a moment, by the power
Of nature, as even the eagle's eye
Turns wearied from the sun, did I
Fall from the conning-crag, that springs
Above the Universe of Things,
Into the dark impertinence
Of the mirrored lies of sense.
Yet, when I sought the stars to espy
And ree the runes of destiny,
Mine eyes their wonted office failed,
So diligently God had veiled
Me from myself! I could not hear
The drone and rustle of the weir.
No help in that world or in this!
I was alone in the abyss.

No *Whence!* no *Whither!* and no *Why!*
Not even *Who* evokes reply.
No vision and no voice repay

THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

My will to watch, my will to pray.
Vain is the consecrated vesture;
Vain the high and holy gesture;
Vain the proven and perfect spell
Enchanting heaven, enchaining hell.
Unyoked the horses from the car
Wherein I waged celestial war:
Mine Angle sheathes again his sword
At the Interdiction of the Lord.
Even hell is shut, lest spite and strife
Should show my soul a way to life.

Hope dies; faith flickers and is gone.
Love weeps, then turns its soul to stone.
All nearest, highest, holiest things
Drop off; the soul must lose her wings,
And, crippled, find, with no one clue
The infinite maze to travel through,
The goal unguessed, the path untrod,
And stand unhelmed, unarmed, unshod,
Naked before the Unknown God.
Oh! stertorous, oh! strangling strife
That cleaves to love, that clings to life!

The Will is broken, falls afar
Extinct as an accursèd star.
The Self, one moment held behind,
Whirls like a dead leaf in the wind
Down the Abyss. The soul is drawn
To that Dark Night that is the dawn
Through halls of patience, palaces

THE EQUINOX

Of ever deeper silences,
Æons and æons and æons
Of lampless empyrèans
Darker and deeper and holier, caves
Of night unstirred by wind, great graves
Of all that is or could ever be
In Time or Eternity.

Drawn, drawn, inevitably spanned,
Tirelessly drawn by some strange hand,
Drawn inward in some sense unkenned
Beyond all to an appointed end,
No end foreseen or hoped, draw still
Beyond word or will
Into Itself, drawn subtly, deep
Through the dreamless deaths whose shadow is sleep,
Draw, as dawn shows, to the inmost divine,
To the temple, the nave, the choir, the shrine,
To the altar where in the holy cup
The wine of its blood may be offered up.

Nor is it given to any son of man
To hymn that Sacrament, the One in Seven,
Where God and priest and worshipper,
Deacon, asperger, thurifer, chorister,
Are one as they were one ere time began,
Are one on earth as they are one in heaven;
Where the soul is given a new name,
Confirming with an oath the same,
And with celestial wine and bread
Is most delicately fed,

THE SEVENFOLD SACRAMENT

Yet suffereth in itself the curse
Of the infinite universe,
Having made its own confession
Of the mystery of transgression;
Where it is wedded solemnly
With the ring of space and eternity,
And where the oil, the Holiest Breath,
With Its first whisper dedicateth
Its new life to a further death.
I was cold as earth: the night
Had given way. One star hung bright
Over the church, now grey;
I rose up to greet the ray
That thrilled through elm and chestnut, lit
The grass, made diamonds of it,
And bade the weir's long smile of spray
Leap with laughter for the day.
The birds woke over all the weald
The sullen peasants slouched afield;
The lilies swayed before the breeze
That murmured matins in the trees;
The trout leapt in the shingly shallows
Soared skyward the great sun, that hallows.
The pagan shrines of labour and light
As the moon consecrates the night.
Labour is corn and love is wine,
And both are blessed in the shrine;
Nor is he for priest designed
Who partakes only in one kind.

THE EQUINOX

Thus musing joyous, twice across
Under the weir I swam, to toss
The spray back; then the meadows claim
The foot's fleet ecstasy aflame.
And having uttered my thanksgiving
Thus for the sacrament of living,
I lit my pipe, and made my way
To break fast, and the labour of the day.

LIBER LII

MANIFESTO OF THE O.T.O.

O.T.O.
ISSUED BY ORDER



 *Baphomet*

XI° O. T. O.
HIBERNIÆ IONÆ ET
OMNIUM BRITANNIARUM
REX SUMMUS SANCTISSIMUS



PHOTO BY ARNOLD GENTHE N.Y.

BAPHOMET XI° O.T.O.

SUPREME AND HOLY KING OF IRELAND, IONA, AND ALL THE BRITAINS
THAT ARE IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE GNOSIS.

GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GHOST
GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE
CUSTOS OF THE ILLUMINATI IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ETC., ETC., ETC.

LIBER LII

MANIFESTO OF THE O.T.O.

*Peace, Tolerance, Truth
Salutation on all points of the Triangle
Respect to the Order.*

To all whom it may concern: Greeting and Health

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I. The O.T.O. is a body of Initiates in whose hands are concentrated the wisdom and knowledge of the following bodies:

1. The Gnostic Catholic Church
2. The Order of the Knights of the Holy Ghost.
3. The Order of the Illuminati.
4. The Order of the Temple (Knights Templar).
5. The Order of the Knights of St. John.
6. The Order of the Knights of Malta.
7. The Order of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre.
8. The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal.
9. The Hermetic Brotherhood of Light.
10. The Holy Order of Rose Croix of Heredom.
11. The Order of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch.
12. The Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry (33°).
13. The Rite of Memphis (97°).
14. The Rite of Mizraim (90°).

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15. The Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Masonry (33°).
16. The Swedenborgian Rite of Masonry.
17. The Order of the Martinists.
18. The Order of the Sat Bhai, and many other orders of equal merit, if of less fame.

It does not include the A.:A.:, with which august body it is, however, in close alliance.

It does not in any way infringe the just privileges of duly authorized Masonic Bodies.

2. The dispersion of the original secret wisdom having led to confusion, it was determined by the Chiefs of all these Orders to recombine and centralize their activities, even as white light, divided into a prism, may be recomposed.

It embodies the whole of the secret knowledge of all Oriental Orders; and its chiefs are initiates of the highest rank, and recognized as such by all capable of such recognition in every country in the world. In more remote times, the constituent originating assemblies of the O.T.O. included such men as:

Fohi	Hippolytus
Laotze	Merlin
Siddartha	Arthur
Krishna	Titurel
Tahuti	Amfortas
Ankh-f-n-khonsu	Percivale
Herakles	Mosheh
Orpheus	Odysseus
Vergilius	Mohammed
Catullus	Hermes

LIBER LII

Martialis	Pan
Apollonius Tyanæus	Dante
Simon Magus	Carolus Magnus
Manes	William of Schyren
Basilides	Frederick of Hohenstaufen
Valentinus	Roger Bacon
Bardesanes	Jacobus Burgundus Molensis
King Wu	Ko Hsuen
Christian Rosenkreutz	Osiris
Ulrich von Hutten	Melchizedek
Paracelsus	Khem
Michael Maier	Menthu
Jakob Boehme	Johannes Dee
Francis Bacon	Sir Edward Kelly
Andréa	Thos. Vaughan
Robertus de Fluctibus	Elias Ashmole
Chau	Comte de Chazal
Saturnus	Sigismund Bacstrom
Dionysus	Molinos

And recently:

Wolfgang von Goethe	Friedrich Nietzsche
Sir Richard Payne Knight	Hargrave Jennings
Sir Richard Francis Burton	Karl Kellner
Forlong Dux	Eliphas Lévi
Ludovicus Rex Bavarix	Franz Hartmann
Richard Wagner	Cardinal Rampolla
Ludwig von Fischer	Papus (Dr. Encausse)

THE EQUINOX

The names of women members are never divulged.

It is not lawful here to disclose the name of any living chief.

It was Karl Kellner who revived the exoteric organization of the O.T.O. and initiated the plan now happily complete of bringing all occult bodies again under one governance.

The letters O.T.O. represent the words Ordo Templi Orientis (Order of the Temple of the Orient, or Oriental Templars), but they have also a secret meaning for initiates.

3. The Order is international, and has existing branches in every civilized country of the world.

4. The aims of the O.T.O. can only be understood fully by its highest initiates; but it may be said openly that it teaches Hermetic Science or Occult Knowledge, the Pure and Holy Magick of Light, the Secrets of Mystic attainment, Yoga of all forms – Gnana Yoga, Raja Yoga, Bhakta Yoga and Hatha Yoga, and all other branches of the secret Wisdom of the Ancients.

It in its bosom repose the Great Mysteries; its brain has resolved all the problems of philosophy and of life.

It possess the secret of the Stone of the Wise, of the Elixir of Immortality, and of the Universal Medicine.

Moreover, it possesses a Secret capable of realizing the world-old dream of the Brotherhood of Man.

It also possesses in every important centre of population a hidden Retreat (*Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum*) where members may conceal themselves in order to pursue the Great Work without hindrance.

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5. The authority of the O.T.O. is concentrated in the O.H.O. (Outer Head of the Order), or Frater Superior. The name of the person occupying this office is never disclosed except to his immediate representatives.

6. The Authority of the O.H.O. in all English-speaking countries is delegated by charter to the Most Holy, Most Illustrious, Most Illuminated, and Most Puissant Baphomet X° Rex Summus Sanctissimus 33°, 90°, 96°, Past Grand Master of the United States of America, Grand Master of Ireland, Iona, and All the Britains, Grand Master of the Knights of the Holy Ghost, Sovereign Grand Commander of the Order of the Temple, Most Wise Sovereign of the Order of the Rosy Cross, Grand Zerubbabel of the Order of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch, *etc. etc. etc.*, National Grand Master General *ad vitam* of the O.T.O.

7. The National Grand Master General *ad vitam* is assisted by two principal officers, the Grand Treasurer General and the Grand Secretary General.

There are many other officers, but they do not concern those to whom the present manifesto is addressed.

8. The whole of the Knowledge dispersed among the bodies mentioned in paragraph 2 has been sifted and concentrated in the following degrees.

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- 0° Minerval.
- I° M .
- II° M . .
- III° M ∴
P ∴ M ∴
- IV° Companion of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch.
Prince of Jerusalem.
Knight of the East and of the West
- V° Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix (Knight of the
Pelican and Eagle.)
Member of the Senate of Knight Hermetic
Philosophers, Knight of the Red Eagle.
- VI° Illustrious Knight (Templar) of the Order of
Kadosch, and Companion of the Holy Graal.
Grand Inquisitor Commander, Member of the
Grand Tribunal.
Prince of the Royal Secret.
- VII° Very Illustrious Sovereign Grand Inspector
General.
Member of the Supreme Grand Council.
- VIII° Perfect Pontiff of the Illuminati.
- IX° Initiate of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis.
- X° Rex Summus Sanctissimus (Supreme and Most
Holy King).

9. Every man and woman that is of full age, free, and of good report, has an indefeasible right to the III°.

Beyond this, admission is only granted by invitation from the governing body concerned.

The O.T.O., though an Academia Masonica, is not a Masonic Body so far as the 'secrets' are concerned in the sense in

LIBER LII

which that expression is usually understood; and therefore in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge in England, or any Grand Lodge in America or elsewhere which is recognized by it.

10. Application for admission to the Order may be made personally at headquarters, between the hours of Ten a.m. and Twelve Noon on week-days, or by letter to the Grand Secretary General. In the former case, applicants should be provided with the Twenty Dollars entitling them to the Third Degree; in the latter, it should be enclosed with the application.

The First Annual Subscription is payable on taking the Third Degree; if this is taken after June 30 in any year, only half the amount is due. Subscriptions of old members are due on January 1, but the Brother is considered in good standing, and he does not lose his rights, if it is paid by March 1. Should he fail to discharge his obligation by this date, he ceases *ipso facto* to be a member of the Order, but may be reinstated on paying arrears and Five Dollars extra. If his lapse extend to the next year following, he can only be reinstated under special conditions, and by the express consent in writing of the National Grand Master General *ad vitam*.

11. The Constitution, Trust Deeds, Charters, Warrants and all other documents, are exhibited to candidates on their exaltation to the IV°, should they desire it.

12. Besides the free certificate of membership, special diplomas for framing are granted to all members at a uniform price of Ten Dollars. Special diplomas of the IX°, Twenty-five Dollars.

THE EQUINOX

13. The privileges of members of the O.T.O. are very numerous. These are the principal:

1° They have not only access to, but instruction in, the whole body of hidden knowledge preserved in the Sanctuary from the beginning of its manifestation.

In the lower grades the final secrets are hinted and conveyed in symbol, beneath veil, and through sacrament.

In this way the intelligence of the initiate is called into play, so that he who well uses the knowledge of the lower grades may be selected for invitation to the higher, where all things are declared openly.

2° They become partakers of the current of Universal Life in Liberty, Beauty, Harmony, and Love which flames within the heart of the O.T.O., and the Light of that august fraternity insensibly illuminates them ever more and more as they approach its central Sun.

3° They meet those persons most complementary to their own natures, and find unexpected help and brotherhood in the whole world wherever they may travel.

4° They obtain the right to sojourn in the secret houses of the O.T.O., permanently or for a greater or lesser period of the year according to their rank in the Order; or, in the case of those of the Fifth and lower degrees, are candidates for invitation to these houses.

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- 5° The Knowledge of the Preparation and Use of the Universal Medicine is restricted to members of the IX°; but it may be administered to members of the VIII° and VII° in special circumstances by favour of the National Grand Masters General, and even in particular emergency to members of lower degrees.
- 6° In the V° all members are pledged to bring immediate and perfect relief to all distress of mind, body, or estate, in which they may find any of their fellows of that degree. In the higher degrees the Bonds of Fraternity are still further strengthened. The Order thus affords a perfect system of insurance against every misfortune or accident of life.
- 7° Members of the IX° become part proprietors of the Estates and Goods of the Order, so that the attainment of this degree implies a return with interest of the fees and subscriptions paid.
- 8° The Order gives practical assistance in life to worthy members of even its lower degrees, so that, even if originally poor, they become well able to afford the comparatively high fees of the VII°, VIII°, and IX°. On exaltation to the IV° each Companion may file an account of his circumstances, and state in what direction he requires help.

14. In selecting members for advancement, attention is paid to their devotion to the Order, to their intelligence in apprehending the nature of its teaching, to their zeal in spreading the principles of the Order so far as they

THE EQUINOX

themselves understand them, though always with the discretion inseparable from the due guarding of the secrets, and to all those qualities of courage, honour, and virtue without which man is not worthy of that name.

15. The O.H.O. is only known to members of the VIII° and IX°.

The National Grand Master General *ad vitam* is not approachable as such by any person who has not reached the VI°.

All communications should be addressed to the Grand Secretary General, and all cheques drawn in favour of the Grand Treasurer General.

Issued by Order,



L. Bathurst IX°

Grand Secretary General

LIBER CI

O.T.O.

AN OPEN LETTER TO
THOSE WHO MAY
WISH TO JOIN THE
ORDER

O.T.O.
ISSUED BY ORDER



 *Baphomet*

XI° O. T. O.
HIBERNIÆ IONÆ ET
OMNIUM BRITANNIARUM
REX SUMMUS SANCTISSIMUS

LIBER CI

O.T.O.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THOSE WHO MAY WISH TO JOIN THE ORDER;

ENUMERATING THE DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES.
THESE REGULATIONS COME INTO FORCE IN ANY
DISTRICT WHERE THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE ORDER
EXCEEDS ONE THOUSAND SOULS.

*An Epistle of BAPHOMET to Sir GEORGE
MACNIE COWIE, Very Illustrious and Very
Illuminated, Pontiff and Eopt of the
Areopagus of the VIIIth Degree O.T.O., Grand
Treasurer General, Keeper of the Golden
Book, President of the Committee of
Publications of the O.T.O.*

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

IT HAS BEEN REPRESENTED TO Us that some persons who are worthy to join the O.T.O. consider the fees and subscriptions rather high. This is due to your failure to explain properly the great advantages offered by the Order. We desire you therefore presently to note, and to cause the same to be circulated throughout the Order, and among those of the profane who may seem worthy to join it, these matters following concerning the duties and privileges of members of the earlier degrees of the O.T.O. as regards material affairs. And for convenience we shall classify these as pertaining to

THE EQUINOX

the Twelve Houses of the Heavens, but also by numbered clauses for the sake of such as understand not the so-called Science of the Stars. First, therefore, concerning the duties of the Brethren. Yet with our Order every duty is also a privilege, so that it is impossible wholly to separate them.

LIBER CI
OF THE DUTIES OF THE BRETHREN
FIRST HOUSE

1. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt. Yet it is well for Brethren to study daily in the Volume of the Sacred Law, *Liber Legis*, for therein is much counsel concerning this, how they may best carry out this will.

SECOND HOUSE.

2. The private purse of every Brother should always be at the disposal of any Brother who may be in need. But is such a case it is a great mischief if the one ask, and the other consent; for if the former be really in need, his pride is wounded by his asking; and if not, the door is opened to beggars and impostors, and all manner of arrant knaves and rogues such as are no true Brethren. But the Brother who is possessed of this world's goods should make it his business to watch the necessity of all those Brethren with whom he may be personally acquainted, anticipating their wants in so wise and kindly and delicate a manner that it shall appear as if it were the payment of a debt. And what help is given shall be given with discretion, so that the relief may be permanent instead of temporary.

3. All Brethren shall be exceedingly punctual in the payment of Lodge Dues. This is to take precedence over all other calls upon the purse.

THIRD HOUSE.

4. The Brethren shall be diligent in preaching the Law of Thelema. In all writings they shall be careful to use the prescribed greetings; likewise in speech, even with strangers.

THE EQUINOX

5. They shall respond heartily to every summons of the Lodge or Chapter to which they may belong, not lightly making excuse.

6. Brethren should use every opportunity of assisting each other in their tastes, businesses, or professions, whether by direct dealing with Brethren in preference to others, or by speaking well of them, or as may suggest itself. It seems desirable, when possible, what where two or more Brethren of the same Lodge are engaged in the same work, they should seek to amalgamate the same by entering into partnership. Thus in time great and powerful corporations may arise from small individual enterprises.

7. They shall be diligent in circulating all tracts, manifestos, and all other communications which the Order may from time to time give out for the instruction or emancipation of the profane.

8. They may offer suitable books and pictures to the Libraries of the Profess-Houses of the Order.

FOURTH HOUSE

9. Every Brother who may possess mines, land, or houses more than he can himself constantly occupy, should donate part of such mines or land, or one or more of such houses to the order.

10. Property thus given will be administered if he desire it in his own interest, thus effecting a saving, since large estates are more economically handled than small. But the Order will use such property as may happen to lie idle for the moment in such ways as it may seem good, lending an unlet house (for example) to some Brother who is in need, or allowing an unused hall to be occupied by a Lodge.

LIBER CI

11. (Yet in view of the great objects of the Order, endowment is welcome).

12. Every Brother shall show himself solicitous of the comfort and happiness of any Brother who may be old, attending not only to all material wants, but to his amusement, so that his declining years may be made joyful.

FIFTH HOUSE

13. Every Brother shall seek constantly to give pleasure to all Brethren with whom he is acquainted, whether by entertainment or conversation, or in any other manner that may suggest itself. It will frequently and naturally arise that love itself springs up between members of the Order, for that they have so many and so sacred interests in common. Such love is peculiarly holy, and is to be encouraged.

14. All children of Brethren are to be considered as children of the whole Order, and to be protected and aided in every way be its members severally, as by its organization collectively. No distinction is to be made with regard to the conditions surrounding the birth of any child.

15. There is an especially sacred duty, which every Brother should fulfil, with regard to all children, those born within the Order included. This duty is to instruct them in the Law of Thelema, to teach them independence and freedom of thought and character, and to warn them that servility and cowardice are the most deadly diseases of the human soul.

SIXTH HOUSE

16. Personal or domestic attendants should be chosen from among the members of the Order when possible, and great tact and courtesy are to be employed in dealing with them.

THE EQUINOX

17. They, on their part, will render willing and intelligence service.

18. While in Lodge, and on special occasions, they are to be treated as Brethren, with perfect equality; such behaviour is undesirable during the hours of service, and familiarity, subversive as it is of all discipline and order, is to be avoided by adopting a complete and marked change of manner and address.

19. This applies to all persons in subordinate positions, but not to the Brethren Servient in the Profess-Houses of the Order, who, giving service without recompense, are to be honoured as hosts.

20. In the case of the sickness of any Brother, it is the duty of all Brethren who know him personally to attend him, to see that he want for nothing, and to report if necessary his needs to the Lodge, or to Grand Lodge itself.

21. Those Brethren who happen to be doctors or nurses will naturally give their skill and care with even more than their customary joy in service.

22. All Brethren are bound by their fealty to offer their service in their particular trade, business, or profession, to the Grand Lodge. For example, a stationer will supply Grand Lodge with paper, vellum, and the like; a bookseller offer any books to the Library of Grand Lodge which the Librarian may desire to possess; a lawyer will execute any legal business for Grand Lodge, and a railway or steamship owner or director see to it that the Great Officers travel in comfort wherever they may wish to go.

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23. Visitors from other Lodges are to be accorded the treatment of ambassadors; this will apply most especially to Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the Order on their tours of inspection. All hospitality and courtesy shown to such is shown to Ourselves, not to them only.

SEVENTH HOUSE

24. It is desirable that the marriage partner of any Brother should also be a member of the Order. Neglect to insist upon this leads frequently to serious trouble for both parties, especially the uninitiate.

25. Lawsuits between members of the Order are absolutely forbidden, on pain of immediate expulsion and loss of all privileges, even of those accumulated by past good conduct referred to in the second part of the instruction.

26. All disputes between Brethren should be referred firstly to the Master or Masters of their Lodge or Lodges in confidence; if a composition be not arrived at in this manner, the dispute is to be referred to the Grand Tribunal, which will arbitrate thereon, and its decision is to be accepted as final.

27. Refusal to apply for or accept such decision shall entail expulsion from the Order, and the other party is then at liberty to seek his redress in the Courts of Profane Justice.

28. Members of the Order are to regard those without its pale as possessing no rights of any kind, since they have not accepted the Law, and are therefore, as it were, troglodytes, survivals of a past civilisation, and to be treated accordingly. Kindness should be shown towards them, as towards any other animal, and every effort should be made to bring them into Freedom.

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29. Any injury done by any person without the Order to any person within it may be brought before the Grand Tribunal, which will, if it deem right and fit, use all its power to redress or avenge.

30. In the case of any Brother being accused of an offence against the criminal law of the country in which he resides, so that any other Brother cognisant of the fact feels bound in self-defence to bring accusation, he shall report the matter to the Grand Tribunal as well as to the Civil Authority, claiming exemption on this ground.

31. The accused Brother will, however, be defended by the Order to the utmost of its power on his affirming his innocence upon the Volume of the Sacred Law in the Ordeal appointed *ad hoc* by the Grand Tribunal itself.

32. Public enemies of the country of any Brother shall be treated as such while in the field, and slain or captured as the officer of the Brother may command. But within the precincts of the Lodge all such divisions are to be forgotten absolutely; and as children of One Father the enemies of the hour before and the hour after are to dwell in peace, amity, and fraternity.

EIGHTH HOUSE

33. Every Brother is expected to bear witness in his last will and testament to the great benefit that he hath received from the Order by bestowing upon it part or the whole of his goods, as he may deem fit.

34. The death of a Brother is not be an occasion of melancholy, but of rejoicing; the Brethren of his Lodge shall gather together and make a banquet with music and dancing and all manner of gladness. It is of the greatest importance

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that this shall be done, for thereby the inherited fear of death which is deep-seated as instinct in us will gradually be rooted out. It is a legacy from the dead æon of Osiris, and it is our duty to kill it in ourselves that our children and our children's children may be born free from the curse.

NINTH HOUSE

35. Every Brother is expected to send a great part of his spare time in the study of the principles of the Law and of the Order, and in searching out the key to its great and manifold mysteries.

36. He should also do all in his power to spread the Law, especially taking long journeys, when possible, to remote places, there to sow the seed of the Law.

TENTH HOUSE

37. All pregnant women are especially sacred to members of the Order, and no effort should be spared to bring them to acceptance of the Law of Freedom, so that the unborn may benefit by that impression. They should be induced to become members of the Order, so that the child may be born under its ægis.

38. If the mother that is to be have asserted her will to be so in contempt and defiance of the Tabus of the slave-gods, she is to be regarded as especially suitable to our Order, and the Master of the Lodge in her district shall offer to become, as it were, godfather to the child, who shall be trained specially, if the mother so wishes, as a servant of the Order, in one of its Profess-Houses.

39. Special Profess-Houses for the care of women of the Order, or those whose husbands or lovers are members of the Order, will be instituted, so that the frontal duty of womankind may be carried out in all comfort and honour.

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40. Every Brother is expected to use all his influence with persons in a superior station of life (so called) to induce them to join the Order. Royal personages, ministers of State, high officials in the Diplomatic, Naval, Military, and Civil Services are particularly to be sought after, for it is intended ultimately that the temporal power of the State be brought into the Law, and led into freedom and prosperity by the application of its principles.

41. Colleges of the Order will presently be established where the children of its members may be trained in all trades, businesses, and professions, and there they may study the liberal arts and humane letters, as well as our holy and arcane science. Brethren are expected to do all in their power to make possible the establishment of such Universities.

ELEVENTH HOUSE

42. Every Brother is expected to do all in his power to induce his personal friends to accept the Law and join the Order. He should therefore endeavour to make new friends outside the Order for the purpose of widening its scope.

TWELFTH HOUSE

43. The Brethren are bound to secrecy only with regard to the nature of the rituals of our Order, and to our words, signs, *etc.* The general principles of the Order may be fully explained, so far as they are understood below the VI°; as it is written, "The ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all."

It is to be observed that the punctual performance of these duties, so that the report thereof is noted abroad and the fame of it cometh even unto the Throne of the Supreme and Holy

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King himself, will weigh heavily in the scale when it comes to be a question of the high advancement of a Brother in the Order.

OF THE PRIVILEGES OF THE BRETHREN

FIRST HOUSE

44. The first and greatest of all privileges of a Brother is to be a Brother, to have accepted the Law, to have become free and independent, to have destroyed all fear; whether of custom, or of faith, or of other men, or of death itself. In other papers the joy and glory of those who have accepted the Book of the Law as the sole rule of life is largely, though never fully, explained; and we will not here recapitulate the same.

SECOND HOUSE

45. All Brethren who may fall into indigence have a right to the direct assistance of the Order up to the full amount of fees and subscriptions paid by them up to the time of application. This will be regarded as a loan, but no interest will be charged upon it. That this privilege may not be abused, the Grand Tribunal will decide whether or no such application is made in good faith.

THIRD HOUSE

46. Members of the Order will be permitted to use the Library of any of our Profess-Houses.

47. Circulating Libraries will presently be established.

48. Brethren who may be travelling have a right to the hospitality of the Master of the Lodge of the district for a period of three days.

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FOURTH HOUSE

49. Brethren of all grades may be invited to sojourn in the Profess-Houses of the Order by Grand Lodge; and such invitation may confidently be expected as the reward of merit. There they will be able to make the personal acquaintance of members of the higher Grades, learn of the deeper workings of the Order, obtain the benefit of personal instruction, and in all ways fit themselves for advancement.

50. Brethren of advanced years and known merit who desire to follow the religious life may be asked to reside permanently in such houses.

51. In the higher degrees Brethren have the right to reside in our Profess-Houses for a portion of every year; as shown:—

VI°. Two weeks

VII°. Two months

G.T. One month.

S.G.C. Three months.

P.R.S. Six week.

VIII°. Six months.

52. Members of the IX°, who share among themselves the whole property of the Order according to the rules of that degree, may, of course, reside there permanently. Indeed, the house of every Brother of this grade is, *ipso facto*, a Profess-House of the Order.

FIFTH HOUSE

53. All Brethren may expect the warmest co-operation in their pleasures and amusements from other members of the Order. The perfect freedom and security afforded by the Law allows the characters of all Brethren to expand to the very limits of their nature, and the great joy and gladness with which they are constantly overflowing make them the best of companions. “They shall rejoice, our chosen; who sorroweth is not of us. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.”

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54. Children of all Brethren are entitled to the care of the Order, and arrangements will be made to educate them in certain of the Profess-Houses of the Order.

55. Children of Brethren who are left orphans will be officially adopted by the Master of his Lodge, or if the latter decline, by the Supreme Holy King himself, and treated in all ways as if they were his own.

56. Brethren who have a right to some especial interest in any child whose mother is not a member of the Order may recommend it especially to the care of their lodges or Grand Lodge.

SIXTH HOUSE

57. In sickness all Brethren have the right to medical or surgical care and attendance from any Brethren of the Lodge who may be physicians, surgeons, or nurses.

58. In special circumstances the Supreme Holy King will send his own attendants.

59. Where circumstances warrant it, in cases of lives of great value to the Order and the like, he may even permit the administration of that secret Medicine which is known to members of the IX°.

60. Members of the Order may expect Brethren to busy themselves in finding remunerative occupation for them, where they lack it, or, if possible, to employ them personally.

SEVENTH HOUSE

61. Members of the Order may expect to find suitable marriage partners in the extremely select body to which they belong. Community of interest and hope being already established, it is natural to suppose that where mutual

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attraction also exists, a marriage will result in perfect happiness. (There are special considerations in this matter which apply to the VII° and cannot be discussed in this place.)

62. As explained above, Brethren are entirely free of most legal burdens, since lawsuits are not permitted within the Order, and since they may call upon the legal advisors of the Order to defend them against their enemies in case of need.

EIGHTH HOUSE

63. All Brethren are entitled after death to the proper disposal of their remains according to the rites of the Order and their grade in it.

64. If the Brother so desire, the entire amount of the fees and subscriptions which he has paid during his life will be handed over by the Order to his heirs and legatees. The Order thus affords an absolute system of insurance in addition to its other benefits.

NINTH HOUSE

65. The Order teaches the only perfect and satisfactory system of philosophy, religion, and science, leading its members step by step to knowledge and power hardly even dreamed of by the profane.

66. Brethren of the Order who take long journeys overseas are received in places where they sojourn at the Profess-Houses of the Order for the period of one month.

TENTH HOUSE

67. Women of the Order who are about to become mothers receive all care, attention, and honour from all Brethren.

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68. Special Profess-Houses will be established for their convenience, should they wish to take advantage of them.

69. The Order offers great social advantages to its members, bringing them as it does into constant association with men and women of high rank.

70. The Order offers extraordinary opportunities to its members in their trades, businesses, or professions, aiding them by co-operation, and securing them clients or customers.

ELEVENTH HOUSE

71. The Order offers friendship to its members, bringing together men and women of similar character, taste, and aspiration.

TWELFTH HOUSE

72. The secrecy of the Order provides its members with an inviolable shroud of concealment.

73. The crime of slander, which causes so great a proportion of human misery, is rendered extremely dangerous, it not impossible, within the Order by a clause in the Obligation of the Third Degree.

74. The Order exercises its whole power to relieve its members of any constraint to which they may be subjected, attacking with vigour any person or persons who may endeavour to subject them to compulsion, and in all other ways aiding in the complete emancipation of the Brethren from aught that may seek to restrain them from doing That Which They Will.

It is to be observed that these privileges being so vast, it is incumbent upon the honour of every Brother not to abuse them, and the sponsors of any Brother who does so, as well

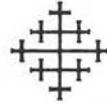
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as he himself, will be held strictly to account by the Grand Tribunal. The utmost frankness and good faith between Brethren is essential to the easy and harmonious working of our system, and the Executive Power will see to it that these are encouraged by all means, and that breach of them is swiftly and silently suppressed.

Love is the law, love under will.

Our fatherly benediction, and the Blessing of the All-Father
in the Outer and the Inner be upon you.

BAPOMET X° O.T.O.
IRELAND, IONA, AND
ALL THE BRITAINS



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O.T.O.

CONCERNING THE
LAW OF THELEMA

O.T.O.
ISSUED BY ORDER



 *Baphomet*

XI° O. T. O.
HIBERNIÆ IONÆ ET
OMNIUM BRITANNIARUM
REX SUMMUS SANCTISSIMUS

LIBER CLXI O.T.O.

CONCERNING THE LAW OF THELEMA

*An Epistle written to Professor L— B— K—
who also himself waited for the New Æon,
concerning the O.T.O. and its solution of divers
problems of Human Society, particularly those
concerning Property, and now reprinted for
General Circulation.*

My Dear Sir,—

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I was glad to receive your letter of inquiry with regard to the Message of the Master Therion.

It struck you naturally enough that on the surface there is little distinction between the New Law and the canon of Anarchy; and you ask, "How is the Law to be fulfilled in the case of two boys who want the same orange?" But since only one boy (at most) can eat the orange, it is evident that one of them is mistaken in supposing that it is essential to his Will to eat it. The question is to be decided in the good old way by fighting for it. All that we ask is that the fighting be done chivalrously, with respect to the courage of the vanquished. "As brothers fight ye!" In other words, there is only this difference from our present state of society, that manners are improved. There are many persons who are naturally slaves, who have no stomach to fight, who tamely

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yield all to any one strong enough to take it. This also is understood and provided for in *The Book of the Law*: "the slaves shall serve." But it is possible for any apparent slave to prove his mastery by fighting his oppressors, even as now; but he has this additional chance in our system, that his conduct will be watched with kindly eye by our authorities, and his prowess rewarded by admission to the ranks of the master-class. Also, he will be given fair play.

You may now ask how such arrangements are possible. There is only one solution to this great problem. It has always been admitted that the ideal form of government is that of a "benevolent despot," and despotisms have only fallen because it is impossible in practice to assure the goodwill of those in power. The rules of chivalry, and those of Bushido in the East, gave the best chance to develop rulers of the desired type. Chivalry failed principally because it was confronted with new problems; today we know perfectly what those problems were, and are able to solve them. It is generally understood by all men of education that the general welfare is necessary to the highest development of the particular; and the troubles of America are in great part due to the fact that the men in power are often utterly devoid of all general education.

I would call your attention to the fact that many monastic orders, both in Asia and in Europe, have succeeded in surviving all changes of government, and in securing pleasant and useful lives for their members. But this has been possible only because restricted life was enjoined. However, there were orders of military monks, like the Templars, who grew and prospered exceedingly. You recall that the Order of the Temple was only overthrown by a

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treacherous *coup d'état* on the part of a King and of a Pope who saw their reactionary, obscurantist, and tyrannical programme menaced by those knights who did not scruple to add the wisdom of the East to their own large interpretation of Christianity, and who represented in that time a movement towards the light of learning and of science, which has been brought to fruition in our own times by the labours of the Orientalist from Von Hammer-Purgstall and Sir William Jones to Professor Rhys Davids and Madame Blavatsky, to say nothing of such philosophers as Schopenhauer, on the one hand; and by the heroic efforts of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer, on the other.

I have no sympathy with those who cry out against property, as if what all men desire were of necessity evil; the natural instinct of every man is to own, and while man remains in this mood, attempts to destroy property must not only be nugatory, but deleterious to the community. There is no outcry against property where wisdom and kindness administer it. The average man is not so unreasonable as the demagogue, for his own selfish ends, pretends to be. The great nobles of all time have usually been able to create a happy family of their dependents, and unflinching loyalty and devotion have been their reward. The secret has been principally this, that they considered themselves noble in nature as well as name, and thought it foul shame to themselves if any retainer met unnecessary misfortune. The upstart of today lacks this feeling; he must constantly try to prove his superiority by exhibiting his power, and harshness is his only weapon. In any society where each person has his allotted place, and that a place with its own special honour, mutual respect and self-respect are born. Every man is in his own way a king, or at least heir to some kingdom. We have

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many examples of such society today, notably universities and all associations of sport. No. 5 in the Harvard crew does not turn round in the middle of the race and reproach No. 4 for being merely No. 4; nor do the pitcher and catcher of a crack baseball nine revile each other because their tasks are different. It is to be noted that wherever teamwork is necessary social cooperation is essential. The common soldier is invested with a uniform as well as his officer, and in any properly trained army he is taught his own canons of honour and self-respect. This feeling, more than mere discipline or the possession of weapons, makes the soldier more than a match morally for a man not so clothed in proper reverence for himself and his profession.

University men who have passed through some crisis of hardship or temptation have often told me that the backbone of their endurance was the "old shop." Much of this is evidently felt by those who talk of re-establishing the old trade guilds. But I fear I digress.

I have, however, now placed before you the main points of my thesis. We need to extend to the whole of society the peculiar feeling which obtains in our most successful institutions, such as the services, the universities, the clubs. Heaven and hell are states of mind; and if the devil be really proud, his hell can hurt him little.

It is this, then, that I desire to emphasize: those who accept the New Law, the Law of the Æon of Horus, the crowned and conquering child who replaces in our theogony the suffering and despairing victim of destiny, the Law of Thelema, which is Do What Thou Wilt, those who accept it (I say) feel themselves immediately to be kings and queens.

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“Every man and every woman is a star” is the first statement of the *Book of the Law*. In the pamphlet, “The Law of Liberty”, this theme is embroidered with considerable care, and I will not trouble you with further quotation.

You will say swiftly that the heavenly state of mind thus induced will be hard put to it to endure hunger and cold. The thought occurred also to our founder, and I will endeavour to put before you the skeleton of his plan to avert such misfortune (or at least such ordeal) from his adherents.

In the first place, he availed himself of a certain organization of which he was offered control, namely the O.T.O. This great Order accepted the Law immediately, and was justified by the sudden and great revival of its activities. The Law was given to our founder twelve years ago; the O.T.O. came into his hands eight years later, in the vulgar year 1912. It must not be supposed that he was idle during the former period, but he was very young, and had no idea of taking practical measures to extend the dominion of the Law: he pursued his studies.

However, with the sudden growth of the O.T.O. from 1912 e.v. onward, he began to perceive a method of putting the Law into general practice, of making it possible for men and women to live in accordance with the precepts laid down in the *Book of the Law*, and to accomplish their wills; I do not say to gratify their passing fancies, but to do that for which they were intended by their own high destiny. For in this universe, since it is in equilibrium and the sum total of its energies is therefore zero, every force therein is equal and opposite to the resultant of all the other forces combined. The Ego is therefore always exactly equal to the Non-Ego,

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and the destruction of an atom of helium would be as catastrophic to the conservation of matter and energy as if a million spheres were blotted into annihilation by the will of God. I am well aware that from this point you could draw me subtly over the tiger-trap of the Freewill Controversy; you would make it difficult for me even to say that it is better to fulfil one's destiny consciously and joyously than like a stone; but I am on my guard. I will return to plain politics and common sense.

Our Founder, then, when he thought over this matter from a purely practical standpoint, remembered those institutions with which he was familiar, which flourished. He bethought him of monasteries like Monsalvat, of universities like Cambridge, of golf clubs like Hoylake, of social clubs like the Cocoa-Tree, of co-operative societies, and, having sojourned in America, of Trusts. In his mind he expanded each of these to its n^{th} power, he blended them like the skilled chemist that he was, he considered their excellences and their limitations; in a word, he meditated profoundly upon the whole subject, and he concluded with the vision of a perfect society.

He saw all men free, all men wealthy, all men respected; and he planted the seed of his Utopia by handing over his own house to the O.T.O., the organization which should operate his plan, under certain conditions. What he had foreseen occurred; he had possessed one house; by surrendering it he became owner of a thousand houses. He gave up the world, and found it at his feet.

Eliphas Lévi, the great magician of the middle of the last century, whose philosophy made possible the extraordinary

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outburst of literature in France in the fifties and sixties by its doctrine of the self-sufficiency of Art ("A fine style is an aureole of holiness" is one phrase of his) prophecies of the Messiah in a remarkable passage. It will be seen that our founder, born as he was to the purple, has fulfilled it.

I have not the volume at my side, living as I am this hermit life in New Hampshire, but its gist is that Kings and Popes have not power to redeem the world because they surround themselves with splendour and dignity. They possess all that other men desire, and therefore their motives are suspect. If any person of position, says Lévi, insists upon living a life of hardship and inconvenience when he could do otherwise, then men will trust him, and he will be able to execute his projects for the general good of the commonwealth. But he must naturally be careful not to relax his austerities as his power increases. Make power and splendour incompatible, and the social problem is solved.

"Who is that ragged man gnawing a dry crust by yonder cabin?" "That is the President of the Republic." Where honour is the only possible good to be gained by the exercise of power, the man in power will strive only for honour.

The above is an extreme case; no one need go so far nowadays; and it is important that the President should have been used to terrapin and *bécasse flambé* before he went into politics.

You will ask how this is operated, and how the system inaugurated by him works. It is simple. Authority and prestige in the Order are absolute, but while the lower grades give increase of privilege, the higher give increase of service. Power in the Order depends, therefore, directly on the willingness to aid others. Tolerance also is taught in the

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higher grades; so that no man can be even an Inspector of the Order unless he be equally well disposed to all classes of opinion. You may have six wives or none; but if you have six, you are required not to let them talk all at once, and if you have none, you are required to refrain from boring people with dithyrambs upon your own virtue. This tolerance is taught by a peculiar course of instruction whose nature it would be imprudent as well as impertinent to disclose; I will ask you to accept my word that it is efficient.

With this provision, it is easy to see that intolerance and snobbery are impossible; for the example set by members of the universally respected higher grades is against this. I may add that members are bound together by participation in certain mysteries, which lead to a synthetic climax in which a single secret is communicated whose nature is such as to set at rest for ever all division on those fertile causes of quarrel, sex and religion. The possession of this secret gives the members entitled to it such calm of authority that the perfect respect which is their due never fails them.

Thus, then, you see brethren dwelling together in unity; and you wonder whether the lust of possession may not cause division. On the contrary, this matter has been the excellent cause of general prosperity.

In the majority of cases property is wasted. One has six houses; three remain unlet. One has 20 per cent. of the stock of a certain company; and is frozen out by the person with 51 per cent.

There are a thousand dangers and drawbacks to the possession of this world's goods which thin the hairs of those who cling to them.

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In the O.T.O. all this trouble is avoided. Such property as any member of the Order wills is handed over to the Great Officers either as a gift, or in trust. In the latter case it is administered in the interest of the donor. Property being thus pooled, immense economies are effected. One lawyer does the work of fifty; house agents let houses instead of merely writing misleading entries in books; the O.T.O. controls the company instead of half-a-dozen isolated and impotent stockholders. Whatever the O.T.O. findeth to do, it does with all its might; none dare oppose the power of a corporation thus centralised, thus ramified. To become a member of the O.T.O. is to hitch your wagon to a star.

But if you are poor? If you have no property? The O.T.O. still helps you. There will always be unoccupied houses which you can tend rent-free; there is certainty of employment, if you desire it, from other members. If you keep a shop, you may be sure that O.T.O. members will be your customers; if you are a doctor or lawyer, they will be your clients. Are you sick? The other members hasten to your bed to ask of what you are in need. Do you need company? The Profess-Housse of the O.T.O. is open to you. Do you require a loan? The Treasurer-General of the O.T.O. is empowered to advance to you, without interest, up to the total amount of your fees and subscriptions. Are you on a journey? You have the right to the hospitality of the Master of a Lodge of the O.T.O. for three days in any one place. Are you anxious to educate your children? The O.T.O. will fit them for the battle. Are you at odds with a brother? The Grand Tribunal of the O.T.O. will arbitrate, free of charge, between you. Are you moribund? You have the power to leave the total amount that you have put into the Treasury of the O.T.O. to whom you will. Will your children be orphan?

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No; for they will be adopted if you wish by the Master of your Lodge, or by the Grand Master of the O.T.O.

In short, there is no circumstance of life in which the O.T.O. is not both sword and shield.

You wonder? You reply that this can only be by generosity, by divine charity of the high toward the low, of the rich toward the poor, of the great toward the small. You are a thousand times right; you have understood the secret of the O.T.O.

That such qualities can flourish in an extended community may surprise so eminent and profound a student of humanity as yourself; yet examples abound of practices the most unnatural and repugnant to mankind which have continued through centuries. I need not remind you of Jaganath and of the priests of Attis, for extreme cases.

A fortiori, then, it must be possible to train men in independences, to tolerance, to nobility of character, and to good manners, and this is done in the O.T.O. by certain very efficacious methods which (for I will not risk further wearying you) I will not describe. Besides, they are secret. But beyond them is the supreme incentive; advancement in the Order depends almost entirely on the possession of such qualities, and is impossible without it. Power being the main desire of man, it is only necessary so to condition its possession that it be not abuse.

Wealth is of no account in the O.T.O. Above a certain grade all realisable property, with certain obvious exceptions—things in daily use, and the like—must be vested in the O.T.O. Property may be enjoyed in accordance with the

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dignity of the adept of such grade, but he cannot leave it idle or sequester it from the common good. He may travel, for instance, as a railway magnate travels; but he cannot injure the commonwealth by setting his private car athwart the four main lines.

Even intellectual eminence and executive ability are at a certain discount in the Order. Work is invariably found for persons possessing these qualifications, and they attain high status and renown for their reward; but not advancement in the Order; unless they exhibit a talent for government, and this will be exhibited far more by nobility of character, firmness and suavity, tact and dignity, high honour and good manners, those qualities (in short) which are, in the best minds, natural predicates of the word gentleman. The knowledge of this fact not only inspires confidence in the younger members, but induces them to emulate their seniors.

In order to appreciate the actual working of the system, it is necessary to visit our Profess-Houses. (It is hoped that some will shortly be established in the United States of America.) Some are like the castles of medieval barons, some are simple cottages; the same spirit rules in all. It is that of perfect hospitality. Each one is free to do as he will; and the luxury of this enjoyment is such that he becomes careful to avoid disturbance of the equal right of others. Yet, the authority of the Abbot of the house being supreme, any failure to observe this rule is met with appropriate energy. The case cannot really arise, unless circumstances are quite beyond the ordinary, for the period of hospitality is strictly limited, and extensions depend on the goodwill of the Abbot. Naturally, as it takes all sorts to make a world—and we rejoice in that diversity which makes our unity so exquisite a

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miracle—some Profess-Houses will suit one person, some another. And birds of a feather will learn to flock together. However, the well-being of the Order and the study of its mysteries being at the heart of every member of the Order, there is inevitably one common ground on which all may meet.

I fear that I have exhausted your patience with this letter, and I beg you to excuse me. But as you know, out of the abundance the mouth speaketh . . . you are perfectly right to retort that it need not speak so much.

I add no more, but our glad greeting to all men:

Love is the law, love under will.

I am, dear sir,

Yours in the Bonds of the Order,

J.B. MASON

LIBER CXCIV

O.T.O.

AN INTIMATION WITH
REFERENCE TO THE
CONSTITUTION OF THE
ORDER

O.T.O.
ISSUED BY ORDER



 *Baphomet*

XI° O. T. O.
HIBERNIÆ IONÆ ET
OMNIUM BRITANNIARUM
REX SUMMUS SANCTISSIMUS

LIBER CXCIV

O.T.O.

AN INTIMATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ORDER

Any province of the O.T.O. is governed by the Grand Master and those to whom he delegates his authority, until such time as the Order is established, which is the case when it possesses eleven or more Profess-Houses in the province. Then the regular constitution is automatically promulgated. The quotation is slightly adapted from an address in one of the rituals.

This is the Constitution and Government of our Holy Order: by the study of its Balance you may yourself come to apprehension of how to rule your own life. For, in True Things, all are but images of one another; man is but a map of the universe, and Society is but the same on a large scale.

Learn then that our Holy Order has but Three True Grades; as it is written in *The Book of the Law*: The Hermit, The Lover, and the Man of Earth. It is but for convenience that these grades have been separated into Three Triads.

The Third Triad consists of the degrees from Minerval to Prince of Jerusalem. The Minerval degree is a Prologue to the First; the degrees subsequent to the Third but pendants to it. In this, the Man of Earth series, there are then but Three Degrees; and these Three are One.

The Man of Earth takes no share in the Government of the Order; for he is not yet called upon to give his life to it in service; and with us Government is Service, and nothing else. The Man of Earth is therefore in much the position of the Plebian in Rome in the time of Menenius Agrippia. But there is this marked difference; that every Man of Earth is encouraged and expected to push on to the next stage. In order that the feelings of the general body may be represented, the Men of Earth choose four persons, two men and two women, from among themselves, to stand continually before the face of the Supreme and Holy King, serving him day and night. These persons must not be of higher rank than the Second Degree; they must volunteer for this service at the conclusion of that

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Forming the apex of an equilateral triangle whose base is a line drawn between the pillars, is a small black square altar, of superimposed cubes.

Taking this altar as the middle of the base of a similar and equal triangle, at the apex of this second triangle is a small circular font.

Repeating, the apex of a third triangle is an upright tomb.

II

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASS

The PRIEST. Bears the Sacred Lance, and is clothed at first in a plain white robe.

The PRIESTESS. Should be actually Virgo Intacta or specially dedicated to the service of the Great Order. She is clothed in white, blue, and gold. She bears the Sword from a red girdle, and the Paten and Hosts, or Cakes of Light.

The DEACON. He is clothed in white and yellow. He bears The Book of the Law.

Two CHILDREN. They are clothed in white and black. One bears a pitcher of water and a cellar of salt, the other a censer of fire and a casket of perfume.

III

OF THE CEREMONY OF THE INTROIT

The DEACON, opening the door of the Temple, admits the congregation and takes his stand between the small altar and the font. (There should be a doorkeeper to attend to the admission.) The DEACON advances and bows before the

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open shrine where the Graal is exalted. He kisses The Book of the Law three times, opens it, and places it upon the super-altar. He turns West.

The DEACON: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I proclaim the Law of Light, Life, Love, and Liberty in the name of IAΩ.

The CONGREGATION: Love is the law, love under will.

The DEACON goes to his place between the altar of incense and the font, faces East, and gives the step and sign of a Man and a Brother. All imitate him.

The DEACON and all the PEOPLE:

I believe in one secret and ineffable LORD; and in one Star in the Company of Stars of whose fire we are created, and to which we shall return; and in one Father of Life, Mystery of Mystery, in His name CHAOS, the sole viceregent of the Sun upon the Earth; and in one Air the nourisher of all that breathes.

And I believe in one Earth, the Mother of us all, and in one Womb wherein all men are begotten, and wherein they shall rest, Mystery of Mystery, in Her name BABALON.

And I believe in the Serpent and the Lion, Mystery of Mystery, in His name BAPHOMET.

And I believe in one Gnostic and Catholic Church of Light, Life, Love and Liberty, the Word of whose Law is THELEMA.

And I believe in the communion of Saints.

And, forasmuch as meat and drink are transmuted in us daily into spiritual substance, I believe in the Miracle of the Mass.

And I confess one Baptism of Wisdom whereby we accomplish the Miracle of Incarnation.

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And I confess my life one, individual, and eternal that was, and is, and is to come.

AUMGN. AUMGN. AUMGN.

Music is now played. The child enters with the ewer and the salt. The VIRGIN enters with the Sword and the Paten. The child enters with the censer and the perfume. They face the DEACON, deploying into line, from the space between the two altars.

The VIRGIN: Greeting of Earth and Heaven!

All give the Hailing sign of a Magician, the DEACON leading.

The PRIESTESS, the negative child on her left, the positive child on her right, ascends the steps of the High Altar. They await her below. She places the Paten before the Graal. Having adored it, she descends, and with the children following her, the positive next her, she moves in a serpentine manner involving 3 circles of the Temple. (Deosil about altar, widdershins about font, deosil about altar and font, widdershins about altar, and so to the Tomb in the West.) She draws her Sword and pulls down the Veil therewith.

The PRIESTESS: By the power of + Iron, I say unto thee, Arise. In the name of our Lord the + Sun, and of our Lord + . . . that thou mayst administer the virtues to the Brethren.

She sheathes the Sword.

The PRIEST, issuing from the Tomb, holding the Lance erect with both hands, right over left, against his breast, takes the first three regular steps.

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He then gives the Lance to the PRIESTESS, and gives the three penal signs. He then kneels and worships the Lance with both hands. Penitential music.

The PRIEST: I am a man among men.

He takes again the Lance, and lowers it. He rises.

The PRIEST: How should I be worthy to administer the virtues to the Brethren?

The PRIESTESS takes from the child the water and the salt, and mixes them in the font.

The PRIESTESS: Let the salt of Earth admonish the water to bear the virtue of the Great Sea. (Genuflects.) Mother, be thou adored.

She returns to the West. + on PRIEST with open hand doth she make, over his forehead, breast, and body.

Be the PRIEST pure of body and soul!

The PRIESTESS takes the censer from the child, and places it on the small altar. She puts incense therein.

Let the Fire and the Air make sweet the world! (Genuflects.)

Father, be thou adored.

She returns West, and makes + with the censer before the PRIEST, thrice as before.

Be the PRIEST fervent of body and soul!

(The children resume their weapons as they are done with.)

The DEACON now takes the consecrated Robe from the High Altar, and brings it to her. She robes the PRIEST in his Robe of scarlet and gold.

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Be the flame of the Sun thine ambience, O thou PRIEST of the SUN!

The DEACON brings the crown from the High Altar. (The crown may be of gold or platinum, or of electrum magicum; but with no other metals, save the small proportions necessary to a proper alloy. It may be adorned with divers jewels, at will But it must have the Uræus serpent twined about it, and the cap of maintenance must match the scarlet of the Robe. Its texture should be velvet.)

Be the Serpent thy crown, O thou PRIEST of the LORD!

Kneeling, she takes the Lance, between her open hands, and runs them up and down upon the shaft eleven times, very gently.

Be the LORD present among us!

All give the Hailing Sign.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

IV OF THE CEREMONY OF THE OPENING OF THE VEIL

The PRIEST: Thee therefore whom we adore we also invoke. By the power of the lifted Lance!

He raises the Lance. All repeat Hailing Sign. A phrase of triumphant music. The PRIEST takes the PRIESTESS by her right hand with his left, keeping the Lance raised.

I, PRIEST and KING, take thee, Virgin pure without spot; I upraise thee; I lead thee to the East; I set thee upon the summit of the Earth.

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He thrones the PRIESTESS upon the altar. The DEACON and the children follow, they in rank, behind him.

The PRIESTESS takes The Book of the Law, resumes her seat, and holds it open on her breast with her two hands, making a descending triangle with thumbs and forefingers.

The PRIEST gives the lance to the DEACON to hold, and takes the ewer from the child, and sprinkles the PRIESTESS, making five crosses, forehead, shoulders, and thighs.

The thumb of the PRIEST is always between his index and medius, whenever he is not holding the Lance.

The PRIEST takes the censer from the child, and makes five crosses, as before.

The children replace their weapons on their respective altars.

The PRIEST kisses The Book of the Law three times. He kneels for a space in adoration, with joined hands, knuckles closed, thumb in position aforesaid. He rises, and draws the veil over the whole altar.

All rise and stand to order.

The PRIEST takes the lance from the DEACON, and holds it as before, as Osiris or Pthah. He circumambulates the Temple three times, followed by the DEACON and the children as before. (These, when not using their hands, keep their arms crossed upon their breasts.)

At the last circumambulation they leave him, and go to the place between the font and the small altar, where they kneel in adoration, their hands joined palm to palm, and raised above their heads.

THE EQUINOX

All imitate this motion.

The PRIEST returns to the East, and mounts the first step of the altar.

The PRIEST: O circle of Stars whereof our Father is but the younger brother, marvel beyond imagination, soul of infinite space, before whom Time is Ashamed, the mind bewildered, and the understanding dark, not unto Thee may we attain, unless Thine image be Love. Therefore by seed and root and stem and bud and leaf and flower and fruit do we invoke Thee.

Then the priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat; O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous.

During this speech the PRIESTESS must have divested herself completely of her robe. See CCXX I:62.

The PRIESTESS: But to love me is better than all things; if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour and pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and

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drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me! To me! To me! Sing the raptuous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you. I am the blue-lidded daughter of sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky. To me! To me!

The PRIEST mounts the second step.

The PRIEST: O secret of secrets that art hidden in the being of all that lives, not Thee do we adore, for that which adoreth is also Thou. Thou art That, and That am I.

I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life; yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death. I am alone; there is no God where I am.

The DEACON and all rise to their feet, with the Hailing sign.

The DEACON: But ye, O my people rise up and awake!
Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy and beauty.
There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.
A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride.
A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.

A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet-secret, O Prophet!

A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.

A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death.

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A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture.
A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost
delight.

The PRIEST mounts the third step.

The PRIEST: Thou that art One, our Lord in the Universe
the Sun, our Lord in ourselves whose name is Mystery of
Mystery, uttermost being whose radiance enlightening the
worlds is also the breath that maketh every God even and
Death to tremble before Thee—By the Sign of Light +
appear Thou glorious upon the throne of the Sun.

Make open the path of creation and of intelligence between
us and our minds. Enlighten our understanding. Encourage
our hearts. Let thy light crystallize itself in our blood,
fulfilling us of Resurrection.

A ka dua
Tuf ur biu
bi a'a chefu
Dudu nur af an nuteru.

The PRIESTESS: There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

*The PRIEST parts the veil with his Lance. During the
previous speeches the PRIESTESS has, if necessary, as in
savage countries, resumed her robe.*

The PRIEST: IO IO IO IAO SABAO. KURIE ABRASAX
KURIE MEITHRAS KURIE PHALLE. IO PAN, IO PAN
PAN IO ISXUROS, IO ATHANATOS IO ABROTON IO
IAO. XAIRE PHALLE KAIRE PANPHAGE KAIRE
PANGENETOR. HAGIOS, HAGIOS, HAGIOS IAO.

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The PRIESTESS is seated with the Paten in her right hand and the cup in her left. The PRIEST presents the Lance, which she kisses eleven times. She then holds it to her breast, while the PRIEST, falling at her knees, kisses them, his arms stretched along her thighs. He remains in this adoration while the DEACON intones the Collects. All stand to order, with the Dieu Garde, that is, feet square, hands, with linked thumbs, held loosely. This is the universal position when standing, unless other direction is given.

V

OF THE OFFICE OF THE COLLECTS WHICH ARE ELEVEN IN NUMBER

(The Sun)

The DEACON: Lord visible and sensible of whom this earth is but a frozen spark turning about thee with annual and diurnal motion, source of light, source of life, let thy perpetual radiance hearten us to continual labour and enjoyment; so that as we are constant partakers of thy bounty we may in our particular orbit give out light and life, sustenance and joy to them that revolve about us without diminution of substance or effulgence for ever.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Lord)

The DEACON: Lord secret and most holy, source of life, source of love, source of liberty, be thou ever constant and mighty within us, force of energy, fire of motion; with diligence let us ever labour with thee, that we may remain in thine abundant joy.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

THE EQUINOX

(The Moon)

The DEACON: Lady of night, that turning ever about us art now visible and now invisible in thy season, be thou favourable to hunters, and lovers, and to all men that toil upon the earth, and to all mariners upon the sea.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Lady)

The DEACON: Giver and receiver of joy, gate of life and love, be thou ever ready, thou and thine handmaiden, in thine office of gladness.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Saints)

The DEACON: Lord of Life and Joy, that art the might of man, that art the essence of every true god that is upon the surface of the Earth, continuing knowledge from generation unto generation, thou adored of us upon heaths and in woods, on mountains and in caves, openly in the marketplaces and secretly in the chambers of our houses, in temples of gold and ivory and marble as in these other temples of our bodies, we worthily commemorate them worthy that did of old adore thee and manifest they glory unto men,

(At each name the DEACON signs + with thumb between index and medius. At ordinary mass it is only necessary to commemorate those whose names are italicized, with wording as is shown.)

Laotze and Siddartha and Krishna and Tahuti, Mosheh, Dionysus, Mohammed and To Mega Therion, with these also Hermes, Pan, Priapus, Osiris and Melchizedek, Khem and

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Amoun and Mentu, Heracles, Orpheus and Odysseus; with Vergilius, Catullus, Martialis, Rabelais, Swinburne, and many an holy bard; Apollonius Tyanaeus, Simon Magus, Manes, Pythagoras, Basilides, Valentinus, Bardesanes and Hippolytus, that transmitted the Light of the Gnosis to us their successors and their heirs; with Merlin, Arthur, Kamuret, Parzival, and many another, prophet, priest and king, that bore the Lance and Cup, the Sword and Disk, against the Heathen; and these also, Carolus Magnus and his paladins, with William of Schyren, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Roger Bacon, *Jacobus Burgundus Molensis the Martyr*, *Christian Rosencreutz*, Ulrich von Hutten, Paracelsus, Michael Maier, *Roderic Borgia Pope Alexander the Sixth*, Jacob Boehme, Francis Bacon Lord Verulam, Andrea, Robertus de Fluctibus, Johannes Dee, *Sir Edward Kelly*, Thomas Vaughan, Elias Ashmole, Molinos, Adam Weishaupt, Wolfgang von Goethe, Ludovicus Rex Bavariae, Richard Wagner, *Alphonse Louis Constant*, Friedrich Nietzsche, Hargrave Jennings, Carl Kellner, Forlong dux, Sir Richard Payne Knight, Sir Richard Francis Burton, Doctor Gérard Encausse, *Doctor Theodor Reuss*, and *Sir Aleister Crowley*—Oh Sons of the Lion and the Snake! with all thy saints we worthily commemorate them worthy that were and are and are to come.

May their Essence be here present, potent, puissant and paternal to perfect this feast!

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Earth)

The DEACON: Mother of fertility on whose breast lieth water, whose cheek is caressed by air, and in whose heart is the sun's fire, womb of all life, recurring grace of seasons,

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answer favorably the prayer of labour, and to pastors and husbandmen be thou propitious.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Principles)

The DEACON: Mysterious Energy, triform, mysterious Matter, in fourfold and sevenfold division, the interplay of which things weave the dance of the Veil of Life upon the Face of the Spirit, let there be Harmony and Beauty in your mystic loves, that in us may be health and wealth and strength and divine pleasure according to the Law of Liberty; let each pursue his Will as a strong man that rejoiceth in his way, as the course of a Star that blazeth for ever among the joyous company of Heaven.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Birth)

The DEACON: Be the hour auspicious, and the gate of life open in peace and in well-being, so that she that beareth children may rejoice, and the babe catch life with both hands.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Marriage)

The DEACON: Upon all that this day unite with love under will let fall success; may strength and skill unite to bring forth ecstasy, and beauty answer beauty.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Death)

The DEACON: Term of all that liveth, whose name is inscrutable, be favourable unto us in thine hour.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

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(The End)

The DEACON: Unto them from whose eyes the veil of life hath fallen may there be granted the accomplishment of their true Wills; whether they will absorption in the Infinite, or to be united with their chosen and preferred, or to be in contemplation, or to be at peace, or to achieve the labour and heroism of incarnation on this planet or another, or in any Star, or aught else, unto them may there be granted the accomplishment of their wills; yea, the accomplishment of their wills. AUMGN. AUMGN. AUMGN.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

All sit.

The DEACON and the children attend the PRIEST and PRIESTESS, ready to hold any appropriate weapon as may be necessary.

VI

OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE ELEMENTS

The PRIEST makes the five crosses. +3 ⁺¹ +2 on paten and cup; +4 on paten alone; +5 on cup alone.

The PRIEST: Life of man upon earth, fruit of labour, sustenance of endeavour, thus be thou nourishment of the Spirit!

He touches the Host with the Lance.

By the virtue of the Rod
Be this bread the Body of God!

He takes the Host.

TOUTO 'ESTI TO SOMA MOU.

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He kneels, adores, rises, turns shows Host to the PEOPLE, turns, replaces Host, and adores. Music. He takes the Cup.

Vehicle of the joy of Man upon earth, solace of labour, inspiration of endeavour, thus be thou ecstasy of the Spirit!

He touches the Cup with the Lance.

By the virtue of the Rod
Be this wine the Blood of God!

He takes the Cup.

TOUTO 'ESTI TO POTHRION TOU 'AIMATOS MOU.

He kneels, adores, rises, turns, shows the Cup to the PEOPLE, turns, replaces the Cup, and adores. Music.

For this is the Covenant of Resurrection.

He makes the five crosses on the PRIESTESS.

Accept, O LORD, this sacrifice of life and joy, true warrants of the Covenant of Resurrection.

The PRIEST offers the Lance to the PRIESTESS, who kisses it; he then touches her between the breasts and upon the body. He then flings out his arms upward, as comprehending the whole shrine.

Let this offering be borne upon the waves of Aethyr to our Lord and Father the Sun that travelleth over the Heavens in his name ON.

He closes his hands, kisses the PRIESTESS between the breasts, and makes three great crosses over the Paten, the Cup, and himself. He strikes his breast. All repeat this action.

Hear ye all, saints of the true church of old time now essentially present, that of ye we claim heirship, with ye we claim communion, from ye we claim benediction in the name of IAO.

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He makes three crosses on Paten and Cup together. He uncovers the Cup, genuflects, takes the Cup in his left hand and the Host in his right. With the Host he makes the five crosses on the Cup.

+ 1

+ 3 + 2

+ 5 + 4

He elevates the Host and the Cup. The Bell strikes.

'AGIOS 'AGIOS 'AGIOS IAO.

He replaces the Host and the Cup, and adores.

VII

OF THE OFFICE OF THE ANTHEM

The PRIEST: Thou who art I, beyond all I am,
Who hast no nature and no name,
Who art, when all but thou are gone,
Thou, centre and secret of the Sun,
Thou, hidden spring of all things known
And unknown, Thou aloof, alone,
Thou, the true fire within the reed
Brooding and breeding, source and seed
Of life, love, liberty, and light,
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,
Thee I invoke, my faint fresh fire
Kindling as mine intents aspire.
Thee I invoke, abiding one,
Thee, centre and secret of the Sun,
And that most holy mystery
Of which the vehicle am I.

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Appear, most awful and most mild,
As it is lawful, in thy child!

The CHORUS: For of the Father and the Son
The Holy Spirit is the norm;
Male-female, quintessential, one,
Man-being veiled in woman-form.
Glory and worship in the highest,
Thou Dove, mankind that deifiest,
Being that race, most royally run
To spring sunshine through winter storm.
Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

First Semichorus, MEN: Glory to thee from gilded tomb!
Second Semichorus, WOMEN: Glory to thee from waiting
womb!

MEN: Glory to Thee from earth unploughed!

WOMEN: Glory to Thee from virgin vowed!

MEN: Glory to Thee, true Unity
Of the eternal Trinity!

WOMEN: Glory to Thee, thou sire and dam
And self of I am that I am!

MEN: Glory to Thee, beyond all term,
Thy spring of sperm, thy seed and germ!

WOMEN: Glory to Thee, eternal Sun,
Thou One in Three, Thou Three in One!

CHORUS: Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

(These words are to form the substance of the anthem; but the whole or any part thereof shall be set to music, which may be as elaborate as art can devise. But even should other anthems be authorized by the Father of the Church, this

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shall hold its place as the first of its kind, the father of all others.)

VIII

OF THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE AND CONSUMMATION OF THE ELEMENTS

The PRIEST takes the Paten between the index and medius of the right hand. The PRIESTESS clasps the Cup in her right hand.

The PRIEST: Lord most secret, bless this spiritual food unto our bodies, bestowing upon us health and wealth and strength and joy and peace, and that fulfilment of will and of love under will that is perpetual happiness.

He makes + with Paten and kisses it. He uncovers the Cup, genuflects, rises. Music. He takes the Host, and breaks it over the Cup. He replaces the right-hand portion in the Paten. He breaks off a particle of the left-hand portion.

TOUTO ESTI TO SPERMA MOU. 'O PATHR ESTIN 'O
HUIOS DIA TO PNEUMA 'AGION. AUMGN. AUMGN.
AUMGN.

He replaces the left-hand part of the Host. The PRIESTESS extends the Lance-point with her left hand to receive the particle. The PRIEST clasps the Cup in his left hand. Together they depress the Lance-point in the Cup.

The PRIEST and the PRIESTESS: HRILIU.

The PRIEST takes the Lance. The PRIESTESS covers the Cup.

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The PRIEST genuflects, rises, bows, joins hands. He strikes his breast.

The PRIEST: O Lion and O Serpent that destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us.

O Lion and O Serpent that destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us.

O Lion and O Serpent that destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us.

The PRIEST joins hands upon the breast of the PRIESTESS, and takes back his Lance. He turns to the People, lowers and raises the Lance, and makes + upon them.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The PEOPLE: Love is the law, love under will.

He lowers the Lance, and turns to East. The PRIESTESS takes the Lance in her right hand. With her left hand she offers the Paten. The PRIEST kneels.

The PRIEST: In my mouth be the essence of the life of the Sun!

He takes the Host with the right hand, makes with it on the Paten, and consumes it. Silence. The PRIESTESS takes, uncovers, and offers the Cup, as before.

The PRIEST: In my mouth be the essence of the joy of the earth!

He takes the Cup, makes on the PRIESTESS, drains it and returns it.

Silence.

He rises, takes the Lance, and turns to the PEOPLE.

The PRIEST: There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.

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(Those of the PEOPLE who intend to communicate, and none other should be present, having signified their intention, a whole Cake of Light, and a whole goblet of wine, have been prepared for each one. The DEACON marshals them; they advance one by one to the altar. The children take the Elements and offer them. The PEOPLE communicate as did the PRIEST, uttering the same words in an attitude of Resurrection:

“There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.”

The exceptions to this part of the ceremony are when it is of the nature of a celebration, in which case none but the PRIEST communicate; or part of the ceremony of marriage, when none other, save the two to be married, partake; part of the ceremony of baptism, when only the child baptised partakes; and of Confirmation at puberty, when only the persons confirmed partake. The Sacrament may be reserved by the PRIEST, for administration to the sick in their homes.)

The PRIEST closes all within the veil. With the Lance he makes crosses on the people thrice, thus.

The PRIEST: The + LORD bless you.

+ The LORD enlighten your minds and comfort your hearts and sustain your bodies.

+ The LORD bring you to the accomplishment of your true Wills, the Great Work, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness.

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He goes out, the DEACON and children following, into the Tomb of the West.

Music. (Voluntary.)

Note: The Priestess and other officers never partake of the Sacrament, they being as it were part of the PRIEST himself.

Note: Certain secret Formulæ of the Mass are taught to the PRIEST in his ordination.

NEKAM, ADONAI!
The Preceptor's Address to his Templars

To Sir James Thomas Windram

Love, the saviour of the world,
Must be scourged with many rods,
From its place in heaven hurled,
Outcast before all the gods.

Love, that cleanses all, must be
Washed in its own blood and tears,
Heir of all eternity
Made the martyr of the years.

Love, that fills the void with bliss,
Staunches the eternal flood,
Heals the hurt of the abyss,
Blanches, beggared of its blood.

Love, that wears the laurel crown,
Turns to gain the lees of loss,
That from the shame retrieves renown,
Is the carrion of the cross.

Through the heart a dagger-thrust,
On the mouth a traitor kiss,

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On the brows the brand of lust,
In the eyes the blaze of bliss!

Life, the pimp of malice, drags
Love with rape of fingers rude,
Flings to dust-heap death the rags
Of its bleeding maidenhood.

Therefore, we, the slaves of love,
Stand with trembling lips and eyes;
There is that shall reach above
The soul's sullied sanctuaries.

Blasphemy beneath our touch
Turns to prayer's most awed intent;
The profaner's vilest smutch
Is our central sacrament.

Triumph, Templars, that are sworn
To that vengeance sinister,
Vigilant from murk to morn
By our rifled sepulchre.

Death to superstition, swear!
Death to tyranny, respond!
By the martyred Master, dare
Death, and what may lie beyond!

Heel on crucifix, deny!
Mouth to dagger-blade, affirm!
Point to throat, we stab the spy;
Hand on knee, we crush the worm.

NEKAM, ADONAI!

Every knight unbare the brand!
Fling aloft the gonfalon!
By the oath and ordeal, stand!
By the bitter cup, set on!

Is Beauséant forward flung?
Is Vexillium Belli set?
Onward, Templars, old and young,
In the name of Baphomet!

A LA LOGE

JE vois dans le lointain une triangle d'or
Où brille un oeil; je vois, à travers les épées
Qui me menacent, un oeil, un oeil ensoleillé,
Et sous cet oeil la tête osseuse de la mort
Sur l'autel noir, autel de sinistre décor
Dont la Noirceur reluit la noirceur effrayée
De cette âme éblouie, de ce corps abîmé—
L'initiation soit maître de mon sort!

À l'oeuvre, o frères forts! Le droit humain se lève,
Temple suprême. Guerre aux tyrans! Plus de rêve!
La liberté, compas, délimite l'avance.
L'égalité, l'équerre, en justesse nous joint,
Et la fraternité nous allie aux cinq points . . .
Vive le droit humain! Vive la belle France!

THE TANK

THE TANK

"TREAT 'EM ROUGH"

SHELLEY'S ELOPEMENT. By ALEXANDER HARVEY. Alfred A. Knopf.

This book is one of the most glorious blasphemies ever printed. I have long recognized in Alexander Harvey one of those extremely rare types of genius, of which, curiously enough, America seems to have a monopoly. The United States have not produced any all-round men of the first class, but they have produced quite a number of what I may call, without any intent of disparagement, monsters.

Morphy's games of chess are entirely *sui generis*. He was different not only in kind, but in degree, from all other masters, and this, owing to the peculiar nature of the game of chess, resulted in the complete over-turning of the theory of the game. In chess problems, Sam Loyd and W. A. Shinkman displayed a precisely similar quality. Their problems are not well rounded and balanced, like those of other masters of the art. They are comparable with nothing else. One feels the emotion of a naturalist familiar with all other fauna who should suddenly be introduced to Australian zoology. In art, America has George Grey Barnard, whose Lincoln is like no other type of statue ever moulded. In vaudeville, we have Eva Tanguay, of whom I have already written in terms of no little enthusiasm. While other variety artists are like different vintages of Burgundy, Claret, Port, Champagne, and other wines, she breaks the entire series by producing cocaine. In literature, there are Poe and Whitman. Neither of these great men had the broad base of education. They have shot up by the mutation of a spiritual De Vries. Alexander Harvey reminds me constantly of Poe, but he is a Poe without the element of tragedy or morbidity; while his comic spirit is more ineffably delightful than that of any other human being, past or present, with whom I am familiar. Poe's comedy was labored, clumsy, hard-working foolery. Alexander Harvey's is perfectly spontaneous, and of such exquisite delicacy and acuteness, that he reminds one of the bistoury of a crazy surgeon.

In *Shelley's Elopement*, he has taken Bernard Shaw's formula for creating absurdity. It is a very simple formula. One reflects that Caesar was not a hero to his valet, and that sometimes his toga set awry. The joke consists in making the heroic figure ridiculous by making him real. Shaw's method is mere clowning. Alexander Harvey's is perfect artistic perception of the realities of life. In this book he shows you the characters concerned with the absolute fidelity of a Balzac.

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One understands instantly that one is actually present at these scenes of Shelley's life. The atmosphere of the first four lustres of the 19th century, with its affectations and prejudices, is the breath of our lungs as we read. Shelley is screamingly ridiculous, Principal Harlequin in a mad domestic pantomime: and here is the miracle, that Alexander Harvey can show us this insane revel of dolts, and bums, and prigs, and dowdies, and with a single touch he can "life's leaden metal into gold transmute." The sublime appears phantastically shapen out of nothing, literally without effort. And this is the secret of life. This is the sublime and sacred jest of the Gods, to take the gross, the stupid, the banal, and suddenly to manifest a flower.

For this reason I wish to put it upon record, that I think that Alexander Harvey is the greatest realist alive to-day. The dull rationalist dribbles of cause and effect, neither perceiving the one, nor understanding the other. Alexander Harvey has the mystery of Pan.

ALEXANDER TABASCO.

BEYOND LIFE. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Robert M. McBride & Co.

FOR four years I have been cast away upon a desert island, and I am seriously alarmed at beholding a footprint in the sand. As a matter of fact, the goats have acclimatized me to most things, and I take up the task of reviewing this book with all the more confidence, because the publisher begs me to abuse it. I dislike publishers intensely, and I am not going to abuse books merely because they ask me to, and even if I had wanted to abuse this book, I should have found myself in the position of Balaam.

It is an extraordinarily good book. I quite understand why the Times says that Mr. Cabell is "one of the most pretentiously attitudinizing of American authors." The Times has had some. But what does the Times matter? It used to be the thunderer. It is now an imitation of thunder which only Martial could describe, or an ambitious Marine imitate. What in God's name is an American author to do? He has got such a dreadful milieu that it is almost impossible to discover him. I never blamed the cock who failed to notice the pearl in the dung hill. Fortunately, I had Mr. Mencken to indicate Mr. Cabell. Thus, I was able to read the book as if I knew nothing of its surroundings, which is of course the only way to read a book. It is admirably written. It is a defence of romance. What does it matter that it is written among a people who think that romance means Robert W. Chambers? There are extraordinary things in this book. I do not think Mr. Cabell's irony so wonderful as his humour. He says, "The most prosaic of materialists proclaim that we are all descended from an insane fish, who somehow evolved the idea that it was his duty to live on land, and eventually succeeded in doing it." Insane fish is right. It is possible that the fish was not insane. It is possible that he discovered that he could not get a

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drink, except water, and decided to emigrate. If that is insane, I am insane. I hope that Mr. Cabell is insane too, and that I shall meet him in the Solomon Islands.

ROBINSON C. CROWLEY.

THE TALES OF CHEKHOV. THE LADY WITH THE DOG and other Stories. THE DARLING and other Stories. THE WIFE and other Stories. THE DUEL and other Stories. THE WITCH and other Stories. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. The Macmillan Co.

I WAS sitting at dinner in the Brevoort with some fascinating friends when, thinking no harm, I mentioned Chekhov. A chic adolescent at the next table introduced himself. He could not really let such an occasion pass. It was so rare to hear any one speak of Chekhov. It was he who had introduced Chekhov to the notice of English readers. He almost reminded me of what Dorian Grey used to say about Wonderful Boyhood. I thought of Keats' worst sonnet, and "Chatterton, Marvellous Boy!" But the chic adolescent, who was Mr. Robert Nichols, had a bullet in his neck, which explained the whole matter immediately to my satisfaction. Mr. Nichols also told me of how he was a great poet, of how he had started the war, or won it, or both. He said that his mother was called Mary, but that Vulgar report erred in saying that his father was named Joseph. Chekhov cannot hope to compete with this sort of thing. I forgot all about him. But I do wish I had one of Mr. Nichols' books to review.

However, here is the Macmillan Chekhov, and I maun e'en go to it.

Mr. Edward Garnett, with the banality which he has trained us to expect from him, remarks that "Chekhov has been termed the Russian Maupassant, and there are indeed several Vital resemblances between the outlook of the French and the Russian master." Diving deeper into the commonplace, he continues to bore us with remarks upon "the art of both these unflinching realists."

Constance Garnett, one presumes, undertook the hard work of translating Russian as a relief from the intolerable boredom of her pinchbeck husband. Thus an all-wise Providence brings good from evil, for she is an excellent translator, apt to catch the spirit of a masterpiece.

Of course, Chekhov is the Russian Maupassant, for every Russian is under the curse of being a Russian something-European. There is nothing genuinely Russian in art or literature, because the Russian is in the ape stage of evolution. No matter how great his genius may be, it has to be cast in the mould of that which has been already shaped. Have you not seen those dalmatics covered with pearls—which no one has had the taste to match—sewn by princesses? Have you not seen those Gargantuan Bibles, their covers thick with precious

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stones, where was no art to cut or polish, so that they look like bits of glass or half-sucked sweetmeats ?

The art of Russia has always been either without art, or with art derived. Napoleon was probably in an extremely bad temper when he spoke of Saint Basil's as "that mosque," but it is a mosque. It is probably the greatest building in the world in its peculiar way, but that way is the way of the mosque, even more so than St. Mark's or the cathedral at Granada. But the great Russians are not less because they have been compelled to wear civilized clothing. There is only one art purely Russian, and that is the 'Russian Ballet,' which was not invented by Russians at all. The real Russian ballet is a savage mimicry of the Italian ballet. Have you not seen those uncut emeralds, the size of a walnut, through which the Tsars bored holes to wear them on a string? In its grossest stupidities the Russian spirit is still childishly great. I suppose a Russian cook could make something tasty of Edward Garnett, as a Chinese cook makes masterpieces of puppy dogs.

Chekhov is not to be judged at all by the standard of Guy de Maupassant. He is not to have his stories split up by our Garnetts or Barnetts or Darnetts into

- a. humorous
- b. indigenous
- c. historical—pastoral—comical etc.

Each story is to be judged by itself. This is of course true of every work of art, and that is why critics are such a hang-dog race of marmots. But speaking as a marmot, which is, after all, the right of marmots, Article I in the Magna Charta of marmots, I may say that Chekhov was very much better when he was not thinking of Kopecks. He has turned out a dreadful lot of bad work under the lash of the publisher. But at his best, in stories like *The Witch*, he is unsurpassed. One feels a positive anguish that one has not met that witch I Even a Gladys Belasco or a Lea de L'ame Morte—or *Del Amor?*—can hardly console one for her loss. *Les amours nes de l'imagination*—either one must smoke opium or hashish, or live in Russia, or allow oneself to be fooled by a Russian woman, or read Chekhov.

This is an admirable edition of Chekhov, but how is it, while I am on another subject, that a firm of the standing of Macmillan can publish Chekhov (either without fear of prosecution, or because they have squared the judges) with apparent good hope of selling a great number of copies, while a native Chekhov like Alexander Harvey finds it difficult to get a publisher, and all the other American Chekhovs can never get a story printed?

HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS. By THEODORE SCHROEDER and IDA C—. Reprinted from the *Alienist and Neurologist*.

This book has been left entirely unedited by Mr. Theodore Schroeder, with the exception of a very brief explanatory note. I may say that it is one of the

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most remarkable human documents ever produced, and it should certainly find a regular publisher in book form. The authoress of the MS. claims that she was the wife of an angel. She expounds at the greatest length the philosophy connected with this thesis. Her learning is enormous. She finds traces of similar beliefs in every country in the world, and (having a similar experience of her own) she can hardly be blamed for arguing that one thing confirms the other. Mr. Schroeder is quite logical in calling her paper An Unintentional Contribution to the Erotogenetic Interpretation of Religion, but commits the errors of *petitio principii* and *non distributio medii* with the most exquisite nonchalance. Only a lawyer could be so shameless. He begs the question with regard to this particular case, assuming that her relation with the angel was pure hallucination, of which he has no evidence whatever. He argues that, since one person both loves and is religious, religion is nothing but a morbid manifestation of the sexual instinct. One does not have even to disagree with him to see how worthless is his reasoning. As a matter of fact, I do half agree with him in my calmer moments in a general way, but the conclusion can be carried a step further. When you have proved that God is merely a name for the sex instinct, it appears to me not far to the perception that the sex instinct is God.

This particular MS. is absolutely sane in every line. The fact that the woman committed suicide twelve or fifteen years afterwards is no more against the sanity of the MS. than the suicide of Socrates proves that the Republic is merely the lucubration of a lunatic. I am very far from agreeing with all that this most talented woman sets forth in her paper, but she certainly obtained initiated knowledge of extraordinary depth. She seems to have had access to certain most concealed sanctuaries. I should personally be inclined to attribute her suicide rather to the vengeance of the guardians of those palaces than to any more obvious cause. She has put down statements in plain English which are positively staggering. This book is of incalculable value to every student of occult matters. No Magick library is complete without it.

BAPHOMET.

PAVANNES AND DIVISIONS. By EZRA POUND.

'My Country, 'tis o f thee.'

It is by the happiest chance that Mr. Ezra Pound's Pavannes and Divisions should have come just when Americanism is in such vogue. For Mr. Pound is, if one may be pardoned so bold a phrase in a mere review, a hundred per cent. American. He has all the American craving for rules, all the American belief in teaching and training, all the American itch for definition; he abounds in the curiously national characteristic that has made America the land of those Colleges and Correspondence Schools through which the earnest citizen may learn how to converse as though he had seen the world, make \$125 a week,

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never forget any name or telephone number once heard, write a short story or a Broadway Revue, draw comic cartoons, manage his wife, never look more than thirty-five, and live to be a hundred.

Yet Mr. Pound is ignored by the great American public. When all the readers and reviewers in the land should be hasting in their thousands to acclaim this 'new birth of our new soil, the first American'—as indeed Mr. Pound is the first Complete American high-brow, armed at all points, accoutred *cap-à-pie*—instead they persist in regarding him as an exotic, a fantastic, a new-art poseur. I suppose, because he lives in Europe, because he has written *vers libre*, because he has praised a man with a name like Gaudier-Brzeska. These trifling accidents do not in the least affect the essential Americanism of what he has done, and of the way in which he has done it.

He began by following rules, and now he is making them. According to precept he 'copied masterwork, and proceeded to his own Composition.' He has taken himself with the seriousness of Whittier and Tupper and Howells and Mr. Winston Churchill. His reverence for the technique and toil of art is Bostonian. When he is not either observing the law or laying it down, he is as ill at ease as a pedagogue in a bar-room. His American Puritanism nibbles his ear all the time. His hatred of what he calls rhetoric, his mania for the 'clear' and the 'hard,' his earnest belief that poetry must never be a 'pastime,' all derive from the American conscience; and so does his distaste for the Puritan poet Milton, whose extreme sensuality avenged its suppression magnificently unawares in the greater Miltonic lines.

But Mr. Pound's Puritanism is too distantly inherited. Like modern American Puritanism, it is a melancholy survival, drained of creative or destructive power. It is not a fierce and terrible thing, any more than the Puritanism of the modern New Englander is fierce and terrible. It nibbles at Mr. Pound, but it does not devour him; it has not strength left for that. It is not a Demogorgon, but a schoolmaster, not a victim or a priest. He has all the schoolmaster's love of the chalk and the blackboard, he has the true pedagogic flair for dogma, the true pedagogic knack of rapping it out 'clear and hard' on the board, with the 'expert' touch under which the chalk never crumbles. No writer, you would think, could be more acceptable to the American mind, for no nation in the world believes in the schoolmaster and his methods as America believes in them, no nation venerates pedagogy so profoundly. 'But what is the good of style,' I was asked yesterday, 'if it cannot be taught?'

Mr. Pound of course would not say that a man can be taught to be a poet or a prose-writer, but he is so pathetically at the mercy of 'artistic principles,' he is so Puritanically conscious of artistic right and wrong, that he can never give us so much as a half-holiday from the Ethical Culture Hall of his aesthetics. Whether he is making a creative appearance, as in Pavannes, or a critical appearance, as in Divisions, he has to impose upon us the propinquity of ferule and desk. Either by example or precept he must enforce the doctrine: 'Look in

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your note-book and write.' And like all doctrinaires, Mr. Pound is exposed to the besetting sin of the half-true or the maybe-true platitude. 'The mastery of any art is the work of a lifetime,' for example. How about the art of lyric poetry, how about Sappho and Keats and Swinburne's early work? Again, we must have 'direct treatment,' Mr. Pound affirms, and we must 'use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation.' Such pronouncements are either platitudes or untrue, they either mean nothing that can't be taken for granted or a good deal that can't. The last of these 'principles' is that one should 'compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in the sequence of a metronome.' If this means that

'My brother John was nine in May;
And I'll be twelve on New Year's day'

is not fine poetry, let's shake hands: but if it means that

'Till the maid, knowing her mother near,
Sobs with love, aching with sweet fear'

are not poetic lines, it means nonsense. In either case, the dictum is pointless, it leads nowhere at all. We do not need an official censure of crude and jingly rime, and we need something more than the mere comparison of the regular sequence of rime to the sequence of a metronome to disparage the genius of those great poets who happened not to write free verse.

Mr. Pound himself in the Pavannes tries rime as a 'diversion.' *L'homme Moyen Sensuel* once again confirms the impression of him as a serious schoolmaster, and as an American. For he relaxes consciously, he is as conscious of his diversion as the schoolmaster is of the Norfolk suit donned for a game of golf or a fishing expedition or a trip to Paris; and in his treatment of humour as a thing by itself, a thing in a separate compartment of its own, he is intensely American, American *a l'outrance*. *Stark Realism*, another of the Pavannes pieces, proclaims this same deliberate and detached American humour, a humour that is no salt for sprinkling, but is stocked in chunks to be made a whole meal of at a time. *Stark Realism* might have got into *The Smart Set* if the manuscript had been sent there and had happened upon a hospitable editorial mood. *L'homme Moyen Sensuel* is in its way a more striking affair, because the attempt to spring is so evident that one is positively startled by its not coming off. You wonder where the author has landed; and you find, quite surprisingly, that he has not landed at all. The verse is so Byronic in its demeanour that you feel there must be barbs in it somewhere; it is really a shock not to discover a single one.

There is a profoundly American phrase that recurs to the reader of this book of Mr. Pound's—'going through the motions.' The author 'goes through the motions' not only in *L'homme Moyen Sensuel*: he is always making you

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think he is about to do something, then he never does it. Take any of the first four Pavannes pieces. There are all the preliminaries, but never the achievement. The most elaborate and painstaking preparations have been made for Mr. Pound's marriage with his Art, but alas! the union has never been consummated.

Yet even about his sterility there is something engaging. He is much too American for any Englishman ever to dislike him. The Americans who rile us are the ones who are not American enough. As it is impossible to be angry with the authentic professor or the authentic American, so it is impossible to be angry with Mr. Pound. For one thing, what a simple wholesome American pleasure he culls from the use of French words and phrases! He, like all other real Americans and real professors, disarms by his naiveté, his earnestness, his industry, his patience. He is untiringly patient, both with other people and with himself. One sees clearly that he is a kind, and, I am sure, a good man. I do not speak ironically. This American goodness, this American patience are beautifully distinctive national qualities to which no sort of justice has yet been done by foreign observers. They should be more widely known: and Mr. Pound's Americanism should be more widely known.

LOUIS WILKINSON.

EVOLUTION CRITICISED. By T. B. BISHOP. Oliphants Ltd.

BLOODY BILL is commonly supposed to have been somewhat severe with the Belgians. But only the 'spurlos versenkt' suggestion of an admittedly insane agent of his approaches the maniacal savagery of I Samuel xv, 3, and by no means matches the indiscriminating imbecility of its ferocity:

"Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

Who is the author of this order? It is the father of Jesus Christ. "I and my father are one." It is therefore the God of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, the American people (if their newspapers lie not), and a very few particularly troglodytic Englishmen of whom Mr. T. B. Bishop is a striking 'survival of the meanest.'

Mr. Bishop really believes that this tribal demon designed butterflies, and put the rainbow in the sky as a guarantee that the world would never be destroyed by water. He even thinks that it once was destroyed by water! When any student of nature discovers beauty, or design, or evidence of intelligence, Mr. Bishop falls into a senile rage. He is not content with destroying his fellowman, with his wife, children, cattle, and so on; Mr. Bishop is not happy unless he is sure that they will all be roasted without cessation or hope.

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In the meanwhile, Mr. Bishop writes a book to prove the truth of all this prehistoric nonsense. Mr. Bishop's intelligence is very far beneath the human level. For example, he actually maintains that the claws and teeth of predatory animals have been given to them out of kindness towards their prey! You would think it was impossible for any one to miss the point of the argument that nature is cruel. The fact is that Mr. Bishop's ideas of kindness are a little crude, like his ideas of writing a book. This is not really a book at all. It's mere scissors and paste. Its main argument is that as two men of science have differed on some minute detail of theory, there is no value in science. He does not in the least understand the subject on which he is writing. He does not understand the canon of reason. He has only one idea, which is, that the Bible (authorized translation) is literally true in every detail. His great explanation of everything that seems a little peculiar is that it is the result of sin. He claims, however, that sin was caused by the devil, who was created by God, and that God foreknew and permitted all this, in order to inflict torture upon nearly everybody except Mr. Bishop. He would however deny furiously that the God who willingly and knowingly created the devil, was in any way responsible for him. This Kaiserlich-Chautauquamericanisch-Bishopisch God is therefore an illogical impossibility and absurdity. But this doesn't detract from the unmetaphysical conception of him as a monster.

Mr. Bishop is one of the best known philanthropists in England. Let us see how he acts within his family circle. Here is a quotation from a bill of costs sent in to his nephew by the family solicitor. It should be understood that the nephew in question was at the time of the transaction entitled to a considerable sum of money which was in the hands of this solicitor, and that Mr. Bishop was aware of this:

"Attending Mrs. Bishop when she informed us that Mr. Bishop had received a letter from you that you were ill and needed money and she asked whether Mr. Bishop would be safe in sending you out any and generally answering your inquiries.

"Attending Mr. T. B. Bishop on his calling when he showed us the letter from you and stated that he was cabling you out £12."

A generous impulse is sometimes regretted by the impulsive one. Mr. Bishop's motto seems to be, "Safety First." Many years ago, as stated in THE EQUINOX, Mr. Bishop worked his sister to death in order to spare himself the expense of a stenographer. Mr. Bishop is a man of considerable wealth, but he never allows it to injure his moral principles. The death of his sister left him with one other sister, and for her he professed the most unbounded devotion. As she lay dead in her house, he wrote long letters to her son about One pound, three and tuppence that she owed to the grocer, sixteen and nine pence that she owed to the butcher, and so on. I suppose he had her buried by the parish, though I have no information on this point; but he was the residuary legatee of her estate, and any money expended in burying her would therefore have to

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come ultimately out of his own pocket, which is not very nice to think of, when you are 78 years old, rich and honoured, and your last near relative is lying dead in her house. I think possibly that he may have paid a few shillings for a cheap coffin, for the subject seems to worry him very much. Two years later he is trying to swindle this nephew aforesaid out of some property, and one of the arguments which he uses is, that if he gets this money to which he has no right, he will be able to have a stone put on the grave of his sister. I hope the readers of THE EQUINOX have been ignorant hitherto that there are any people like this Mr. Bishop; that they imagine the peasants in Zola's *La Terre* to be mostly imaginary: not that Zola's peasants are as disgusting as Mr. Bishop. He is certainly a very strong argument against evolution, though his book is not. After wearing out his sister Ada, finding himself faced with this expense of this stenographer aforesaid, he decided that it would be cheaper to get married. So he went to Llandudno; and, rather like Abraham when he found the ram caught in the thicket by its horns, he found a cow caught in the Children's Special Service Mission by her feet, which were exceptionally large, and took her as wife in name, and secretary and general servant in function. This female, however, developed an unsuspected quality. She made him shave, and Mr. Bishop, who had been going about London for forty years looking like a most venerable old gentleman, was seen to be a monkey. He looked like a monkey so much that the local zoologists used to frequent the neighbourhood of his house on Sunday afternoon. We have also seen that he thinks like a monkey, the god whom he has made in his own image being more ferocious than a gorilla, and far less intelligent. What then are the differences between Mr. Bishop and a monkey? They are not obvious, and I do not think that any man of science will disagree that it is better to leave it to the monkeys to discover them. But if they insist that he is a *Nuctanthropus*, we must try again, and see if we cannot class him among the cockroaches. There is a great gambit in what may be called by history the olfactory argument.

H. SAPIENS.

THE DORIS CASE OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY. By WALTER F. PRINCE, Ph.D., and JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D. Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, Vols. IX, X, XI. 1915; 1916; 1917. Three volumes

HERE is a nice little piece of reading for the occult student—some two thousand pages, weighing Lord knows how many pounds! And it contains some stuff. Volumes I and II are by Dr. Prince, and deal with the psychology of the case, its genesis and cure; Volume III is by Hyslop, and takes it up—as we might have supposed—from the “spiritualistic” point of view, and endeavours to prove that the various personalities are not such at all, in reality, but probably “spirits,” who are “obsessing” the poor girl, and causing all the

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disturbance. Shades of witchcraft and the New Testament—here is a joyous revival, in the Twentieth Century!

We have a girl, Doris Fischer, born in 1889 (of German parents), who developed, in all, five distinct personalities, each of which received a special name. Besides the original "Doris," we find "Sick Doris," "Margaret," and "Sleeping Margaret," and "Sleeping Real Doris." These five personalities are said to have shown varied characteristics (as is invariably the case) and to be essentially different, from the psychological point-of-view. As usual, also, several of them developed as the result of emotional shock, and disappeared under hypnosis and psychological treatment; one by one they were eliminated, until only "Real Doris" survived,—with traces of "Sleeping Margaret" persisting, as a sort of undercurrent of reality. These names, of course, apply to the so-called varied personalities which appeared during their shufflings back and forth; that is, their alternate appearances.

It must be admitted at once that Dr. Prince has made some interesting investigations in this curious case, and if we grant the reality of the facts, they have very considerable psychological interest. Of course, it is hard to prove that the whole thing is not a clever fraud. Girls of the kind have a habit of playing such parts, because of the attention they thereby attract; but let us grant their reality, for the sake of the argument. We have, then, an abnormal individual, who needs treatment and cure; and the sooner cured the better!

Now, at this point, our friends begin messing-about with "mediums," and as the result, obtain an extraordinary amount of rubbish, wholly disconnected from the case, by which they try to prove that the alternating personalities were really "spirits"! Most of these messages were obtained through a "Mrs. Chenoweth" a medium who has figured largely in the Reports of the American Society, though Heaven only knows why, as she gives us a constant flow of the most terrible drivel which it is possible to conceive. Looking through the so-called Reports on this medium, one is impressed with the idea that it is criminal to waste time, and the Society's money, obtaining such stuff, and criminal to keep pouring money down such a sink of Nothingness. What is the hold which this medium seems to have over the venerable Secretary of the Society? Is it more than a mere scientific interest? Are there subtler motives which cause the Head of the Psychical Movement in America to bow solemnly before the crude "Teachings" obtained through this evident fraud of a medium? Any common sense man-of-the-world, reading this stuff, would form his own opinions,—for it is plain to see that,—by merely playing upon his vanity, and flattering him to the skies, this 'medium' has managed to ingratiate herself so thoroughly with the noted Professor, that he has become blind to evidence, to facts, and to common sense.

Here are a few typical "Nuggets of Wisdom" from the sittings:

"They are not so clear about the life here as they will be when they come but they mean all right. I had faith too but the knowledge is better. I had in

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mind a prayer that I used to want her to say long ago for I felt it important to pray and teach her to say the little prayer." (1917, p. 327.)

If this isn't mediumistic cant, I should like to know what is!

However, on another occasion, we read: "Go to hell and there you will find the information you seek my sweet friend." (p. 622.) Here is some sound advice!

This is another little gem, which is dished-up as part of the "proof of immortality":

"Mamma gave some advice and now comes to help in the work of proving that the love and care and interest does not cease at death but all is intensified and desires become actions and have effect in friends and loved ones. No one has been able to prove the power of thought and we are not able to prove that we do some things but when we find that the things we think and wish for are taking place then we realize that our thought has had some power even though we did not speak or act. I have no interest whatever that the things said do not match with what I believed in the past. One must tell things as they find them and not as they wish they were."

O tempora, o mores! Let us admit that "immortality" has now been proved; that Hyslop's Marvellous Medium has furnished the demonstration! We are to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, and there assist the Angels in the compilation of English Grammars (let us hope) for the use of those who communicate through Mrs. Chenoweth!

When one reads through stuff like this, one is driven to ask the question How can men of intelligence and learning, perhaps with skill in other lines of research, be driven to accept such nonsense as proof of anything beyond obvious fraud on the part of the "medium"? How can their sense of all that constitutes evidence be so lacking,—their judgment so at fault, as to accept this drivel as proof of "spirits"? One can form only the opinion—one seems driven to this conclusion—that it is the "will to believe" which has influenced them in this manner—not the evidence itself, but their own warped and faulty judgment.

If one analyzes the facts, he finds that practically all those who have advertised their belief in "Immortality" are men well along in life—practically all past sixty, and some of them many years older. Evidently, they are entering their second childhood. They are so concerned with saving their own souls, with unifying "Science and Religion," with showing that they themselves are probably "Immortal," that they have lost all sense of humour, of proportion, of evidence, of all these qualities which together constitute the truly scientific scholar. As they are getting along in life, and can no longer enjoy it, they are haunted by the Spectre of Annihilation; and to escape this, they grasp at any straw, accept any evidence, swallow any "facts," given through a twopenny medium, which seem to afford even the slightest "evidence" for "survival." The result is that they all accept such rubbish as that given above (which is part

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of the official record), and seriously claim that it affords them *proof* of survival-of Immortality! Heigh, Ho! This is a sad world, my children, but never sadder than when we see otherwise good intellects going to the Dogs in this fashion.

HODGSON Y. KNOTT.

THE VILLAGE. By ERNEST POOLE. The Macmillan Co.

THERE is a dreadful wrapper by Boardman Robinson, but he probably needed the money. It is quite the right wrapper too. Ernest Poole has driven the tank of ignorance and vulgarity across the steppes of Russia. Mr. Poole is not very deep, and he is exceptionally stagnant, with a thick green slime of New England prejudice on his surface. Even for a journalist he is appalling. Think of using words like "destructured"! It deserves what he calls "le peine de mort." His method is to accumulate details, none of which he understands. There is no hint of vision. There is no understanding of Russia. There is nothing but interviews with uninteresting people, whose consciousness does not in any way represent them, or, as we used to say in days of less complicated speech, who do not know what they are talking about. Has he no shame to blot the 'scutcheon of the Pooes—the other scissors-knights of Savile Row?'

The book is interesting enough to any one who knows Russia even slightly, if only because there is a laugh on every page. Some old poet, I forget his name, remarked:

"Some minds improve by travel, others rather
Resemble copper wire or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther."

The days of the innocent God-help-me tourist seem to be done. The tourist of to-day has been bullied by the Y. M. C. A., in intervals between grafts, into moral responsibility and Christian earnestness, and all that sort of thing. A man can hardly go from New York to Philadelphia without writing a serious biography of George Fox. The poop-stick has given place to the prig. I have no hope whatever for the future of humanity.

S. O. S.

THE CHILDREN'S HOMER. By PADRAIC COLUM. The Macmillan Co.

ONE Of the points of art is adaptation of the means to the end. If the children of America are nurtured on the world's greatest story, it will be very nice for everybody in thirty years or so. It seems hopeless to get the present generation to understand that unless they read Greek, they are savages, who, if they are not cannibals, are simply so because they have no skill in cookery.

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So Padraic Colum has tried to civilize young America in the right way. No more important task has ever been undertaken, for civilization, education, are fundamental. Reformers usually make the mistake of the empiric, and try to relieve the symptoms. It is quite useless to try to relieve the symptoms of America.

Willy Pogany is not Flaxman, but he is Flaxman enough for children, and now and again, as in the picture facing page 106 (and several others), he is Flaxman enough for nearly everybody. (You cannot expect an illustrator as such to be altogether Flaxman in an age where artists have to earn their living.) But it is impossible to give too much praise to the prose of Padraic Colum. It is simple enough for a child who has just learned to read. It is good enough for a book-worm-eaten hag like myself, sodden on Sterne and Swift. A book like this revives the drooping flower of hope; so long as there are people willing to try, there is still hope for humanity.

A. C.

HOW TO SING A SONG. By YVETTE GUILBERT. The Macmillan Co.

IT is commonplace that Yvette Guilbert is the greatest artist of her period. It is a tragedy that her art happens to be ephemeral. The poignancy of such a realization is like that which one feels in the eternal Greek which Synge re-awakened in the wild Western world. I am thinking of *Riders to the Sea*. Experience dulls us; words are prostituted in the brothel of life. In *Riders to the Sea*, Synge says merely, "A man was drowned."

His genius sweeps away the cobwebs which time spins over the door of the cavern of our imagination. We realize the meaning of those words, "A man was drowned."

This power to make us feel is the divine thing in art. It is the creative force which answers "Yea" to the prophet's cynical, "Lord, shall these dead bones live?" Now this is exactly what Yvette Guilbert has done for song. She has not done it for one century only. She has made all time speak, give up its secret, to those who are capable to live in that divine air of the spirit which magazines, cocktails, and automobiles so easily pollute.

I see in Yvette Guilbert not only an artist in the ordinary sense of the word, but an artist like Blake. Her preface on Time might have come from a Book of Ecclesiastes written by Solomon in the period before that in which he could not do it any more. Vanity of vanities? Contemptuously Yvette Guilbert replies, "Does life ever stop?"

I am not a singer. The technique of music is to me a mournful mystery. Yet in reading this book I find a thousand splendid counsels valid for all art. This book is more than "How to sing a song." It is a philosophical treatise on How to do anything. The arts are one. There is nothing but creation. As it is written, Love is the law, love under will. It is apprehension of this fact that

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makes artistry of any sort possible. It explains why there are no artists in America, or at least the most we can say is, "Finger of birth-strangled babe, Ditch-delivered by a drab," the only decent ingredient in the cauldron of bourgeoisie gone mad.

It is impossible to go into details with regard to this book. In every page Yvette Guilbert unconsciously reveals her unique greatness. Her brain is great enough to comprehend the minutiae of technique without in the smallest degree forgetting the fact that technique is absolutely worthless without genius. America is full of technicians, and I suspect that a number of geniuses are born. But the genius is strangled before he can acquire technique, and the technician unfortunately is not strangled at all. But any one who wants to do something worth doing and go to prison, should sleep with this book under his pillow, if he has a pillow.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT THE BIRDS SAID. By PADRAIC COLUM. The Macmillan Co.

I THINK the grotesques of Dugald Stewart Walker are extremely charming. They go well with the subtle and tender genius of Padraic Colum. This is only a book for children. But thank God! there are some of us who are children still. This is only a book of fairy tales. But thank God! there are still some fairies. There are still a few people in the world who love beauty, and who are willing to fight for freedom. To read the newspapers, one would suppose that freedom was dead for ever. But with whatever bonds they will bind liberty, there will always be a few like Padraic Colum to keep Her torch alight. We may not be allowed to speak or write what we think, but life will always live in fairyland, and an hour cometh when the doors of fairyland will open, and the iron hero nursed on fairy milk will strike the tyrants dead.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

GITANJALI AND FRUIT-GATHERING. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. The Macmillan Co.

KNOWING that whatever is good in Rabindranath Tagore is due to the style of W. B. Yeats, I expected the introduction to be by that individual, who might have been romantic if he had been willing to wash his face and put on a clean collar every month or so. The introduction begins, "A few days ago I said to a distinguished Bengali doctor of medicine, 'I know no German.'" Apart from the question as to whether Silly Willy counts his fortune in marks or not, I was much distracted by his reference.

I found myself back again in Teng-Yueh. We were sitting at dinner in the Consul's house, when the messenger broke in to tell us that the Consul—who was away among some unruly tribes—was ill, perhaps dying. We jumped up, George Forrest, the botanist, and I, and made ready. We were delayed two hours in starting by the "distinguished Bengali doctor of medicine," who

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needed to finish his rice. It was nine o'clock before we got off. It was a wild, windy night, the moon treacherously gleaming through blown wrack of clouds. I found it impossible to ride my pony, for his hoofs slipped on the wet flags in the darkness. Walking was almost as bad, for my ironshod mountain boots were as slippery as the shoes of the tatu. But we pushed on, gasping, up hill, down dale, all through the night. Dawn broke, chill and grey, on the crest of a great mountain. Far in the distance I saw specks. I left my pony, and ran headlong down the slopes. I had got almost to the bottom of the hill when I saw the Consul's litter. Forrest ran forward. I turned sadly back, for I saw that the Consul's legs were tied. I knew that he was dead. In that country where a thousand plagues hunt down mankind, it was most urgent that a medical man should certify the cause of death. How lucky that we had with us a distinguished Bengali doctor of medicine! There was only one slight hitch in the programme. The moment that I told him that the Consul was dead, he turned his donkey and bolted for safety. Holy Kali, it might be an infectious disease! There was no point in chasing the creature at the moment. The matter could wait our return. We brought the Consul to his house and Forrest asked me to bring the doctor round. It was necessary to make an official report of the death, and the cause of the death. I went round to the house of the "distinguished Bengali doctor of medicine." He was seated before a pyramid of rice. I attracted his attention by burying a whalebone cutting whip in the rolls of his fat. Between fifty and sixty applications of this instrument secured his presence in the room where we had the corpse. But not even the fear of the whip would induce him to touch it.

Rabindranath Tagore is the biggest bluff ever put over the unsuspecting American public. His mysticism makes even Maeterlinck's wishy-washy twaddle seem virile. I have never read such slop. The illustrations match it. The whole production of *Young India* is babu in the Anglo-Indian sense of the word. The spirit of India is utterly absent. Drawings and writing alike resemble the senseless flourishes of some callow student. And all this while the babu, while accepting what he imagines to be honours, such as knighthood, from England, is plotting sneakishly in the Bengali manner against her. I would to God that the British would withdraw from India for six months, so that the men of India might exterminate these fatherless fish-eaters, this spawn of female dogs that, without caste even in its own slime of bastardy, asserts itself in America as a 'young nation.'

KWAW LI YA.

THE DANCE OF SHIVA. By Dr. ANANDA KENT COOMARASWAMY. Sunwise Turn, Inc.

THE plot thickens. There is certainly no one equal to Dr. Coomaraswamy for tangling up situations, perhaps not always too pleasantly. Nor can one be very sure how far Dr. Coomaraswamy is himself responsible, for wherever he is the line between *meum* and *tuum* becomes gossamer of a kind that has seen

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better days. Consider the first child, Narada, who is a bastard. Was the father the 'worm' after all? We have nothing for it but the unsupported statement of its mother, the 'worm's' second wife. This may be doubted. Even the colour tells us nothing, for there were plenty of pigmented people in London at the date of the story.

When the 'worm's' first wife has divorced him, and he is married to the second wife, one might imagine that complications would be less. Not at all. The first time he leaves her alone, he sets up a harem in India, while she, travelling thither to join him under the charge of his best friend, Dr. Paira Mull, immediately begins an intrigue with this fascinating Panjabi. The 'worm' seems rather to have welcomed this domestic tangle, as Paira Mull is very well off.

The second child, Rohini, is the offspring of this liaison. About this time, the 'worm' is getting out a book of Indian folk songs, and he actually tries to include a number of translations made by his wife's lover as his own. However, he is forced by her (after a stormy scene) to make a very inadequate acknowledgment, and we are given to understand that he only does this because the show can be so easily given away, the 'worm' not knowing ten words of the language from which he is supposed to be translating. Isn't this complex enough for anybody? Ah, no! Dr. Coomaraswamy is merely flapping his wings icily. He can stage much stronger dramas. So you see the 'worm' and his wife in New York—of all places! The first thing that strikes him is the High Cost Of Living, and he hastens to offer his wife to the first comer. A friendly agreement is reached in conference by which a divorce shall be obtained, and a new marriage contracted with Alice's new lover. I forget the disposition of the children, whether it was odd man out, or the first Jack, who had to look after the business.

But, three months later, the tragedy begins. The 'worm' is struck by the appalling thought that perhaps Alice's new lover may not fall in so simply with the scheme. He manifests reluctance to pay the expenses of the divorce, arguing with some show of good sense that he does not see why he should pay for relieving another man of his rubbish. The situation is complicated by the fact that Alice has again become pregnant.

The 'worm' resolves upon a remarkably ingenious solution of his troubles. Past experience has shown him that his wife, when in a 'delicate condition of health,' cannot stand a sea voyage. Previous to the birth of the second child, she had nearly miscarried and nearly died. "How then," thinks he to himself, "can I clear myself once and for all? I will make up to my wife. I will pull out the pathetic stop. I will make mischief between her and her lover. I will forge telegrams, and do anything else that may be necessary. But I will get her to go over to England. That will put an end to the child, and very likely to her too, and then perhaps Paira Mull will take at least one of the children—his own—off my hands. Narada, too, is not legally my child at all. He is just a nameless bastard." So thinks the 'worm,' and so he does. The only detail in which his

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scheme goes wrong is that his wife manages, against all odds, to survive her miscarriage.

All this time, the 'worm' himself is living with a German prostitute; and, as he finds this expensive, he tries to keep the wolf from the door by getting this unfortunate woman to copy out various items from the works of his wife's lover, which are not very well known in America, and she proceeds to hawk them about New York. The man whose property they are will not be likely to hear of it, as the inexplicable conduct of Alice has more or less broken his heart, and he has become a sort of hermit.

But the wife turns up again like a bad penny. The 'worm' has by this time got rather tired of the German girl, and he goes off to Chicago after another woman, leaving his wife and his mistress to share a room at the McAlpin. Instead of quarreling, they made Friends, and the wholly icily murderous plot is laid bare. Alice now makes strenuous efforts to get back her lover, but he is one of those people who learn by experience. He merely exposes the 'worm's' attempt to pirate his property.

It seems to us that Dr. Coomaraswamy leaves the story at what might have been its most interesting complication. It stops right there. The 'worm' gets a job as curator of the Oriental Department of some Art Museum in Boston, and settles down with his wife to live happy ever after. I feel that this may be life, but it is not art.

A MOURNER CLAD IN GREEN.

FOUR DIMENSIONAL VISTAS. By CLAUDE BRAGDON. Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

It is a great pleasure to read this book, for although in some points we may find ourselves obliged to disagree with the author, the general effect is that a perusal leaves one with the feeling of having been at home; that is to say, on the planes of pure and exalted thought. We cannot say that Mr. Bragdon is in any sense an original thinker, as Hinton was, but he has done something to extend and popularize Hinton's ideas. Some of the analogies in this book are very illuminating. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, Mr. Bragdon is tied up with theosophical dogmas. He talks about the 'new freedom,' and bases his whole argument on the idea that the material world is a shadow show. Yet he seems to think that the real (that is, the ideal) world is more easy of apprehension, if we bind ourselves hand and foot by the senseless and cruel taboos of the most primitive tribes. He also errs, as it seems to us, in placing the yogi whose attainment is wholly selfish above the man of genius. Blavatsky made no such error. She placed the poet above the adept.

In spite of his grave 'ports, Mr. Bragdon is not a clear thinker like Hinton. He is just a little bourgeois who has put on Hinton's hat, and it comes down very far indeed over his eyes. He cannot see that the interpretation of phenomena as spiritual does not destroy their reality and the truth of their

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mutual relation, but rather confirms it. Shallow thinkers always seem to be obsessed by the stupidity that if anything is a shadow, dream, illusion, it ceases to exist. The rules of dreams are just as rigid as the rules of mathematics. You cannot do anything you like with a surd merely because it is an 'impossible' or 'imaginary' quantity. It is such booby traps that catch such asses in lion's skins as Mr. Bragdon.

O. M.

OGILVIE'S ASTROLOGICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK. By LEO BERNART. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.

IN the preface Mr. Bernart correctly states that the exact date and hour of birth are necessary to delineate a horoscope. Yet he publishes a book which attempts such a delineation on the birthday alone. Now, the birthday tells the astrologer nothing but the position of the sun in the zodiac at the time of birth, and this position varies to a small but sufficient extent in different years. This is indeed divining Hercules not merely from his foot, but from a big toe which may not be his at all. The error is often amusingly illustrated in the book itself. For example, Wm. T. Stead and Admiral Farragut were both born on July 5th.

On July 11th, John Quincy Adams and Wanamaker. This happy combination is told, "You are a good mimic and have a Singing voice. You are not as fond of literary and Scientific pursuits as you should be. You prefer the lighter side of life, which is all very well in its way, but the serious Side must have its innings also." On July 23rd, Mr. Bernart tells Cardinal Gibbons that he is religious but not orthodox. It is also new to me that the Cardinal 'likes candy to an unusual degree.'

A great many of these delineations are evidently taken straight from the people who are mentioned as being born. For example, October 22nd, "You are emotional and dramatic and would make a success upon the stage in all probability," which is Sarah Bernhardt. And on Nansen's birthday, "You have romantic ideas in youth which probably express themselves in seeking for lost or buried treasures or in exploring underground passages or little known caves." On Edward VII.'s, "You have a brilliant career before you." "You are fond of the world." "You have a great deal of tact and diplomacy." "You are fond of the good things of this life." "You are fleeting in your affections, and will have a good many love affairs in your life." However, "you are eminently domesticated."

Sometimes it is rather funny. Literary ability on Conan Doyle's and Marie Corelli's birthdays. Poetic talent on that of Ella Wheeler Wilcox!!!

Enough has been said to show the absolute worthlessness of this slipshod method of dodging the trouble of doing astrology.

COR SCORPIONIS.

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TARR. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. Alfred A. Knopf. Price, \$1.75.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS was living some few years ago on the charity of a young lady, the admired and honored friend of many artists. She had taken compassion on him, because he told her that he wrote poetry—an excusable falsehood. Perhaps he even believed it. She asked me if I would help him by publishing poems of his, and I wrote to him. He replied by complaining that the young lady aforesaid had tried to seduce him. This appeared an uncomplimentary reference to Augustus John, Walter Duranty, myself, and several others. I wrote to Mr. Lewis, and told him that he was a stupid cad, and that I would kick him if I saw him. Stupid cad about fills the bill. It is perfectly easy to create a sensation by going into a church and shouting, "To Hell with Jesus" at the elevation of the Host. And that is Mr. Lewis' artistic method. Whether he is decorating a room in a bad imitation of Klimmt, or attempting some insincere cubism, or futurism, or vorticism, it is always the same stupid cad, brawling in church.

"Blast" was a quite senseless vulgarity, and deceived nobody. "Tarr" is an attempt to repeat the trick. He dots his pages with French words and phrases when there is no need, and he prints words like bloody, petards, bitch, simply to shock the middle classes. It reveals the character of a stupid cad. What else could it do?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE MADMAN, HIS PARABLES AND POEMS. By KAHLIL GIBRAN. Alfred A. Knopf.

I do not much care for the drawings in this book. They are messy, and rather conventional. But I like some of the parables very much indeed. It is not very sensible to compare Mr. Gibran with Blake, because Blake was a genius whose every act was wrought from the white heat of passion. This is a smaller fish swimming in shallower and calmer waters. The spirit is more French than Irish. However, he is short enough to speak for himself. Here is one of his parables

THE SCARECROW

Once I said to a scarecrow, "You must be tired of standing in this lonely field."

And he said, "The joy of scaring is a deep and lasting one, and I never tire of it."

Said I, after a minute of thought, "It is true; for I too have known that joy."

Said he, "Only those who are stuffed with straw can know it."

Then I left him, not knowing whether he had complimented or belittled it.

A year passed, during which the scarecrow turned philosopher.

And when I passed by him again I saw two crows building a nest under his hat.

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Here is another:

THE NEW PLEASURE

Last night I invented a new pleasure, and as I was giving it the first trial an angel and a devil came rushing toward my house. They met at my door and fought with each other over my newly created pleasure; the one crying, "It is a sin!"—the other, "It is a virtue!"

Good boy!

A. C.

INDIA AND THE FUTURE. By WILLIAM ARCHER. Alfred A. Knopf.

MR. ARCHER has been through India, I should judge for as much as six weeks, with a typewriter and a provincial third-rate mind. Edmund Burke said

"This multitude of men does not consist of an abject and barbarous population. . . . (They are) a people for ages civilized and cultivated; cultivated by all the arts of polished life while we were yet in the woods."

This obvious fact is not obvious to Mr. Archer. Like the clever journalist he is, he has documented himself with so many facts that he does not tell us that Indians are negroes, who throw their children to crocodiles, but on every page one can feel that he cherishes this view in his pate. His method of investigating India is the method of Count Smorltork; but Count Smorltork was a gentleman. His point of view is so ignorant and so bourgeois, that I am forced to quote passages, lest it should not be believed that any biped could print such rottenness.

"This senseless reduplication to infinity of one mincing, prancing figure produces an indescribably nightmare-like effect; and what can be said for it, from the point of view either of art or of religion, I, for my part, cannot conceive. Who the figures represent I am not sure; . . ."

"Yes, the horror—that is the only word for it. I do not mean that nowadays any particular horrors are perpetrated in the grim recesses of these giant fanes. I do not know that at any time they were the scenes of great cruelty or other abominations, though certainly they present the completest *mise-en-scene* for such excesses. What I do know is that, from the cornerstone to the coping of the highest *gopura*, they are the product of gloomy, perverted, morbidly overwrought imaginations, revelling in the most extravagant features of the most monstrous of all mythologies."

This is all that Mr. Archer gets from the greatest temple, both from an artistic and religious standpoint, that is alive to-day. And in order that he may write himself down an ass for all to see, he is stupid enough to publish photographs of temples, whose beauty would, one thinks, be evident even to the bovine readers to whom he doubtless appeals.

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Mr. Archer's arrogance is equal to his ignorance.

"And on every hand, in its swarming courts and alcoves, you see the lowest fetichism intent in its grovelling rites."

How does this animal know what the people were doing? He could not speak a word of their language. He was seeing them for the first time, and his criticisms are just as valuable as would be those of a savage who dropped in on a telephone exchange. The wretched creature keeps on, page after page.

"Barbarian, barbarism, barbarous—I am sorry to harp so much on these words. But they express the essence of the situation."

"There never was a 'great civilization' in India . . ."

With the monuments of Indian civilization actually intact, yet the oldest of them in ruins a thousand years, two thousand years, three thousand years, who knows, before the savages of England wore clothes, it is only natural that this poor blind, globe-trotting hag should fail to understand Caste. He utterly ignores the fact that it is the caste system which has preserved Indian civilization. Constantly conquered, India absorbs her conquerors.

When the fool gets on to the spirituality, he is funnier than ever. On page 59, he gives a curiously imperfect account of the names of Hindu sacred writings, and apologizes for himself in the following note:

"I trust there is no gross error in this paragraph; but very confusing explanations are given of the nomenclature of this literature."

He then proceeds to criticise the contents of those books! It is incredible that any one can be such an ass as to write the stuff that one finds in this book. Page after page of misstatement and misunderstanding. He is even unable to see a thing like the good manners of the natives. In all the time I was in India I do not recall a single instance of bad manners, except on the part of Babus who had learned them from low-class Europeans, like William Archer.

When he comes to talk of art and culture, it gets worse, if anything.

"Remember—it is certainly not irrelevant—that India is the most tropical country that ever possessed any art of importance."

This person has never heard of Cambodia, Yucatan, Peru, Egypt, West Africa, Java. His art criticism is beneath the depth of Upper Tooting.

"Can any unprejudiced observer deny that even these exceptionally favourable specimens of Indian workmanship are marred by the gravest effects of conventionality in form, of overcrowding in composition, of excess in ornament? In a few seated female figures, viewed from behind, there is a certain natural grace, but most of the women who swarm all over the reliefs are the product of a morbid convention which gives them enormous breasts, wasp waists, and atrophied legs, and places them in attitudes suggestive of a violent dislocation of the hipjoint. Whether such figures were actually cultivated at the period, I do not know; but even if this could be proved, the sculptures could only be regarded as conventional exaggerations of an unhealthy fashion."

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"Finally, and coming back to the Buddha-figures in particular, what are we to say of the marvellous spirituality of expression often attributed to them? It is to me, I own, far from apparent. The drooped eyelids, and the immobile pose do, indeed, express the idea of contemplation; but I am at a loss to find anything spiritual in the smooth, insipid faces."

Pig-mindedness can hardly go further. And yet:

"In the Indian epics, the poets are always trying to outdo themselves and each other in their search for the marvellous, whether in virtue, prowess, gorgeousness, wickedness, demoniacal fury, or mere numerical extravagance. They are constantly creating records in exaggeration, which are as constantly broken. What wonder that a people habituated from childhood to these orgies of unbridled fancy should suffer from a certain slackening of imaginative fibre, an insensitiveness to normal and wholesome stimulation? It is that insensitiveness which seems to me to account for all that is worst in Indian art. It is that insensitiveness which will have to be corrected before India can hope to make the best of her intellectual gifts in a world in which, though all may be illusory, the God-made illusion of Nature must in the end prevail over the man-made illusions of mythology and metaphysics."

I am perfectly in accord with the political conclusion of this book. He was doubtless paid to write it in this interest. However, I had no idea that Mr. William Archer was such an unpleasant thing. The publisher says that he was born at Perth, Scotland. Perhaps, he was one of the famous "twin brothers of Perth, who were—ready to exhibit a positive Wassermann—to the eyes from their birth. Said Bill to his brother, 'Well, thanks to our mother, we're the rottenest beggars on earth.'"

TRUE GHOST STORIES. By HEREWARD CARRINGTON. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.

MR. HEREWARD CARRINGTON was a very clever young man, and that was his trouble. He is still a very clever young man, and as he is older than he was, his trouble is increased. I always thought him crazy with his ideas on fasting and his weighing souls, but he always gave the impression of the greatest sincerity. He did extraordinarily good work in the case of Eusapia Palladino. He merely destroys one's confidence when he coils himself in the Flag, and issues a Bryce Report like the mysteries of Myra, lends his name to quacks like Michael Whitty (not Witty), who doesn't even deny that he is the American representative of the swindler and blackmailer Mathers, so often exposed in the columns of *THE EQUINOX*, and helps to edit the review of an obviously fraudulent sealed letter reader like Christiansen. Nor is it particularly encouraging to those who believe in him when they find him compelled to produce a book like this. It is very cleverly compiled, most readable and amusing, but there seems to be no care to discriminate between well

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authenticated cases and evident inventions. The critical spirit is hopelessly undeveloped. In particular, I must protest against the publishing of Mr. Machen's excellent short story about the Angels of Mons without any reference to its author, as if there were one single particle of evidence that the story were true.

Mr. Carrington is a sincere and ingenious investigator of immense learning and experience. He has probably been forced into these evil courses by the abominable falsity of the publicists of America. The outrage in his case is hardly less than in Theodore Dreiser's.

The instinct of self-preservation has apparently driven him to acquire a Ph.D. degree from some so-called university in Iowa. What a tragic farce life in America is for any one with the mustard seed of intelligence!

Ah ! the cock crows !

HAMLET R.

PATIENCE WORTH. By CASPER S. YOST. Henry Holt & Co.

I HAVE so deep a debt of gratitude in my personal ledger to Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, that I can but be prejudiced most favorably with regard to anything with which she may be connected. I consequently take especial pains to discount the obligation, and I may be relied upon to say the worst of Patience Worth. It is, I think, beyond all question the most interesting of the records purporting to be the utterance of the stiff. There is an unquestionable personality in Patience Worth with perhaps no one beyond the scope of "subliminal Mrs. Curran" and the hypothesis is reasonable since Mrs. Curran is always at the board when Patience manifests. To me it seems a much simpler hypothesis to suppose that Patience is Mrs. Curran's sub-conscious memory of an Elizabethan incarnation than that Patience is wandering, unchanged for several centuries, about the astral plane, where things are so easily broken up. It is also quite feasible to imagine Patience as an elemental spirit. But undoubtedly her utterance is remarkably distinctive and coherent. It is almost entirely free from the worst of the disfigurements to which psychical researchers have acclimatized us, confound them.

The mention of psychical researchers has ruined my temper again. I am going to be nasty even to my dear Mrs. Hutchings. It is very easy to spoil a case by claiming too much. Jesus preferred would stand higher in the market to-day if some would-be clever press agent had not added ridiculous Pagan stories of the Virgin Birth, and so on, to the earlier and more plausible legend. And the most serious criticism of Patience Worth is the existence of that ridiculous novel by "Mark Twain." Patience Worth is not impossible, or even improbable. She makes mistakes. She commits anachronisms. But any difficulties are fairly easy to explain away. When it comes to Mark Twain, the

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case is altogether different. Anybody can sign checks, and the only question is as to whether the bank has money on deposit against that signature. But if I sign J. P. Morgan, I get a very peculiar laugh from the cashier. In all human probability they do not even trouble to arrest the "poor nut." The action of Mark Twain's heirs in trying to suppress a book whose origin was most honestly stated makes them entirely ridiculous. But this reacts terribly on poor old Patience. It makes her look like a *ballon d'essai*. I do not think that there is any question of fraud, but I do see all kinds of openings for delusion, especially in the case of people who are hardly aware that there is such a thing as magical protection. It looks to me as if a playful elemental had taken advantage of Mrs. Hutchings' innocence of the Laws of Magick, and having seduced her with the honest trifle of Patience Worth had betrayed her in the deepest consequence of Samuel L. Clemens, may he rest in peace!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
p.p. OUIJA BOARD.

JAVA HEAD. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE atmosphere of this book is so seductive that one reads it under the impression that it will start sooner or later; but it doesn't.

SUMATRA RAPPER.

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AND THE WAR. By HERWARD CARRINGTON.
Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

THIS book is an extremely interesting and valuable contribution to the science of the future. The first part of it, which relates to normal psychology, is extremely well compiled, and offers a capital picture of the peculiar phenomena which accompany combat under modern conditions. It is a serious study of actuality, entirely free from the pathological point of view of people like Barbusse on one hand, or the average newspaper correspondent on the other.

The second and larger part of the book deals with various supernormal events connected with war. I suppose Mr. Carrington's trouble is the paucity of his material. He feels that he has to fill his book, and he certainly uses a great deal of appalling rubbish. He even reaches lice of the slime like Harold Begbie. It is very unfortunate that Mr. Carrington with his fine critical ability, his great experience in distinguishing between false and true, should have laid aside his weapons in his old age. It is to such persons as he is that we look for discrimination, yet in this book the most excellently authenticated narratives are cheek by jowl with 'thinking horses', and the humbug of sweet Phyllis Campbell. Mr. Carrington is very careless too. He tells the story of Col. —'s appearance to his old regiment at great length twice over. And we have yet

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another complaint. He has apparently gone over almost wholly to the Spiritists, and he has allowed himself at times to take a very crude flag-waving attitude about National psychologies.

I should like to point out that every case of supernormal phenomenon is explained fully if we accept the Rosicrucian teaching with regard to elementals. There is no space for detailed exposition of these points, but those familiar with the theory will find no difficulty at all in applying it to any particular case.

This book is decidedly superior to *True Ghost Stories*; it is intended for readers of a somewhat higher type of intelligence. But Mr. Carrington's way is not the way of those who become great. Herbert Spencer was contented to plug on year after year writing for readers barely mustering five score. Browning after 35 years of literary activity writes,

"Late when he who praised and read and wrote
Was apt to find himself the self same me."

I doubt whether Barabbas was a publisher, but I think Judas was.

J. C.

A CHASTE MAN. By LOUIS UMFRAVILLE WILKINSON. Alfred A. Knopf.

IT has often been disputed as to how far a novelist is right in showing us the seamy side of life. But the answer admits of no dispute. Truth is the most precious jewel of all. The atmosphere of Mr. Wilkinson's new book, despite the brightness and insouciance of the manner and the lightness of the incident, is one of the most tragic gloom. The scene opens upon the hero reminding somebody that this is the third application, etc., and unless, etc., yours faithfully, and the novel ends with his reminding somebody, probably the same person, of the same thing. Such an appalling realization of the horror of life makes one shudder and sicken. Between the two applications comes an adventure.

The hero, who is a married man, meets a charming girl of sixteen, falls in love with her—and she with him. Every conceivable circumstance conspires to bring about immoral relations, so-called, between them. The girl's father himself urges it. But the hero remains chaste. The tragedy thus brought about is absolutely nauseating. It is hard for the reviewer to think of the grim and grisly abomination which follows. The hero has to go away to Switzerland, for a month or two; and during his absence the girl marries a Canadian and goes to Canada with him. The gloom is not even lightened by any hint that she may have had some adventure previous to the marriage. No hope is held out that she may have any adventure after that. The Abomination of Desolation is set up in the holy place.

But there is reserved for us a yet more terrible contemplation. If one had said, "The girl escapes from the intrigue with her married lover, and is

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honorably married to a Canadian," every one would say, "What a wholesome story!" The poison of puritanism has rotted through the whole of human thought. Conventional morality is the syphilis of the soul, and it is for the God Mercury, no one less, to oppose its action. Our trouble is rendered a thousand times more grievous because most of us do not recognize how foul is our disease. The words 'marriage with a Canadian' should be expunged from human language. People should be prosecuted for printing so foul and obscene a phrase.

Yet these things happen every day. The sun turns sick in heaven to behold them. Yet we do not see his anguish. Life which involves such possibilities of infamy and horror as 'marriage with a Canadian' must surely be some atrocious species of damnation; the reward of infinite iniquity. But humanity has become so callous, so anaesthetic to any proper feeling, that many people may even fail to see the high seriousness and noble purpose of such statements as the above. The degradation of humanity has gone so far that marriage with a Canadian seems almost normal and natural.

There is no mistaking the great advance made by Mr. Wilkinson upon his previous novel, *The Buffoon*. In that work, there was, indeed, power and wit. But it was on the whole a pleasant book. There was plenty of comic relief-e.g., Powys' duodenum. In *A Chaste Man* the author moves stately and terrible from peak to peak of tragedy. The book reminds us a little of James Thomson, *The City of Dreadful Night*, in this respect. With infinite art the climax is set off by an adventure of the hero's sister with a man dying of consumption at St. Moritz, and this single glimpse of Paradise makes the surrounding gloom more visible and shameful.

It is unfortunately the case that stories of this kind are only too true to life. Few of us, indeed, but have some experience of the classes in which such abominations are not only possible but actual. It is true that the war has done a great deal to destroy the morality of the middle classes. From all hands comes the wail of the Puritan as he is forced into a recognition that life is a savage and beautiful thing, and that his attempt to make every one behave with the decorum of a putrefying corpse is bound in the long run to fail. We find, for example, the Bishop of Worcester offering a tasteless substitute for Worcester Sauce. He complains pitifully of how he saw three women in the street trying to seduce a soldier. Apparently in consequence of the appearance of the Bishop, the soldier "saw his chance and ran away," but from what we know of Bishops it seems probable that he was trying to escape from the Episcopal rather than the feminine menace.

We hope that in Mr. Wilkinson's next novel he will try to give us the brighter side of the picture. The eternal death which the bourgeoisie calls life is not the only feature of experience. St. Paul has prophesied of the future of the church, "Many members in one body," and it is also written, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

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Do not even the most pious and pig-headed agree that these are the 'last days'? Are we not come through much tribulation to the latter end of the Apocalypse, and shall we not cry with the Apostle, "The spirit and the bride say: come."? "Yea, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

JOHN ST. JOHN.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNSEEN. An Examination of the Phenomena of Spiritualism and of the Evidence for Survival after Death. By SIR WILLIAM F. BARRETT. E. P. Dutton & Co.

SIR WILLIAM BARRETT's book is decidedly well worth reading by those who imagine that there is nothing in spiritualism and kindred subjects. Sir William Barrett has marshalled his facts and fictions in a very creditable manner. It is quite surprising how much he knows, and how clever he is, considering the limitations imposed on him by the fact that, like most psychical researchers, he has no sort of initiation, and has therefore no organized but only haphazard material at his disposal. He exhibits quite remarkable intelligence in dealing with the problems which he discusses. It is a very marked advance upon the absolutely blithering balderdash which characterizes most writing on spiritualism, 'new thought,' and the like.

Sir William Barrett is critical, without being skeptical in the bad sense of the word, and his judgment is excellent for an amateur. Of course, all psychical research without initiation reminds one of art criticism by a blind man or an art critic. Apart from this, however, Sir William Barrett has written a very clever book, and I hope that these few well chosen words of approval may encourage him to further efforts, perhaps not so much in this line as in one for which he might have more original talent.

A. C.

FROM THE WATCH TOWER. By SIDNEY T. KLEIN. E. P. Dutton & Co.

WHEN I had the pleasure of reviewing Mr. Sidney T. Klein's *Science and the Infinite* in Number IX. of the First Volume of THE EQUINOX, I remember asking him for a second part to his book dealing with the means of attainment. Mr. Klein has not exactly done this in his new volume, but he has gone a long way on the road. He is still somewhat handicapped by infelicity of expression, but a more serious drawback still is the confusion of thought caused by his early training. He is a sublime initiate, but he is trying to put his quart of Champagne into the pint pot of the language of Christian Mysticism. He has not seen the necessity of discarding this deuce and trey. He stands pat on his three aces instead of trying to catch the fourth or maybe a pair of kings in the draw. The language of Christianity, particularly Pauline Christianity, is hopelessly mired in the slough of the idea of original sin.

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Mr. Klein disavows this idea with noble boldness as freely as we ourselves of the A.:A.: would do. He has accepted the Law of Thelema. He understands that there is no law beyond "Do what thou wilt." He states it almost in so many words. And yet his congenital fetter seems to gall. He has not quite got the idea that every man and every woman is a star, and that every one's will is the will of God; at least, he does not seem settled about it. In some parts of his book he makes statements which certainly imply that this is so, but in others he appears too conscious of dividuality. He does not always make it perfectly clear that evil so-called is part of the game, which he describes as the 'thought of God.' We have no doubt that as he progresses, he will attain this clearer conception of the magical doctrine. He has already gone very far. His interpretation, for example, of the statement "God is Love" can hardly be distinguished from our own "Love is the law." Yet even here there is some taint of a lingering Manichaeism. He seems to imagine "the All-Loving" as always trying to bring us to a conception of sonship. Yet this 'All-Loving' is a metaphysical entity, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, and so on. The result is that now and again Mr. Klein's expression slips back into the language of dualism. However, it is a shame to carp

Mr. Klein's philosophical and scientific knowledge is profound. It is unified. Better still, it is dynamic and exulting. It is impossible to read a page of his book without feeling the contagion of the joy of his attainment. Too many philosophers in the past have drooled on about the Absolute with such piety of dullness, that one has wished the Absolute at the devil.

There is nothing of this in this book. We feel that Mr. Klein is enjoying the Light, Life, Love and Liberty which come from the acceptance of the Law of Thelema. But I must still ask him for another volume. The greater part of his difficulty in explanation seems to arise from the fact that he has no conception of a technique of attainment. He says quite rightly that it is all a matter of thinking right instead of wrong, and certainly a study of his pages should do a great deal to clear up intellectual difficulties. But this is only a very small part of the Path. It is all very well to say that reason is full of falsity, and Mr. Klein demonstrates it very much as I have myself done in many places. But how are people to use the eyes of the spirit, unless they are taught? The A.:A.: offers a technique of attainment infinitely subtle and varied, so that the need of every man is met by processes of actual practice, scientifically tested and confirmed. It is not enough merely to accept Mr. Klein's explanation of the universe. That is the Giant's Robe. You must get your own clothes made to fit you. You cannot persuade yourself to think in any way contrary to your experience. Thought must be the expression of experience. For the average man to adopt Mr. Klein's ideas would be as futile a formality as subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles.

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I am sure that Mr. Klein knows all this perfectly well, and I hope, as I said before, that he will very soon let us have a new book, giving his ideas on the technique of attainment.

A. C.

A BOOK OF PREFACES. By H. L. MENCKEN. Alfred A. Knopf.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

BELIEVE Me, I had hardly hoped to live to see this day when a book of criticism like this comes into my hand.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

There are plenty of brains in America, and plenty of educated brains, but it is extremely rare to find these two combined in one being.

Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

Mr. Mencken narrowly escapes the cleverness which is the Hall-mark of the silver mind, but he does escape it.

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Mr. Mencken's perception may be gauged by just one piece of navigation, the Straits of Ibsen. In 1901 I said of Ibsen, "he is the Sophocles of manners." And elsewhere spoke of him as "a purely Greek dramatist."

Mr. Mencken says, "the fabulous Ibsen of the symbols (no more the real Ibsen than Christ was a prohibitionist)." "His shining skill as a dramatic craftsman his one authentic claim upon fame."

Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

His robust joy of castigating curs with his contempt swells a paean in my heart. "Consider one fact: the civilization that kissed Maeterlinck on both cheeks and Tagore perhaps even more intimately. . . ."

Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people;

To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron.

To execute upon them the judgment written: this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the LORD.

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SANINE. By MICHAEL ARTZIBASHEF. B. W. Huebsch.

SANINE is not a supreme novel in the full flower of a period, like *La Cousine Bette*. It is too lyric. It is like the timid song of a young thrush in the morning of life. For this novel is much more than a great novel. It is the first novel of an epoch. It is the first attempt to depict a man who is living by the Law of Thelema, whose outlook on the world is based upon the magical formulae of the Æon of Horus: "Every man and every woman is a star"; "There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt." Sanine absolutely refuses to be obfuscated by the fog of false morality. He judges actions by their real, not by their imaginary consequences.

Bernard Shaw attempted this very feebly in his portrait of John Tanner; but Tanner, like Shaw himself, is a blustering and wordy weakling, who is entirely the slave of the morality which he condemns.

Sanine actually lives up to the truth which he sees, and it makes him free, and it makes free those who follow him. This is a great book to shed light upon the greybeard slobbering of Shaw. Violet's baby is only tolerable because Violet is Mrs. Malone. Shaw has not the strength of character to avow (even in a fictitious work) that a woman can assert what is evidently her first right without undergoing phantastic penalties, although there are to-day thousands of women in every country who have told morality to go to its father, the devil, as Shaw so bombastically tells it to do. The phantoms which confront the free man are really just hollow turnips in churchyards. Take poor Ambrose, for example. He occupies one of the most important positions in New York City. He lives his own life for 15 years or so. Nobody is offended. Nobody is injured. Nothing whatever happens. A pleasant time is had by all. Then, suddenly some one discovers this appalling state of circumstances, and there is Ambrose in peril of Sing-Sing and Matteawan, and all those pretty places on the Hudson. He loses his job. He is an outcast from society. He vanishes like morning mist. And there is not a single shadow of reason for all this, except an ecclesiastical nefas, based principally upon a comic Turkish superstition.

The stupidity of governments is unthinkable. People reclaim a little obvious freedom, and the authorities will not let them have it without all this cutting of throats, and robbing of churches! The Gods seem to send imbeciles like Louis XVI. and Nicholas Romanoff, and certain other persons whom I will not mention, at the moment when free men decide that it is time to strike for freedom. Hear the word of the Lord: In the next few years Sanine and his like are going to hang a lot of people to a lot of lamp-posts.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

THE TWO PATHS

THE SEVEN PORTALS



LIBER LXXI

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

BY
HELENA PETROVNA
BLAVATSKY

8°=3°

WITH A COMMENTARY
BY
FRATER O.M. 7°=4°

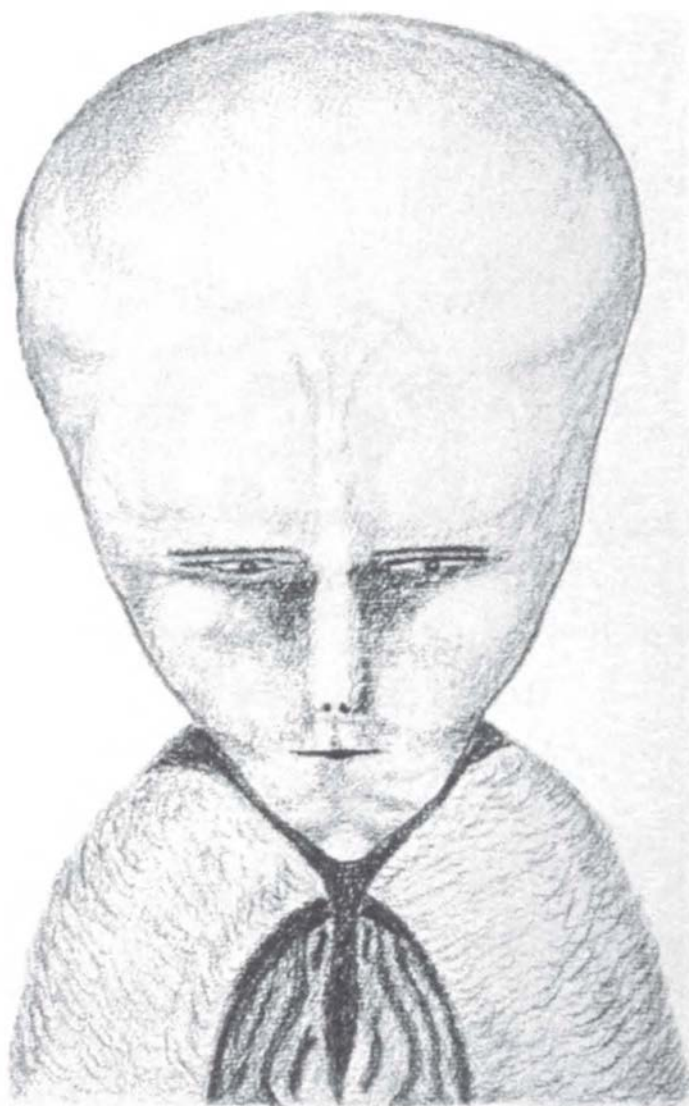




A.:A.: Publication in Class B

93	10°=1°	}	Pro Coll. Summ.
666	9°=2°		
777	8°=3°		
D. D. S.	7°=4°	}	Pro Coll. Int.
O. M.	7°=4°		
O. S. V.	6°=5°		
Parzival	5°=6°		
V. N.	Præmonstrator	}	Pro Coll. Ext.
P.	Imperator		
Achad	Cancellarius		

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THE WAY

LAM is the Tibetan word for Way or Path, and LAMA is He who Goeth, the specific title of the Gods of Egypt, the Treader of the Path, in Buddhistic phraseology. Its numerical value is 71, the number of this book.

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

PREFATORY NOTE

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

IT IS NOT VERY DIFFICULT to write a book, if one chance to possess the necessary degree of Initiation, and the power of expression. It is infernally difficult to comment on such a Book. The principal reason for this is that every statement is true and untrue, alternately, as one advances upon the Path of the Wise. The question always arises: For what grade is this Book meant? To give one simple concrete example, it is stated in the third part of this treatise that Change is the great enemy. This is all very well as meaning that one ought to stick to one's job. But in another sense Change is the Great Friend. As it is marvelous well shewed forth by The Beast Himself in *Liber Aleph*, Love is the law, and Love is Change, by definition. Short of writing a separate interpretation suited for every grade, therefore, the commentator is in a bog of quandary which makes Flanders Mud seem like polished granite. He can only do his poor best, leaving it very much to the intelligence of each reader to get just what he needs. These remarks are peculiarly applicable to the present treatise; for the issues are presented in so confused a manner that one almost wonders whether Madame Blavatsky was not a reincarnation of the Woman with the Issue of Blood familiar to readers of the Gospels. It is astonishing and distressing to notice how the Lanoo, no

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matter what happens to him, soaring aloft like the *phang*, and sailing gloriously through innumerable Gates of High Initiation, nevertheless keeps his original Point of View, like a Bourbon. He is always getting rid of Illusions, but, like the entourage of the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims after he cursed the thief, nobody seems one penny the worse—or the better.

Probably the best way to take the whole treatise is to assume that it is written for the absolute tyro, with a good deal between the lines for the more advanced mystic. This will excuse, to the *mahatma*-snob, a good deal of apparent triviality and crudity of standpoint. It is of course necessary for the commentator to point out just those things which the novice is not expected to see. He will have to shew mysteries in many grades, and each reader must glean his own wheat.

At the same time, the commentator has done a good deal to uproot some of the tares in the mind of the tyro aforesaid, which Madame Blavatsky was apparently content to let grow until the day of judgment. But that day is come since she wrote this Book; the New Æon is here, and its Word is Do what thou wilt. It is certainly time to give the order: “Chautauqua est delenda.”

Love is the law, love under will.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE *BOOK OF THE GOLDEN PRECEPTS*

FRAGMENT I THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

[Madame Blavatsky's notes are omitted in this edition, as they are diffuse, full of inaccuracies, and intended to mislead the presumptuous.—Ed.]

1. These instructions are for those ignorant of the dangers of the lower Iddhi (magical powers).

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Nothing less can satisfy than this Motion in your orbit.

It is important to reject any Iddhi of which you may become possessed. Firstly, because of the wasting of energy, which should rather be concentrated on further advance; and secondly, because Iddhi are in many cases so seductive that they lead the unwary to forget altogether the real purpose of their endeavours.

The Student must be prepared for temptations of the most extraordinary subtlety; as the Scriptures of the Christians mystically put it, in their queer but often illuminating jargon, the Devil can disguise himself as an Angel of Light.

A species of parenthesis is necessary thus early in this Comment. One must warn the reader that he is going to swim in very deep waters. To begin with, it is assumed throughout that the student is already familiar with at least the elements of Mysticism. True, you are supposed to be ignorant of the dangers of the lower Iddhi; but there are really quite a lot of people, even in Boston, who do not know that there are any Iddhi at all, low or high. However, one who has been assiduous with *Book 4*, by Frater Perdurabo, should have no difficulty so far as a general comprehension

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of the subject-matter of the Book is concerned. Too ruddy a cheerfulness on the part of the assiduous one will however be premature, to say the least. For the fact is that this treatise does not contain an intelligible and coherent cosmogony. The unfortunate Lanoo is in the position of a sea-captain who is furnished with the most elaborate and detailed sailing-instructions, but is not allowed to have the slightest idea of what port he is to make, still less given a chart of the Ocean. One finds oneself accordingly in a sort of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came" atmosphere. That poem of Browning owes much of its haunting charm to this very circumstance, that the reader is never told who Childe Roland is, or why he wants to get to the Dark Tower, or what he expects to find when he does get there. There is a skilfully constructed atmosphere of Giants, and Ogres, and Hunchbacks, and the rest of the apparatus of fairy-tales; but there is no trace of the influence of Bædeker in the style. Now this is really very irritating to anybody who happens to be seriously concerned to get to that tower. I remember, as a boy, what misery I suffered over this poem. Had Browning been alive, I think I would have sought him out, so seriously did I take the Quest. The student of Blavatsky is equally handicapped. Fortunately, *Book 4*, Part III, comes to the rescue once more with a rough sketch of the Universe as it is conceived by Those who know it; and a regular investigation of that book, and the companion volumes ordered in "The Curriculum of the A.:A.:," fortified by steady persistence in practical personal exploration, will enable this Voice of the Silence to become a serious guide in some of the subtler obscurities which weigh upon the Eyelids of the Seeker.

THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

2. *He who would hear the voice of Nāda, the "Soundless Sound," and comprehend it, he has to learn the nature of Dhāranā (concentrated thought).*

The voice of Nada is very soon heard by the beginner, especially during the practice of Pranayama (control of breath-force). At first it resembles distant surf, though in the adept it is more like the twittering of innumerable night-ingales; but this sound is premonitory, as it were, the veil of more distinct and articulate sounds which come later. It corresponds in hearing to that dark veil which is seen when the eyes are closed, although in this case a certain degree of progress is necessary before anything at all is heard.

3. *Having become indifferent to objects of perception, the pupil must seek out the Rāja (King) of the senses, the Thought-Producer, he who awakes illusion.*

The word "indifferent" here implies "able to shut out." The Rajah referred to is in that spot whence thoughts spring. He turns out ultimately to be Mayan, the great Magician described in the 3rd Æthyr (See *The Equinox*, vol I, no. 5, Special Supplement). Let the Student notice that in his early meditations, all his thoughts will be under the Tamo-Guna, the principle of Inertia and Darkness. When he has destroyed all those, he will be under the dominion of an entirely new set of the type of Rajo-Guna, the principle of Activity, and so on. To the advanced Student a simple ordinary thought, which seems little or nothing to the beginner, becomes a great and terrible fountain of iniquity, and the higher he goes, up to a certain point, the point of definitive victory, the more that is the case. The beginner can think, "it is ten o'clock," and dismiss the thought. To the mind of the adept this sentence will awaken all its possible correspondences, all the reflections he has ever made on time, as also

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accidental sympathetics like Mr. Whistler's essay; and if he is sufficiently far advanced, all these thoughts in their hundreds and thousands diverging from the one thought, will again converge, and become the resultant of all those thoughts. He will get Samadhi upon that original thought, and this will be a terrible enemy to his progress.

4. The Mind is the great Slayer of the Real.

In the word "Mind" we should include all phenomena of Mind, including Samadhi itself. Any phenomenon has causes and produces results, and all these things are below the "REAL." By the REAL is here meant the NIBBANA-DHATU.

5. Let the Disciple slay the Slayer. For—

This is a corollary of Verse 4. These texts may be interpreted in a quite elementary sense. It is of course the object of even the beginner to suppress mind and all its manifestations, but only as he advances will he discover what Mind means.

6. When to himself his form appears unreal, as do on waking all the forms he sees in dreams;

This is a somewhat elementary result. Concentration on any subject leads soon enough to a sudden and overwhelming conviction that the object is unreal. The reason of this may perhaps be—speaking philosophically—that the object, whatever it is, has only a relative existence. (See *The Equinox*, vol. I, no. 4, p. 159).

7. When he has ceased to hear the many, he may discern the ONE—the inner sound which kills the outer.

By the "many" are meant primarily noises which take place outside the Student, and secondly, those which take place inside him. For example, the pulsation of the blood in

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the ears, and later the mystic sounds which are described in Verse 40.

8. *Then only, not till then, shall he forsake the region of ASAT, the false, to come unto the realm of SAT, the true.*

By "SAT, the true," is meant a thing previous to the "REAL" referred to above. SAT itself is an illusion. Some schools of philosophy have a higher ASAT, Not-Being, which is beyond SAT, and consequently is to Shivadarshana as SAT is to Atmadarshana. Nirvana is beyond both these.

9. *Before the soul can see, the Harmony within must be attained, and fleshly eyes be rendered blind to all illusion.*

By the "Harmony within" is meant that state in which neither objects of sense, nor physiological sensations, nor emotions, can disturb the concentration of thought.

10. *Before the Soul can hear, the image (man) has to become as deaf to roarings as to whispers, to cries of bellowing elephants as to the silvery buzzing of the golden fire-fly.*

In the text the image is explained as "Man," but it more properly refers to the consciousness of man, which consciousness is considered as being a reflection of the Non-Ego, or a creation of the Ego, according to the school of philosophy to which the Student may belong.

11. *Before the soul can comprehend and may remember, she must unto the Silent Speaker be united just as the form to which the clay is modeled, is first united with the potter's mind.*

Any actual object of the senses is considered as a precipitation of an ideal. Just as no existing triangle is a pure triangle, since it must be either equilateral, isosceles, or scalene, so every object is a miscarriage of an ideal. In the

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course of practice one concentrates upon a given thing, rejecting this outer appearance and arriving at that ideal, which of course will not in any way resemble any of the objects which are its incarnations. It is with this in view that the verse tells us that the Soul must be united to the Silent Speaker. The words "Silent Speaker" may be considered as a hieroglyph of the same character as Logos, אֱלֹהִים or the Ineffable Name.

12. For then the soul will hear and will remember.

The word "hear" alludes to the tradition that hearing is the organ of Spirit, just as seeing is that of Fire. The word "remember" might be explained as "will attain to memory." Memory is the link between the atoms of consciousness, for each successive consciousness of Man is a single phenomenon, and has no connection with any other. A looking-glass knows nothing of the different people that look into it. It only reflects one at a time. The brain is however more like a sensitive plate, and memory is the faculty of bringing up into consciousness any picture required. As this occurs in the normal man with his own experiences, so it occurs in the Adept with all experiences. (This is one more reason for His identifying Himself with others.)

13. And then to the inner ear will speak— THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE. And say:—

What follows must be regarded as the device of the poet, for of course the "Voice of the Silence" cannot be interpreted in words. What follows is only its utterance in respect of the Path itself.

14. If thy soul smiles while bathing in the Sunlight of thy Life; if thy soul sings within her chrysalis of flesh and matter; if thy soul weeps inside her castle of illusion; if thy

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soul struggles to break the silver thread that binds her to the MASTER; know, O Disciple, thy Soul is of the earth.

In this verse the Student is exhorted to indifference to everything but his own progress. It does not mean the indifference of the Man to the things around him, as it has often been so unworthily and wickedly interpreted. The indifference spoken of is a kind of inner indifference. Everything should be enjoyed to the full, but always with the reservation that the absence of the thing enjoyed shall not cause regret. This is too hard for the beginner, and in many cases it is necessary for him to abandon pleasures in order to prove to himself that he is indifferent to them, and it may be occasionally advisable even for the Adept to do this now and again. Of course during periods of actual concentration there is no time whatever for anything but the work itself; but to make even the mildest asceticism a rule of life is the gravest of errors, except perhaps that of regarding Asceticism as a virtue. This latter always leads to spiritual pride, and spiritual pride is the principal quality of the brother of the Left-hand Path.

“Ascetic” comes from the Greek *Ἀσκειω* “to work curiously, to adorn, to exercise, to train.” The Latin *ars* is derived from this same word. Artist, in its finest sense of creative craftsman, is therefore the best translation. The word has degenerated under Puritan foulness.

15. *When to the World's turmoil thy budding soul lends ear; when to the roaring voice of the great illusion thy Soul responds; when frightened at the sight of the hot tears of pain, when deafened by the cries of distress, thy soul withdraws like the shy turtle within the carapace of SELFHOOD, learn, O Disciple, of her Silent “God,” thy Soul is an unworthy shrine.*

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This verse deals with an obstacle at a more advanced stage. It is again a warning not to shut one's self up in one's own universe. It is not by the exclusion of the Non-Ego that saintship is attained, but by its inclusion. Love is the law, love under will.

16. *When waxing stronger, thy Soul glides forth from her secure retreat; and breaking boscage from the protecting shrine, extends her silver thread and rushes onward; when beholding her image on the waves of Space she whispers, "This is I," —declare, O Disciple, that thy Soul is caught in the webs of delusion.*

An even more advanced instruction, but still connected with the question of the Ego and the non-Ego. The phenomenon described is perhaps Atmadarshana, which is still a delusion, in one sense still a delusion of personality; for although the Ego is destroyed in the Universe, and the Universe in it, there is a distinct though exceedingly subtle tendency to sum up its experience as Ego.

These three verses might be interpreted also as quite elementary; v. 14 as blindness to the First Noble Truth "Everything is Sorrow"; v. 15 as the coward's attempt to escape Sorrow by Retreat; and v. 16 as the acceptance of the Astral as SAT.

17. *This Earth, Disciple, is the Hall of Sorrow, wherein are set along the Path of dire probations, traps to ensnare thy EGO by the delusion called "Great Heresy."*

Develops still further these remarks.

18. *This earth, O ignorant Disciple, is but the dismal entrance leading to the twilight that precedes the valley of true light—that light which no wind can extinguish, that light which burns without a wick or fuel.*

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“Twilight” here may again refer to Atmadarshana. The last phrase is borrowed from Eliphas Lévi, who was not (I believe) a Tibetan of antiquity. [Madame Blavatsky humorously pretended that this Book is an ancient Tibetan writing.—Ed.]

19. *Saith the Great Law:—“In order to become the KNOWER of ALL-SELF, thou hast first of SELF to be the knower.” To reach the knowledge of that SELF, thou hast to give up Self to Non-Self, Being to Non-Being, and then thou canst repose between the wings of the GREAT BIRD. Aye, sweet is rest between the wings of that which is not born, nor dies, but is the AUM throughout eternal ages.*

The words “give up” may be explained as “yield” in its subtler or quasi-masochistic erotic sense, but on a higher plane. In the following quotation from the “Great Law” it explains that the yielding is not the beginning but the end of the Path.

Then let the End awake. Long hast thou slept, O great God Terminus! Long ages hast thou waited at the end of the city and the roads thereof.

Awake Thou! wait no more!

Nay, Lord! but I am come to Thee. It is I that wait at last.

The prophet cried against the mountain; come thou hither, that I may speak with thee!

The mountain stirred not. Therefore went the prophet unto the mountain, and spake unto it. But the feet of the prophet were weary, and the mountain heard not his voice.

But I have called unto Thee, and I have journeyed unto Thee, and it availed me not.

I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning.

This now I know, O my beloved, and we are stretched at our ease among the vines.

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But these thy prophets; they must cry aloud and scourge themselves; they must cross trackless wastes and unfathomed oceans; to await Thee is the end, not the beginning. [LXV, II, 55-62]

AUM is here quoted as the hieroglyph of the Eternal. "A" the beginning of sound, "U" its middle, and "M" its end, together form a single word or Trinity, indicating that the Real must be regarded as of this three-fold nature, Birth, Life and Death, not successive, but one. Those who have reached trances in which "time" is no more will understand better than others how this may be.

20. *Bestride the Bird of Life, if thou wouldst know.*

The word "know" is specially used here in a technical sense. *Avidya*, ignorance, the first of the fetters, is moreover one which includes all the others.

With regard to this Swan "Aum" compare the following verses from the "Great Law," *Liber LXV*, II:17—25.

Also the Holy One came upon me, and I beheld a white swan floating in the blue.

Between its wings I sate, and the æons fled away.

Then the swan flew and dived and soared, yet no whither we went.

A little crazy boy that rode with me spake unto the swan, and said:

Who art thou that dost float and fly and dive and soar in the inane? Behold, these many æons have passed; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?

And laughing I chid him, saying: No whence! No whither!

The swan being silent, he answered: Then, if with no goal, why this eternal journey?

And I laid my head against the Head of the Swan, and laughed, saying: Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging? Is there not weariness and impatience for who would attain to some goal?

And the swan was ever silent. Ah! but we floated in the

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infinite Abyss. Joy! Joy!

White swan, bear thou ever me up between thy wings!

21. *Give up thy life, if thou would'st live.*

This verse may be compared with similar statements in the Gospels, in *The Vision and the Voice*, and in the Books of It does not mean asceticism in the sense usually understood by the world. The 12th Æthyr (see *The Equinox*, vol. I, no. 5, Supplement) gives the clearest explanation of this phrase.

22. *Three Halls, O weary pilgrim, lead to the end of toils. Three Halls, O conqueror of Mara, will bring thee through three states into the fourth and thence into the seven worlds, the worlds of Rest Eternal.*

If this had been a genuine document I should have taken the three states to be Srotapatti, etc., and the fourth Arhat, for which the reader should consult *Science and Buddhism* and similar treatises. But as it is better than “genuine,” being, like *The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz*, the forgery of a great adept, one cannot too confidently refer it thus. For the “Seven Worlds” are not Buddhism.

23. *If thou would'st learn their names, then hearken, and remember. The name of the first Hall is IGNORANCE — Avidyâ. It is the Hall in which thou saw'st the light, in which thou livest and shalt die.*

These three Halls correspond to the Gunas: Ignorance, Tamas; Learning, Rajas; Wisdom, Sattvas.

Again, ignorance corresponds to Malkuth and Nephesch (the animal soul), Learning to Tiphareth and Ruach (the mind), and Wisdom to Binah and Neschamah (the aspiration or Divine Mind).

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24. *The name of Hall the second is the Hall of LEARNING. in it thy Soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled.*

This Hall is a very much larger region than that usually understood by the Astral World. It would certainly include all states up to Dhyana. The Student will remember that his “rewards” immediately transmute themselves into temptations.

25. *The name of the third Hall is Wisdom, beyond which stretch the shoreless waters of AKSHARA, the indestructible Fount of Omniscience.*

Akshara is the same as the Great Sea of the Qabalah. The reader must consult *The Equinox* for a full study of this Great Sea.

26. *If thou would'st cross the first Hall safely, let not thy mind mistake the fires of lust that burn therein for the Sunlight of life.*

The metaphor is now somewhat changed. The Hall of ignorance represents the physical life. Note carefully the phraseology, “let not thy mind mistake the fires of lust.” It is legitimate to warm yourself by those fires so long as they do not deceive you.

27. *If thou would'st cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale. if freed thou would'st be from the Karmic chains, seek not for thy Guru in those Mâyāvic regions.*

A similar lesson is taught in this verse. Do not imagine that your early psychic experiences are Ultimate Truth. Do not become a slave to your results.

28. *The WISE ONES tarry not in pleasure-grounds of senses.*

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This lesson is confirmed. The wise ones tarry not. That is to say, they do not allow pleasure to interfere with business.

29. *The WISE ONES heed not the sweet-tongued voices of illusion.*

The wise ones heed not. They listen to them, but do not necessarily attach importance to what they say.

30. *Seek for him who is to give thee birth, in the Hall of Wisdom, the Hall which lies beyond, wherein all shadows are unknown, and where the light of truth shines with unfading glory.*

This apparently means that the only reliable *guru* is one who has attained the grade of Magister Templi. For the attainments of this grade consult *The Equinox*, vol. I, no. 5, Supplement, etc.

31. *That which is uncreate abides in thee, Disciple, as it abides in that Hall. If thou would'st reach it and blend the two, thou must divest thyself of thy dark garments of illusion. Stifle the voice of flesh, albow no image of the senses to get between its light and thine that thus the twain may blend in one. And having learnt thine own Agnyāna, flee from the Hall of Learning. This Hall is dangerous in its perfidious beauty, is needed but for thy probation. Beware, Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light.*

This is a résumé of the previous seven verses. It inculcates the necessity of unwavering aspiration, and in particular warns the advanced Student against accepting his rewards. There is one method of meditation in which the Student kills thoughts as they arise by the reflection, "That's not it." Frater P. indicated the same by taking as his motto,

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in the Second Order which reaches from Yesod [sic] to Chesed, "OT MH," "No, certainly not!"

32. *This light shines from the jewel of the Great Ensnarer, (Māra). The senses it bewitches, blinds the mind, and leaves the unwary an abandoned wreck.*

I am inclined to believe that most of Blavatsky's notes are intended as blinds. "Light" such as is described has a technical meaning. It would be too petty to regard Mara as a Christian would regard a man who offered him a cigarette. The supreme and blinding light of this jewel is the great vision of Light. It is the light which streams from the threshold of Nirvana, and Māra is the "dweller on the threshold." It is absurd to call this light "evil" in any commonplace sense. It is the two-edged sword, flaming every way, that keeps the gate of the Tree of Life. And there is a further Arcanum connected with this which it would be improper here to divulge.

33. *The moth attracted to the dazzling flame of thy night-lamp is doomed to perish in the viscid oil. The unwary Soul that fails to grapple with the mocking demon of illusion, will return to earth the slave of Māra.*

The result of failing to reject rewards is the return to earth. The temptation is to regard oneself as having attained, and so do no more work.

34. *Behold the Hosts of Souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after other on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies and disappear within the first great vortex.*

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In this metaphor is contained a warning against identifying the Soul with human life, from the failure of its aspirations.

35. If through the Hall of Wisdom, thou would'st reach the Vale of Bliss, Disciple, close fast thy senses against the great dire heresy of separateness that weans thee from the rest.

This verse reads at first as if the heresy were still possible in the Hall of Wisdom, but this is not as it seems. The Disciple is urged to find out his Ego and slay it even in the beginning.

36. Let not thy "Heaven-born," merged in the sea of mâyā, break from the Universal Parent (SOUL), but let the fiery power retire into the inmost chamber, the chamber of the Heart, and the abode of the World's Mother.

This develops verse 35. The heaven-born is the human consciousness. The chamber of the Heart is the Anahata lotus. The abode of the World's Mother is the Muladhara lotus. But there is a more technical meaning yet—and this whole verse describes a particular method of meditation, a final method, which is far too difficult for the beginner. (See, however, *The Equinox*, on all these points.)

37. Then from the heart that Power shall rise into the sixth, the middle region, the place between thin eyes, when it becomes the breath of the ONE-SOUL, the voice which filleth all, thy Master's voice.

This verse teaches the concentration of the Kundalini in the Ajna Cakra. "Breath" is that which goes to and fro, and refers to the uniting of Shiva with Sakti in the Sahasrara. (See *The Equinox*.)

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38. *'Tis only then thou canst become a "Walker of the Sky" who treads the winds above the waves, whose step touches not the waters.*

This partly refers to certain Iddhi, concerning Understanding of Devas (gods), etc.; here the word "wind" may be interpreted as "spirit." It is comparatively easy to reach this state, and it has no great importance. The "walker of the sky" is much superior to the mere reader of the minds of ants.

39. *Before thou set'st thy foot upon the ladder's upper rung, the ladder of the mystic sounds, thou hast to hear the voice of thy INNER God in seven manners.*

The word "seven" is here, as so frequently, rather poetic than mathematic; for there are many more. The verse also reads as if it were necessary to hear all the seven, and this is not the case—some will get one and some another. Some students may even miss all of them.

(This might happen as the result of his having conquered, and uprooted them, and "fried their seeds" in a previous birth.)

40. *The first is like the nightingale's sweet voice chanting a song of parting to its mate.*

The second comes as the sound of a silver cymbal of the Dhyānis, awakening the twinkling stars.

The next is as the plaint melodious of the ocean-sprite imprisoned in its shell.

And this is followed by the chant of Vina (the Hindu lute).

The fifth like sound of bamboo-flute shrills in thine ear.

It changes next into a trumpet-blast.

The last vibrates like the dull rumbling of a thunder-cloud.

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The seventh swallows all the other sounds. They die, and then are heard no more.

The first four are comparatively easy to obtain, and many people can hear them at will. The last three are much rarer, not necessarily because they are more difficult to get, and indicate greater advance, but because the protective envelope of the Adept is become so strong that they cannot pierce it. The last of the seven sometimes occurs, not as a sound, but as an earthquake, if the expression may be permitted. It is a mingling of terror and rapture impossible to describe, and as a general rule it completely discharges the energy of the Adept, leaving him weaker than an attack of Malaria would do; but if the practice has been right, this soon passes off, and the experience has this advantage, that one is far less troubled with minor phenomena than before. It is just possible that this is referred to in the Apocalypse XVI, XVII, XVIII.

41. When the six are slain and at the Master's feet are laid, then is the pupil merged into the ONE, becomes that One and lives therein.

The note tells that this refers to the six principles, so that the subject is completely changed. By the slaying of the principles is meant the withdrawal of the consciousness from them, their rejection by the seeker of truth. Sabhapaty Swami has an excellent method on these lines; it is given, in an improved form, in *Liber HHH*. (See *The Equinox*, vol. I, no. 5, p. 5; also *Book 4*, Part III, app. VII.)

42. Before that path is entered, thou must destroy thy lunar body, cleanse thy mind-body and make clean thy heart.

The Lunar body is Nephesh, and the Mind body Ruach. The heart is Tiphareth, the centre of Ruach.

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43. *Eternal life's pure waters, clear and crystal, with the monsoon tempest's muddy torrents cannot mingle.*

We are now again on the subject of suppressing thought. The pure water is the stilled mind, the torrent the mind invaded by thoughts.

44. *Heaven's dew-drop glittering in the morn's first sun-beam within the bosom of the lotus, when dropped on earth becomes a piece of clay; behold, the pearl is now a speck of mire.*

This is not a mere poetic image. This dew-drop in the lotus is connected with the mantra "Aum Mani Padme Hum," and to what this verse really refers is known only to members of the ninth degree of O.T.O.

45. *Strive with thy thoughts unclean before they overpower thee. Use them as they will thee, for if thou sparest them and they take root and grow, know well, these thoughts will overpower and kill thee. Beware, Disciple, suffer not, e'en though it be their shadow, to approach. For it will grow, increase in size and power, and then this thing of darkness will absorb thy being before thou hast well realized the black four monster's presence.*

The text returns to the question of suppressing thoughts. Verse 44 has been inserted where it is in the hope of deluding the reader into the belief that it belongs to verses 43 and 45, for the Arcanum which it contains is so dangerous that it must be guarded in all possible ways. Perhaps even to call attention to it is a blind intended to prevent the reader from looking for something else.

46. *Before the "mystic Power" can make of thee a god, Lanoo, thou must have gained the faculty to slay thy lunar form at will.*

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It is now evident that by destroying or slaying is not meant a permanent destruction. If you can slay a thing at will it means that you can revive it at will, for the word "faculty" implies repeated action.

47. *The Self of Matter and the Self of Spirit can never meet. One of the twain must disappear; there is no place for both.*

This is a very difficult verse, because it appears so easy. It is not merely a question of Advaitism, it refers to the spiritual marriage. [Advaitism is a spiritual Monism—Ed.]

48. *Ere thy Soul's mind can understand, the bud of personality must be crushed out, the worm of sense destroyed past resurrection.*

This is again filled with deeper meaning than that which appears on the surface. The words "bud" and "worm" form a clue.

49. *Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself.*

Compare the scene in *Parsifal*, where the scenery comes to the knight instead of the knight going to the scenery. But there is also implied the doctrine of the tao, and only one who is an accomplished Taoist can hope to understand this verse. (See "The Hermit of Esopus Island," part of *The Magical Record of the Beast 666*, to be published in *The Equinox*, vol. III)

50. *Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.*

51. *Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.*

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52. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off, until the pain that caused it is removed.

This is a counsel never to forget the original stimulus which has driven you to the Path, the "first noble truth." Everything is now "good." This is why verse 53 says that these tears are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal. (Tears, by the way. Think!)

53. These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal. 'Tis on such soil that grows the midnight blossom of Buddha, more difficult to find, more rare to view than is the flowers of the Vogay tree. It is the seed of freedom from rebirth. It isolates the Arhat both from strife and lust, it leads him through the fields of Being unto the peace and bliss known only in the land of Silence and Non-Being.

The "midnight blossom" is a phrase connected with the doctrine of the Night of Pan, familiar to Masters of the Temple. "The Poppy that flowers in the dusk" is another name for it. A most secret Formula of Magick is connected with this "Heart of the Circle."

54. Kill out desire; but if thou killest it take heed lest from the dead it should again rise.

By "desire" in all mystic treatises of any merit is meant tendency. Desire is manifested universally in the law of gravitation, in that of chemical attraction, and so on; in fact, everything that is done is caused by the desire to do it, in this technical sense of the word. The "midnight blossom" implies a certain monastic Renunciation of all desire, which reaches to all planes. One must however distinguish between desire, which means unnatural attraction to an ideal, and love, which is natural Motion.

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55. *Kill love of life, but if thou slayest Tanhā, let this not be for thirst of life eternal, but to replace the fleeting by the everlasting.*

This particularizes a special form of desire. The English is very obscure to any one unacquainted with Buddhist literature. The "everlasting" referred to is not a life-condition at all.

56. *Desire nothing. Chafe not at Karma, nor at Nature's changeless laws. But struggle only with the personal, the transitory, the evanescent and the perishable.*

The words "desire nothing" should be interpreted positively as well as negatively. The main sense of the rest of the verse is to advise the Disciple to work, and not to complain.

57. *Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.*

Although the object of the Disciple is to transcend Law, he must work through Law to attain this end.

It may be remarked that this treatise—and this comment for the most part—is written for disciples of certain grades only. It is altogether inferior to such Books as *Liber CXI Aleph*; but for that very reason, more useful, perhaps, to the average seeker.

58. *And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit—the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms.*

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This verse reminds one of the writings of Alchemists; and it should be interpreted as the best of them would have interpreted it.

59. Then will she show thee the means and way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. And then, the goal—beyond which he, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of Soul.

These gates are described in the third treatise. The words “spirit” and “soul” are highly ambiguous, and had better be regarded as poetic figures, without a technical meaning being sought.

60. There is but one road to the Path; at its very end alone the voice of the Silence can be heard. The ladder by which the candidate ascends is formed of rungs of suffering and pain; these can be silenced only by the voice of virtue. Woe, then, to thee, Disciple, if there is one single vice thou hast not left behind. For then the ladder will give way and overthrow thee; its foot rests in the deep mire of thy sins and failings, and ere thou canst attempt to cross this wide abyss of matter thou hast to lave thy feet in Waters of Renunciation. Beware lest thou should'st set a foot still soiled upon the ladder's lowest rung. Woe unto him who dares pollute one rung with miry feet. The foul and viscous mud will dry, become tenacious, then glue his feet unto the spot, and like a bird caught in the wily fowler's lime, he will be stayed from further progress. His vices will take shape and drag him down. His sins will raise their voices like as the jackal's laugh and sob after the sun goes down; his thoughts become an army, and bear him off a captive slave.

A warning against any impurity in the original aspiration of the Disciple. By impurity is meant, and should always be meant, the mingling (as opposed to the combination) of two

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things. Do one thing at a time. This is particularly necessary in the matter of the aspiration. For if the aspiration be in any way impure, it means divergence in the will itself; and this is will's one fatal flaw. It will however be understood that aspiration constantly changes and develops with progress. The beginner can only see a certain distance. Just so with our first telescopes we discovered many new stars, and with each improvement in the instrument we have discovered more. The second and more obvious meaning in the verse preaches the practice of Yama, Niyama, before serious practice is started, and this in actual life means, map out your career as well as you can. Decide to do so many hours' work a day in such conditions as may be possible. It does not mean that you should set up neuroses and hysteria by suppressing your natural instincts, which are perfectly right on their own plane, and only wrong when they invade other planes, and set up alien tyrannies.

61. Kill thy desires, Lanoo, make thy vices impotent, ere the first step is taken on the solemn journey.

By "desires" and "vices" are meant those things which you yourself think to be inimical to the work; for each man they will be quite different, and any attempt to lay down a general rule leads to worse than confusion.

62. Strangle thy sins, and make them dumb for ever, before thou dost lift one foot to mount the ladder.

This is merely a repetition of verse 61 in different language. But remember: "The word of Sin is Restriction." "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

63. Silence thy thoughts and fix thy whole attention on thy Master whom yet thou dost not see, but whom thou feelest.

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This again commands the stilling of thoughts. The previous verses referred rather to emotions, which are the great stagnant pools on which the mosquito thought breeds. Emotions are objectionable, as they represent an invasion of the mental plane by sensory or moral impressions.

64. *Merge into one sense thy senses, if thou would'st be secure against the foe. 'Tis by that sense alone which lies concealed within the hollow of thy brain, that the steep path which leadeth to thy Master may be disclosed before thy Soul's dim eyes.*

This verse refers to a Meditation practice somewhat similar to those described in *Liber 831*. (See *The Equinox*, also *Book 4*, Part III, appendix VII.)

65. *Long and weary is the way before thee, O Disciple. One single thought about the past that thou hast left behind, will drag thee down and thou wilt have to start the climb anew.*

Remember Lot's wife.

66. *Kill in thyself all memory of past experiences. Look not behind or thou art lost.*

Remember Lot's wife.

It is a division of Will to dwell in the past. But one's past experiences must be built into one's Pyramid, as one advances, layer by layer. One must also remark that this verse only applies to those who have not yet come to reconcile past, present, and future. Every incarnation is a Veil of Isis.

67. *Do not believe that lust can ever be killed out if gratified or satiated, for this is an abomination inspired by Māra. It is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom's heart.*

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This verse must not be taken in its literal sense. Hunger is not conquered by starvation. One's attitude to all the necessities which the traditions of earthly life involve should be to rule them, neither by mortification nor by indulgence. In order to do the work you must keep in proper physical and mental condition. Be sane. Asceticism always excites the mind, and the object of the Disciple is to calm it. However, ascetic originally meant athletic, and it has only acquired its modern meaning on account of the corruptions that crept into the practices used by those in "training." The prohibitions, relatively valuable, were exalted into general rules. To "break training" is not a sin for anyone who is not in training. Incidentally, it takes all sorts to make a world. Imagine the stupidity of a universe full of Arhans! All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

68. *The rose must re-become the bud born of its parent stem, before the parasite has eaten through its heart and drunk its life-sap.*

The English is here ambiguous and obscure, but the meaning is that it is important to achieve the Great Work while you have youth and energy.

69. *The golden tree puts forth its jewel-buds before its trunk is withered by the storm.*

Repeats this in clearer language.

70. *The Pupil must regain THE CHILD-STATE HE HAS LOST ere the first sound can fall upon his ear.*

Compare the remark of "Christ," "Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," and also, "Ye must be born again." It also refers to the overcoming of shame and of the sense of sin. If you think the Temple of the Holy Ghost to be a pig-stye, it is

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certainly improper to perform therein the Mass of the Graal. Therefore purify and consecrate yourselves; and then, Kings and Priests unto God, perform ye the Miracle of the One Substance.

Here is written also the Mystery of Harpocrates. One must become the "Unconscious" (of Jung), the Phallic or Divine Child or Dwarf-Self.

71. The light from the ONE MASTER, the one unfading golden light of Spirit, shoots its effulgent beams on the disciple from the very first. Its rays thread through the thick, dark clouds of Matter.

The Holy Guardian Angel is already aspiring to union with the Disciple, even before his aspiration is formulated in the latter.

72. Now here, now there, these rays illumine it, like sun-sparks light the earth through the thick foliage of jungle growth. But, O Disciple, unless the flesh is passive, head cool, the soul as firm and pure as flaming diamond, the radiance will not reach the CHAMBER, its sunlight will not warm the heart, nor will the mystic sounds of Akāshic heights reach the ear, however eager, at the initial stage.

The uniting of the Disciple with his Angel depends upon the former. The Latter is always at hand. "Akāshic heights"—the dwelling-place of Nuith.

73. Unless thou hearest, thou canst not see. Unless thou seest, thou canst not hear. To hear and see this is the second stage.

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This is an obscure verse. It implies that the qualities of fire and Spirit commingle to reach the second stage. There is evidently a verse missing, or rather omitted, as may be

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understood by the row of dots; this presumably refers to the third stage. This third stage may be found by the discerning in Liber 831.

74. When the disciple sees and hears, and when he smells and tastes, eyes closed, ears shut, with mouth and nostrils stopped; when the four senses blend and ready are to pass into the fifth, that of the inner touch—then into stage the fourth he hath passed on.

The practice indicated in verse 74 is described in most books upon the Tatwas. The orifices of the face being covered with the fingers, the senses take on a new shape.

75. And in the fifth, O slayer of thy thoughts, all these again have to be killed beyond reanimation.

It is not sufficient to get rid temporarily of one's obstacles. One must seek out their roots and destroy them, so that they can never rise again. This involves a very deep psychological investigation, as a preliminary. But the whole matter is one between the Self and its modifications, not at all between the Instrument and its gates. To kill out the sense of sight is not achieved by removing the eyes. This mistake has done more to obscure the Path than any other, and has been responsible for endless misery.

76. Withhold thy mind from all external objects, all external sights. Withhold internal images, lest on thy Soul-light a dark shadow they should cast.

This is the usual instruction once more, but, going further, it intimates that the internal image or reality of the object must be destroyed as well as the outer image and the ideal image.

77. Thou art now in DHARANA, the sixth stage.

DHARANA has been explained thoroughly in Book 4, q.v.

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78. *When thou hast passed into the seventh, O happy one, thou shall perceive no more the sacred three, for thou shalt have become that three thyself. Thyself and mind, like twins upon a line, the star which is thy goal, burns overhead. The three that dwell in glory and in bliss ineffable, now in the world of Māyā have lost their names. They have become one star, the fire that burns but scorches not, that fire which is the Upādhi of the Flame.*

It would be a mistake to attach more than a poetic meaning to these remarks upon the sacred Three; but Ego, non-Ego, and That which is formed from their wedding, are here referred to. There are two Triangles of especial importance to mystics; one is the equilateral, the other that familiar to the Past Master in Craft Masonry. The last sentence in the text refers to the "Seed" of Fire, the "Ace of Wands," the "Lion-Serpent," the "Dwarf-Self," the "Winged Egg," etc., etc., etc.

79. *And this, O Yogi of success, is what men call Dhyāna, the right precursor of Samādhi.*

These states have been sufficiently, and much better, described in *Book 4*, q.v.

80. *And now thy Self is lost in SELF, Thyself unto THYSELF, merged in THAT SELF from which thou first didst radiate.*

In this verse is given a hint of the underlying philosophical theory of the Cosmos. See *Liber CXI* for a full and proper account of this.

81. *Where is thy individuality, Lanoo, where the Lanoo himself? It is the spark lost in the fire, the drop within the ocean, the ever-present Ray become the ALL and the eternal radiance.*

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Again principally poetical. The man is conceived as a mere accretion about his "Dwarf-Self," and he is now wholly absorbed therein. For IT is also ALL, being of the Body of Nuit.

82. *And now, Lanoo, thou art the doer and the witness, the radiator and the radiation, Light in the Sound, and the Sound in the Light.*

Important, as indicating the attainment of a mystical state, in which you are not only involved in an action, but apart from it. There is a higher state described in the *Bhagavad Gita*. "I who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord."

83. *Thou art acquainted with the five impediments, O blessed one. Thou art their conqueror, the Master of the sixth, deliverer of the four modes of Truth. The Light that falls upon them shines from thyself, O thou who wast Disciple but art Teacher now.*

The five impediments are usually taken to be the five senses. In this case the term "Master of the sixth" becomes of profound significance. The "sixth sense" is the race-instinct, whose common manifestation is in sex; this sense is then the birth of the Individual or Conscious Self with the "Dwarf-Self," the Silent Babe, Harpocrates. The "four modes of Truth" (noble Truths) are adequately described in *Science and Buddhism*. (See Crowley, *Collected Works*.)

84. *And of these modes of Truth:*

Hast thou not passed through knowledge of all misery—truth the first?

85. *Hast thou not conquered the Māras' King at Tsi, the portal of assembling—truth the second?*

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86. *Hast thou not sin at the third gate destroyed and truth the third attained?*

87. *Hast thou not entered Tau, "the Path" that leads to knowledge—the fourth truth?*

The reference to the "Māras' King" confuses the second truth with the third. The third Truth is a mere corollary of the Second, and the Fourth a Grammar of the Third.

88. *And now, rest 'neath the Bodhi tree, which is perfection of all knowledge, for, know, thou art the Master of SAMADHI—the state of faultless vision.*

This account of Samadhi is very incongruous. Throughout the whole treatise Hindoo ideas are painfully mixed with Buddhist, and the introduction of the "four noble truths" comes very strangely as the precursor of verses 88 and 89.

89. *Behold! thou hast become the light, thou hast become the Sound, thou art thy Master and thy God. Thou art THYSELF the object of thy search: the VOICE unbroken, that resounds throughout eternities, exempt from change, from sin exempt, the seven sounds in one,*

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Om Tat Sat.

This is a pure peroration, and clearly involves an egocentric metaphysic.

The style of the whole treatise is characteristically occidental.

FRAGMENT II THE TWO PATHS

1. *And now, O Teacher of Compassion, point thou the way to other men. Behold, all those who knocking for admission, await [sic] in ignorance and darkness, to see the gate of the Sweet Law flung open!*

This begins with the word "And," rather as if it were a sequel to *The Voice of the Silence*. It should not be assumed that this is the case. However, assuming that the first Fragment explains the Path as far as Master of the Temple, it is legitimate to regard this second Fragment, so called, as the further instruction; for the Master of the Temple must leave his personal progress to attend to that of other people, a task from which, I am bound to add, even the most patient of Masters feels at times a tendency to revolt!

2. *The voice of the Candidates:*

Shalt not thou, Master of thine own Mercy, reveal the doctrine of the Heart? Shalt thou refuse to lead thy Servants unto the Path of Liberation?

One is compelled to remark a certain flavour of sentimentality in the exposition of the "Heart doctrine," perhaps due to the increasing age and weight of the Authoress. The real reason of the compassion (so-called) of the Master is a perfectly practical and sensible one. It has nothing to do with the beautiful verses, "It is only the sorrows of others Cast their shadows over me." The Master has learnt the first noble truth: "Everything is sorrow," and he has learnt that there is no such thing as separate existence. Existence is one. He knows these things as facts, just as he knows that two and two make four. Consequently, although he has found the way of escape for that fraction of consciousness which he once called "I," and although he

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knows that not only that consciousness, but all other consciousnesses, are but part of an illusion, yet he feels that his own task is not accomplished while there remains any fragment of consciousness thus unemancipated from illusion. Here we get into very deep metaphysical difficulties, but that cannot be helped, for the Master of the Temple knows that any statement, however simple, involves metaphysical difficulties which are not only difficult, but insoluble. On the plane of which Reason is Lord, all antinomies are irreconcilable. It is impossible for any one below the grade of Magister Templi even to begin to comprehend the resolution of them. This fragment of the imaginary *Book of the Golden Precepts* must be studied without ever losing sight of this fact.

3. *Quoth the Teacher:*

The Paths are two; the great Perfections three; six are the Virtues that transform the body into the Tree of Knowledge.

The "Tree of Knowledge" is of course another euphemism, the "Dragon Tree" representing the uniting of the straight and the curved. A further description of the Tree under which Gautama sat and attained emancipation is unfit for this elementary comment. Aum Mani Padmen hum.

4. *Who shall approach them?*

Who shall first enter them?

Who shall first hear the doctrine of two Paths in one, the truth unveiled about the Secret Heart? The Law which, shunning learning, teaches Wisdom, reveals a tale of woe.

This expression "two Paths in one" is intended to convey a hint that this fragment has a much deeper meaning than is apparent. The key should again be sought in Alchemy.

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5. *Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the great Soul, and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!*

6. *Behold how like the moon, reflected in the tranquil waves, Alaya is reflected by the small and by the great, is mirrored in the tiniest atoms, yet fails to reach the heart of all. Alas, that so few men should profit by the gift, the priceless boon of learning truth, the right perception of existing things, the Knowledge of the nonexistent!*

This is indeed a serious metaphysical complaint. The solution of it is not to be found in reason.

7. Saith the Pupil:

O Teacher, what shall I do to reach to Wisdom?

O Wise one, what, to gain perfection?

8. *Search for the Paths. But, O Lanoo, be of clean heart before thou startest on thy journey. Before thou takest thy first step learn to discern the real from the false, the ever-ileeting from the everlasting. Learn aboye all to separate Head-learning from Soul-Wisdom, the "Eye" from the "Heart" doctrine.*

The Authoress of these treatises is a little exacting in the number of things that you have to do before you take your first step, most of them being things which more nearly resemble the difficulties of the last step. But by learning to distinguish the "real from the false" is only meant a sort of elementary discernment between things that are worth having and those that are not worth having, and, of course, the perception will alter with advance in knowledge. By "Head-learning" is meant the contents of the Ruach (mind) or Manas. Chiah is sub-consciousness in its best sense, that subliminal which is sublime. The "Eye" doctrine then means the exoteric, the "Heart" doctrine the esoteric. Of

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course, in a more secret doctrine still, there is an Eye Doctrine which transcends the Heart Doctrine as that transcends this lesser Eye Doctrine.

9. *Yea, ignorance is like unto a closed and airless vessel; the soul a bird shut up within. It warbles not, nor can it stir a feather; but the songster mute and torpid sits, and of exhaustion dies.*

The Soul, Atma, despite its possession of the attributes omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence, etc., is entirely bound and blindfolded by ignorance. The metaphysical puzzle to which this gives rise cannot be discussed here—it is insoluble by reason, though one may call attention to the inherent incommensurability of a postulated absolute with an observed relative.

10. *But even ignorance is better than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it.*

The word “better” is used rather sentimentally, for, as “It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all,” so it is better to be a madman than an idiot. There is always a chance of putting wrong right. As, however, the disease of the age is intellectualism, this lesson is well to teach. Numerous sermons on this point will be found in many of the writings of Frater Perdurabo.

11. *The seeds of Wisdom cannot sprout and grow in airless space. To live and reap experience the mind needs breadth and depth and points to draw it towards the Diamond Soul. Seek not those points in māyā's realm; but soar beyond illusions, search the eternal and the changeless SAT, mistrusting fancy's false suggestions.*

Compare what is said in *Book 4, Part II*, about the Sword. In the last part of the verse the adjuration is somewhat

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obvious, and it must be remembered that with progress the realm of Maya constantly expands as that of Sat diminishes. In orthodox Buddhism this process continues indefinitely. There is also the resolution SAT = ASAT.

12. For mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O Beginner, to blend thy Mind and Soul.

The charge is to eliminate rubbish from the Mind, and teaches that Soul-wisdom is the selective agent. But these Fragments will be most shamefully misinterpreted if a trace of sentimentality is allowed to creep in. "Soul-wisdom" does not mean "piety" and "nobility" and similar conceptions, which only flourish where truth is permanently lost, as in England. Soul-wisdom here means the Will. You should eliminate from your mind anything which does not subserve your real purpose. It was, however, said in verse 11 that the "mind needs breadth," and this also is true, but if all the facts known to the Thinker are properly coordinated and connected causally, and by necessity, the ideal mind will be attained, for although complex it will be unified. And if the summit of its pyramid be the Soul, the injunction in this verse 12 to the Beginner will be properly observed.

13. Shun ignorance, and likewise shun illusion. Avert thy face from world deceptions; mistrust thy senses, they are false. But within thy body—the shrine of thy sensations—seek in the Impersonal for the "eternal man"; and having sought him out, look inward: thou art Buddha.

"Shun ignorance": Keep on acquiring facts.

"Shun illusion": Refer every fact to the ultimate reality. "Interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with your Soul."

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“Mistrust thy senses”: Avoid superficial judgment of the facts which they present to you.

The last paragraph gives too succinct a statement of the facts. The attainment of the knowledge of the Holy Guardian Angel is only the “next step.” It does not imply Buddhahood by any means.

14. *Shun praise, O Devotee. Praise leads to self-delusion. Thy body is not Self, thy SELF is in itself without a body, and either praise or blame affects it not.*

Pride is an expansion of the Ego, and the Ego must be destroyed. Pride is its protective sheath, and hence exceptionally dangerous, but this is a mystical truth concerning the inner life. The Adept is anything but a “creeping Jesus.”

15. *Self-gratulation, O disciple, is like unto a lofty tower, up which a haughty fool has climbed. Thereon he sits in prideful solitude and unperceived by any but himself.*

Develops this: but, this treatise being for beginners as well as for the more advanced, a sensible commonplace reason is given for avoiding pride, in that it defeats its own object.

16. *False learning is rejected by the Wise, and scattered to the Winds by the good Law. Its wheel revolves for all, the humble and the proud. The “Doctrine of the Eye” is for the crowd, the “Doctrine of the Heart” for the elect. The first repeat in pride: “Behold, I know,” the last, they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess, “Thus have I heard.”*

Continues the subject, but adds a further Word to discriminate from Daäth (knowledge) in favour of Binah (understanding).

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17. *"Great Sifter" is the name of the "Heart Doctrine," O disciple.*

This explains the "Heart Doctrine" as a process of continual elimination which refers both to the aspirants and to the thoughts.

18. *The wheel of the good Law moves swiftly on. It grinds by night and day. The worthless husks it drives from out the golden grain, the refuse from the flour. The hand of karma guides the wheel; the revolutions mark the beatings of the karmic heart.*

The subject of elimination is here further developed. The favourite Eastern image of the Wheel of the Good Law is difficult to Western minds, and the whole metaphor appears to us somewhat confused.

19. *True knowledge is the flour, false learning is the husk. If thou would'st eat the bread of Wisdom, thy flour thou hast to knead with Amrita's clear waters. But if thou kneadest husks with Māyā's dew, thou canst create but food for the black doves of death, the birds of birth, decay and sorrow.*

"Amrita" means not only Immortality, but is the technical name of the Divine force which descends upon man, but which is burnt up by his tendencies, by the forces which make him what he is. It is also a certain Elixir which is the Menstruum of Harpocrates.

Amrita here is best interpreted thus, for it is in opposition to "Māyā." To interpret illusion is to make confusion more confused.

20. *If thou art told that to become Arhat thou hast to cease to love all beings—tell them they lie.*

Here begins an instruction against Asceticism, which has always been the stumbling block most dreaded by the wise.

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“Christ” said that John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking, and the people called him mad. He himself came eating and drinking; and they called him a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. The Adept does what he likes, or rather what he wills, and allows nothing to interfere with it, but because he is ascetic in the sense that he has no appetite for the stale stupidities which fools call pleasure, people expect him to refuse things both natural and necessary. Some people are so hypocritical that they claim their dislikes as virtue, and so the poor, weedy, unhealthy degenerate who cannot smoke because his heart is out of order, and cannot drink because his brain is too weak to stand it, or perhaps because his doctor has forbidden him to do either for the next two years, the man who is afraid of life, afraid to do anything lest some result should follow, is acclaimed as the best and greatest of mankind.

It is very amusing in England to watch the snobbishness, particularly of the middle classes, and their absurd aping of their betters, while the cream of the jest is that the morality to which the middle classes cling does not exist in good society. Those who have Master Souls refuse to be bound by anything but their own wills. They may refrain from certain actions because their main purpose would be interfered with, just as a man refrains from smoking if he is training for a boat-race; and those in whom cunning is stronger than self-respect sometimes dupe the populace by ostentatiously refraining from certain actions, while, however, they perform them in private. Especially of recent years, some Adepts have thought it wise either to refrain or to pretend to refrain from various things in order to increase their influence. This is a great folly. What is most necessary to demonstrate is that the Adept is not less but more than a man. It is better to hit your enemy and be falsely accused of

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malice, than to refrain from hitting him and be falsely accused of cowardice.

21. *If thou art told that to gain liberation thou hast to hate thy mother and disregard thy son; to disavow thy father and call him "householder"; for man and beast all pity to renounce—tell them their tongue is false.*

This verse explains that the Adept has no business to break up his domestic circumstances. The Rosicrucian Doctrine that the Adept should be a man of the world, is much nobler than that of the hermit. If the Ascetic Doctrine is carried to its logical conclusion, a stone is holier than Buddha himself. Read, however, *Liber CLVI*. (See *The Equinox*, also *Book 4*, part III, appendix VII.)

22. *Thus teach the Tirthikas, the unbelievers.*

It is a little difficult to justify the epithet "unbeliever"—it seems to me that on the contrary they are the believers. Scepticism is sword and shield to the wise man.

But by scepticism one does not mean the sneering infidelity of a Bolingbroke, or the gutter-snipe agnosticism of a Harry Boulter, which are crude remedies against a very vulgar colic.

23. *If thou art taught that sin is born of action and bliss of absolute inaction, then tell them that they err. Non-permanence of human action, deliverance of mind from thralldom by the cessation of sin and faults, are not for "Deva Egos." Thus saith the "Doctrine of the Heart."*

This Doctrine is further developed. The term "deva Egos" is again obscure. The verse teaches that one should not be afraid to act. Action must be fought by reaction, and tyranny will never be overthrown by slavish submission to it. Cowardice is conquered by a course of exposing oneself

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unnecessarily to danger. The desire of the flesh has ever grown stronger for ascetics, as they endeavored to combat it by abstinence, and when with old age their functions are atrophied, they proclaim vaingloriously "I have conquered." The way to conquer any desire is to understand it, and freedom consists in the ability to decide whether or no you will perform any given action. The Adept should always be ready to abide by the toss of a coin, and remain absolutely indifferent as to whether it falls head or tail.

24. The Dharma (law) of the "Eye" is the embodiment of the external, and the non-existing.

By "non-existing" is meant the lower Asat. The word is used on other occasions to mean an Asat which is higher than, and beyond, Sat.

25. The Dharma of the "Heart" is the embodiment of Bodhi, the Permanent and Everlasting.

"Bodhi" implies the root "Light" in its highest sense of L.V.X. Rut, even in Hindu Theory, *παντα ῥει*.

26. The Lamp burns bright when wick and oil are clean. To make them clean a cleaner is required. The flame feels not the process of the cleaning. "The branches of the tree are shaken by the wind; the trunk remains unmoved."

This verse again refers to the process of selection and elimination already described. The aspiration must be considered as unaffected by this process except in so far as it becomes brighter and clearer in consequence of it. The last sentence seems again to refer to this question of asceticism. The Adept is not affected by his actions.

27. Both action and inaction may find room in thee; thy body agitated, thy mind tranquil, thy Soul as limpid as a mountain lake.

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This repeats the same lesson. The Adept may plunge into the work of the world, and undertake his daily duties and pleasures exactly as another man would do, but he is not moved by them as the other man is.

28. *Wouldst thou become a yogin of "Time's Circle"?*

Then, O Lanoo:

29. *Believe thou not that sitting in dark forests, in proud seclusion and apart from men; believe thou not that life on roots and plants, that thirst assuaged with snow from the great Range—believe thou not, O Devotee, that this will lead thee to the goal of final liberation.*

30. *Think not that breaking bone, that rending flesh and muscle, unites thee to thy "silent Self." Think not, that when the sins of thy gross form are conquered, O Victim of thy Shadows, thy duty is accomplished by nature and by man.*

Once again the ascetic life is forbidden. It is moreover shown to be a delusion that the ascetic life assists liberation. The ascetic thinks that by reducing himself to the condition of a vegetable he is advanced upon the path of Evolution. It is not so. Minerals have no inherent power of motion save intramolecularly. Plants grow and move, though but little. Animals are free to move in every direction, and space itself is no hindrance to the higher principles of man. Advance is in the direction of more continuous and more untiring energy.

31. *The blessed ones have scorned to do so. The Lion of the Law, the Lord of Mercy, perceiving the true cause of human woe, immediately forsook the sweet but selfish rest of quiet wilds. From Aranyani He became the Teacher of mankind. After Julai had entered the Nirvana, He preached*

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on mount and plain, and held discourses in the cities, to devas, men and gods.

Reference is here made to the attainment of the Buddha. It was only after he had abandoned the Ascetic Life that he attained, and so far from manifesting that attainment by non-action, he created a revolution in India by attacking the Caste system, and by preaching his law created a karma so violent that even today its primary force is still active. The present "Buddha," the Master Therion, is doing a similar, but even greater work, by His proclamation: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

32. Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

Thus saith the Sage.

This continues the diatribe against non-action, and points out that the Ascetic is entirely deluded when he supposes that doing nothing has no effect. To refuse to save life is murder.

33. Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvana one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

Continues the subject. The basis of knowledge is experience.

34. Have patience, Candidate, as one who fears no failure, courts no success. Fix thy Soul's gaze upon the star whose ray thou art, the flaming star that shines within the lightless depths of ever-being, the boundless fields of the Unknown.

The Candidate is exhorted to patience and one-pointedness, and, further to an indifference to the result which comes of true confidence that that result will follow.

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Cf. *Liber CCXX* 1: "For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect."

35. Have perseverance as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live for ever, that which in thee knows, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life; it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.

Compare Lévi's aphorism, "The Magician should work as though he had omnipotence at his command and eternity at his disposal." Do not imagine that it matters whether you finish the task in this life or not. Go on quietly and steadily, unmoved by anything whatever.

36. If thou would'st reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple, sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests. Accept the woes of birth.

Accept the Laws of Nature and work with them. Do not be always trying to take short cuts. Do not complain, and do not be afraid of the length of the Path. This treatise being for beginners, reward is offered. And—it is really worthwhile. One may find oneself in the Office of a Buddha.

Yea, cried the Holy One, and from Thy spark will I the Lord kindle a great light; I will burn through the great city in the old and desolate land; I will cleanse it from its great impurity.

And thou, O prophet, shalt see these things, and thou shalt heed them not.

Now is the Pillar established in the Void; now is Asi fulfilled of Asar; now is Hoor let down into the Animal Soul of Things like a fiery star that falleth upon the darkness of the earth.

Through the midnight thou art dropt, O my child, my conqueror, my sword-girt captain, O Hoor! and they shall find thee as a black gnarl'd glittering stone, and they shall worship thee.

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37. *Step out from sunlight into shade, to make more room for others. The tears that water the parched soil of pain and sorrow, bring forth the blossoms and the fruits of Karmic retribution. Out of the furnace of man's life and its black smoke, winged flames arise, flames purified, that soaring onward, 'neath the Karmic eye, weave in the end the fabric glorified of the three vestures of the Path.*

Now the discourse turns to the question of the origin of Evil. The alchemical theory is here set forth. The first matter of the work is not so worthy as the elixir, and it must pass through the state of the Black Dragon to attain thereto.

38. *These vestures are: Nirmānakāya, Sambhogkāya, Dharmakāya, robe Sublime.*

The Nirmanakaya body is the "Body of Light" as described in *Book 4, Part III*. But it is to be considered as having been developed to the highest point possible that is compatible with incarnation.

The Sambhogkaya has "three perfections" added, so-called. These would prevent incarnation.

The Dharmakaya body is what may be described as the final sublimation of an individual. It is a bodiless flame on the point of mingling with the infinite flame. A description of the state of one who is in this body is given in "The Hermit of Æsopus Island."

Such is a rough account of these "robes" according to Mme. Blavatsky. She further adds that the Dharmakaya body has to be renounced by anyone who wants to help humanity. Now, helping humanity is a very nice thing for those who like it, and no doubt those who do so deserve well of their fellows. But there is no reason whatever for imagining that to help humanity is the only kind of work worth doing in this universe. The feeling of desire to do so

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is a limitation and a drag just as bad as any other and it is not at all necessary to make all this fuss about Initiation and all the rest of it. The universe is exceedingly elastic, especially for those who are themselves elastic. Therefore, though of course one cannot remember humanity when one is wearing the Dharmakaya body, one can hang the Dharmakaya body in one's magical wardrobe, with a few camphor-balls to keep the moths out, and put it on from time to time when feeling in need of refreshment. In fact, one who is helping humanity is constantly in need of a wash and brush-up from time to time. There is nothing quite so contaminating as humanity, especially Theosophists, as Mme. Blavatsky herself discovered. But the best of all lustrations is death, in which all things unessential to progress are burned up. The plan is much better than that of the Elixir of Life. It is perfectly all right to use this Elixir for energy and youth, but despite all, impressions keep on cluttering up the mind, and once in a while it is certainly a splendid thing for everybody to have the Spring Cleaning of death.

With regard to one's purpose in doing anything at all, it depends on the nature of one's Star. Blavatsky was horribly hampered by the Trance of Sorrow. She could see nothing else in the world but helping humanity. She takes no notice whatever of the question of progress through other planets.

Geocentricity is a very pathetic and amusingly childish characteristic of the older schools. They are always talking about the ten thousand worlds, but it is only a figure of speech. They do not believe in them as actual realities. It is one of the regular Oriental tricks to exaggerate all sorts of things in order to impress other people with one's knowledge, and then to forget altogether to weld this particular piece of information on to the wheel of the Law. Consequently, all Blavatsky's talk about the sublimity of the

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Nirmanakaya body is no more than the speech of a politician who is thanking a famous general for having done some of his dirty work for him.

39. *The Shangna robe, 'tis true, can purchase light eternal. The Shangna robe alone gives the Nirvāna of destruction; it stops rebirth, but, O Lanoo, it also kills compassion. No longer can the perfect Buddhas, who don the Dharmakāya glory, help man's salvation. Alas! shall SELVES be sacrificed to Self, mankind, unto the weah of Units?*

The sum of misery is diminished only in a minute degree by the attainment of a pratyeka-buddha. The tremendous energy acquired is used to accomplish the miracle of destruction. If the keystone of an arch is taken away the other stones are not promoted to a higher place. They fall. [A Pratykeka-Buddha is one who attains emancipation for himself alone.—Ed.]

(“Nirvana of destruction”! *Nirvana* means ‘cessation’. What messy English!)

40. *Know, O beginner, this is the Open PATH, the way to selfish bliss, shunned by the Bodhisattvas of the “Secret Heart,” the Buddhas of Compassion.*

The words “selfish bliss” must not be taken in a literal sense. It is exceedingly difficult to discuss this question. The Occidental mind finds it difficult even to attach any meaning to the conditions of Nirvana. Partly it is the fault of language, partly it is due to the fact that the condition of Arhat is quite beyond thought. He is beyond the Abyss, and there a thing is only true in so far as it is self-contradictory. The Arhat has no self to be blissful. It is much simpler to consider it on the lines given in my commentary to the last verse.

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41. *To live to benefit mankind is the first step. To practice the six glorious virtues is the second.*

42. *To don Nirmānakāya's humble robe is to forego eternal bliss for Self, to help on man's salvation. To reach Nirvana's bliss but to renounce it, is the supreme, the final step—the highest on Renunciation's Path.*

All this about Gautama Buddha having renounced Nirvana is apparently all a pure invention of Mme. Blavatsky, and has no authority in the Buddhist canon. The Buddha is referred to, again and again, as having "passed away by that kind of passing away which heaves nothing whatever behind." The account of his doing this is given in the Mahaparinibbana Sutta; and it was the contention of the Theosophists that this "great, sublime, Nibbana story" was something peculiar to Gautama Buddha. They began to talk about Parinibbana, super-Nibbana, as if there were some way of subtracting one from one which would leave a higher, superior kind of a nothing, or as if there were some way of blowing out a candle which would heave Moses in a much more Egyptian darkness than we ever supposed when we were children.

This is not science. This is not business. This is American Sunday journalism. The Hindu and the American are very much alike in this innocence, this naïveté which demands fairy stories with ever bigger giants. They cannot bear the idea of anything being complete and done with. So, they are always talking in superlatives, and are hard put to it when the facts catch up with them, and they have to invent new superlatives. Instead of saying that there are bricks of various sizes, and specifying those sizes, they have a brick, and a super-brick, and "one" brick, and "some" brick; and when they have got to the end, they chase through the

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dictionary for some other epithet to brick, which shall excite the sense of wonder at the magnificent progress and super-progress—I present the American nation with this word—which is supposed to have been made. Probably the whole thing is a bluff without a single fact behind it. Almost the whole of the Hindu psychology is an example of this kind of journalism. They are not content with the supreme God. The other man wishes to show off by having a supreme God than that, and when a third man comes along and finds them disputing, it is up to him to invent a supremest super-God.

It is simply ridiculous to try to add to the definition of Nibbana by this invention of Parinibbana, and only talkers busy themselves with these fantastic speculations. The serious student minds his own business, which is the business in hand. The President of a Corporation does not pay his bookkeeper to make a statement of the countless billions of profit to be made in some future year. It requires no great ability to string a row of zeros after a significant figure until the ink runs out. What is wanted is the actual balance of the week.

The reader is most strongly urged not to permit himself to indulge in fantastic flights of thought, which are the poison of the mind, because they represent an attempt to run away from reality, a dispersion of energy and a corruption of moral strength. His business is, firstly, to know himself; secondly, to order and control himself; thirdly, to develop himself on sound organic lines little by little. The rest is only leather and Prunella.

There is, however, a sense in which the service of humanity is necessary to the completeness of the Adept. He is not to fly away too far.

Some remarks on this course are given in the note to the next verse.

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The student is also advised to take note of the conditions of membership of the A.:A.:.

43. Know, O Disciple, this is the Secret PATH, selected by the Buddhas of Perfection, who sacrificed THE SELF to weaker Selves.

This is a statement of the conditions of performing the Alchemical operation indicated in the injunction "Coagula." In "Solvé" the Adept aspires upward. He casts off everything that he has is. But after reaching the supreme triad, he aspires downward. He keeps on adding to all that he has or is, but after another manner.

This part of our treatise is loathsomely sentimental twaddle, what America (God bless her!) calls "sob-stuff." When tipsy old ladies become maudlin, it is time to go.

44. Yet, if the "Doctrine of the Heart" is too high-winged for thee. If thou need'st help thyself and fearest to offer help to others,—then, thou of timid heart, be warned in time: remain content with the "Eye Doctrine" of the Law. Hope still. For if the "Secret Path" is unattainable this "day," it is within thy reach "tomorrow." Learn that no efforts, not the smallest—whether in right or wrong direction—can vanish from the world of causes. E'en wasted smoke remains not traceless. "A harsh word uttered in past lives is not destroyed, but ever comes again." The pepper plant will not give birth to roses, nor the sweet jessamine's silver star to thorn or thistle turn.

Behold what is written for a Parable in the "Great Law":

Let not the failure and the pain turn aside the worshippers. The foundations of the pyramid were hewn in the living rock ere sunset; did the king weep at dawn that the crown of the pyramid was yet unquarried in the distant hand?

There was also an humming-bird that spake unto the horned cetastes, and prayed him for poison. And the great snake of

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Khem the Holy One, the royal Uræus serpent, answered him and said:

I sailed over the sky of Nu in the car called Millions-of-Years, and I saw not any creature upon Seb that was equal to me. The venom of my fang is the inheritance of my father, and of my father's father; and how shall I give it unto thee? Live thou and thy children as I and my fathers have lives, even unto an hundred millions of generations, and it may be that the mercy of the Mighty Ones may bestow upon thy children a drop of the poison of eld.

Then the humming-bird was afflicted in his spirit, and he flew unto the flowers, and it was as if naught had been spoken between them. Yet in a little while a serpent struck him that he died.

But an Ibis that meditated upon the bank of Nile the beautiful God listened and heard. And he laid aside his Ibis ways, and became as a serpent, saying Peradventure in an hundred millions of millions of generations of my children, they shall attain to a drop of the poison of the fang of the Exalted One.

And behold! ere the moon waxed thrice he became an Uræus serpent, and the poison of the fang was established in him and his seed even for ever and for ever.

45. Thou canst create this "day" thy chances for the "tomorrow." In the "Great Journey," causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid Justice rules the World. With mighty sweep of never-erring action, it brings to mortals lives of weal or woe, the Karmic progeny of all our former thoughts and deeds.

46. Take them as much as merit hath in store for thee, O thou of patient heart. Be of good cheer and rest content with fate. Such is thy Karma, the Karma of the cycle of thy births, the destiny of those who, in their pain and sorrow, are born along with thee, rejoice and weep from life to life, chained to thy previous actions.

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47. *Act then for them "to-day," and they will act for thee "to-morrow."*

These verses confirm what was said above with regard to perseverance. Every cause has its effect. There is no waste. There is no evasion.

48. *'Tis from the bud of Renunciation of the Self, that springeth the sweet fruit of final Liberation.*

This is again obscure, as the word "Self" means so many things, and though many kinds of type have been employed to spell it, clear definitions of what each type indicates are lacking. It is here, however, the doctrine of the Two Paths which is taught. On reaching the highest grade of the Second Order, that of Exempt Adept, there are two Paths open, the right hand and the left. These are described at length in *Liber 418*, and we must refer the Student to that book. But the main point is that on the right hand path, stripping self, the Adept becomes Nemo, the Master of the Temple, and returns across the abyss, or rather is flung forth, and appears in the Heaven of Jupiter—or sphere of another planet—as a morning Star or an evening Star to bring light to them that dwell upon the earth. On the left hand Path, the Adept, wishing to keep all that he has, shuts himself up in a Tower of Silence, there to suffer the progressively degrading agony of slow dispersion. For on the right hand Path the Master of the Temple is—momentarily—after a fashion—at rest. His intellectual and physical forces are acting in the world, but his blood is in the Cup of Babalon, a draught to awaken the Eld of the All-Father, and all that remains of him is a little pile of dust which only waits the moment when it shall be burnt to ashes.

49. *To perish doomed is he, who out of fear of Māra refrains from helping man, lest he should act for Self. The*

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pilgrim who would cool his weary limbs in running water, yet dares not plunge for terror of the stream risks to succumb from heat. Inaction based on selfish fear can bear but evil fruit.

A further warning against the doctrine of inaction. It is extraordinary how the Author insists again and against on this point. Orthodox Buddhism ostensibly teaches that creation of any Karma whatever merely perpetuates "Sorrow."

50. The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life—has lived in vain.

This verse repeats the lesson yet once more. It is another way of saying: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

51. Follow the wheel of life; follow the wheel of duty to race and kin, to friend and foe, and close thy mind to pleasures as to pain. Exhaust the law of Karmic retribution. Gain Siddhis for thy future birth.

This again states the same thing, urges the aspirant to live his life fully on every plane, preserving, it is true, an indifference to all that he does, but only the inner indifference of contempt, not the outer indifference of atrophy. Madame Blavatsky herself smoked like a volcano, drank like a fish, swore like a trooper, loved like a Cleopatra. She was right. Read the Taoist instructions to this effect.

52. If Sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet. Aye, if thou art debarred from flaming like the noonday Sun upon the snow-capped mount of purity eternal, then choose, O Neophyte, a humbler course.

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There are a great many people who are not only without marked capacity, but are obviously without any capacity at all, for attainment even on a very modest scale. The question then arises as to whether they can "be any good." Unless they are made to do something, they are likely to slip back rather than to make progress. Fortunately, there is a way through which they can make sure of acquiring the capacity in their next incarnation. This way is Karma Yoga: devotion through work to the Work.

53. *Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.*

The principal method of Karma Yoga indicated is the preaching of the Good Law. Of course it will be understood that anyone thus unfortunately situated cannot understand the Law, but the Law is of such virtue that this is not a fatal disadvantage. See *Liber CCC*.

54. *Behold Migmar, (Mars) as in his crimson veils his "Eye" sweeps over slumbering Earth. Behold the fiery aura of the "Hand" of Lhagpa (Mercury) extended in protecting love over the heads of his ascetics. Both are now servants to Nyima, (the Sun) left in his absence silent watchers in the night. Yet both in Kalpas past were bright Nyimas, and may in future "Days" again become two Suns. Such are the falls and rises of the Karmic Law in nature.*

The astronomy of the Author of this book is not equal to her poetic prose. Mercury can hardly be said to have a fiery aura, or to be a silent watcher in the night. Nor is it easy to attach any meaning to the statement that Mars and Mercury were once Suns. The theories of transmigration of personality involved are a little difficult!

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55. *Be, O Lanoo, like them. Give light and comfort to the toiling pilgrim, and seek out him who knows still less than thou; who in his wretched desolation sits starving for the bread of Wisdom and the bread which feeds the shadow, without a Teacher, hope or consolation, and— let him hear the Law.*

This charge is very important to all Students of whatever grade. Everyone's first duty is to himself, and to his progress in the Path; but his second duty, which presses the first hard, is to give assistance to those not so advanced.

56. *Tell him, O Candidate, that he who makes of pride and self-regard bond-maidens to devotion; that he, who cleaving to existence, still lays his patience and submission to the Law, as a sweet flower at the feet of Shākya-Thub-pa, becomes a Srotāpatti in this birth. The Siddhis of perfection may loom far, far away; but the first step is taken, the stream is entered, and he may gain the eye-sight of the mountain eagle, the hearing of the timid doe.*

It seems rather a bold assertion that Srotapatti is so easily attained, and I know of no Canonical Buddhist authority for this statement. (A Srotapatti becomes an Arahāt in seven more incarnations. "Siddhis"—magic powers.)

57. *Tell him, O Aspirant, that true devotion may bring him back the knowledge, that knowledge which was his in former births. The deva-sight and deva-hearing are not obtained in one short birth.*

The promise in this verse is less difficult to believe. By true devotion is meant a devotion which does not depend upon its object. The highest kind of love asks for no return. It is however misleading to say that "deva-sight and deva-hearing are not obtained in one short birth," as that appears to mean that unless you are born with them you can never

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acquire them, which is certainly untrue. It is open to any one to say to any one who has acquired them, that he must have acquired them in a previous existence, but a more stupid argument can hardly be imagined. It is an *ex-cathedra* statement, and it begs the question, and it contains the same fallacy as is committed by those who suppose that an uncreated God can explain an uncreated Universe.

58. *Βε ηυμβλε, ιφ τηου ωουλδ'στ ατταιν το Ωισδομ.*

By humility is meant the humility of the scientific man.

59. *Be humbler still, when Wisdom thou hast mastered.*

This is merely a paraphrase of Sir Isaac Newton's remark about the child picking up shells.

60. *Be like the Ocean which receives all streams and rivers. The Ocean's mighty calm remains unmoved; it feels them not.*

This verse has many possible interpretations, but its main meaning is that you should accept the universe without being affected by it.

61. *Restrain by thy Divine thy lower Self.*

"Divine" refers to Tiphareth. (See *The Equinox*.)

62. *Restrain by the Eternal the Divine.*

"Eternal" refers to Kether. In these two verses the Path is explained in language almost Qabalistic.

63. *Aye, great is he, who is the slayer of desire.*

By "desire" is again meant "tendency" in the technical Buddhist sense. The Law of Gravitation is the most universal example of such a tendency.

64. *Still greater he, in whom the Self Divine has slain the very knowledge of desire.*

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This verse refers to a stage in which the Master has got entirely beyond the Law of cause and effect. The words "Self Divine" are somewhat misleading in view of the sense in which they have been used previously.

65. *Guard thou the Lower lest it soil the Higher.*

The Student is told to "guard" the lower, that is to say he should protect and strengthen it in every possible way, never allowing it to grow disproportionately or to overstep its boundaries.

66. *The way to final freedom is within thy SELF.*

In this verse we find the "SELF" identified with the Universe.

67. *That way begins and ends outside of Self.*

The Ego, i.e. that which is opposed by the non-Ego, has to be destroyed.

68. *Unpraised by men and humble is the mother of all rivers, in Tirthika's proud sight; empty the human form though filled with amrta's sweet waters, in the sight of fools. Withal, the birthplace of the sacred rivers is the sacred land, and he who Wisdom hath, is honoured by all men.*

This verse appears to employ a local metaphor, and as Madame Blavatsky had never visited Tibet, the metaphor is obscure, and the geography doubtful.

69. *Arhans and Sages of the boundless Vision are rare as is the blossom of the udumbara tree. Arhats are born at midnight hour, together with the sacred plant of nine and seven stalks, the holy flower that opens and blooms in darkness, out of the pure dew and on the frozen bed of snow-capped heights, heights that are trodden by no sinful foot.*

We find the talented Author again in difficulties, this time with Botany. By the "boundless Vision" is not meant

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the stupid Siddhi, but one of the forms of Samadhi, perhaps that upon the snake Ananta, the great green snake that bounds the Universe.

70. No Arhat, O Lanoo, becomes one in that birth when for the first time the Soul begins to long for final liberation. Yet, O thou anxious one, no warrior volunteering fight in the fierce strife between the living and the dead, not one recruit can ever be refused the right to enter on the Path that leads toward the field of Battle. For either he shall win, or he shall fail.

It is most important that the Master should not reject any pupil. As it is written in *Liber Legis*, "He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals." Compare also the 13th Æthyr, in *Liber 418*, where it is shown that Nemo has no means of deciding which of his flowers is the really important one, although assured that all will one day bloom.

71. Yea, if he conquers, Nirvāna shall be his. Before he casts his shadow off his mortal coil, that pregnant cause of anguish and illimitable pain—in him will men a great and holy Buddha honour.

The words "mortal coil" suggest Stratford-on-Avon rather than Lhasa. The meaning of the verse is a little obscure. It is that the conqueror will be recognized as a Buddha sooner or later. This is not true, but does not matter. My God! if one wanted "recognition" from "men"! Help!

72. And if he falls, e'en then he does not fall in vain; the enemies he slew in the last battle will not return to life in the next birth that will be his.

Further encouragement to proceed; for although you do not attain everything, yet the enemies you have conquered will not again attack you. In point of fact this is hardly true.

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The conquest must be very complete for it to be so; but they certainly recur with very diminished intensity. Similar is the gradual immunization of man to syphilis, which was a rapidly fatal disease when fresh. Now we all have it in our blood, and are protected (to some extent, at least) against the ladies.

73. *But if thou would'st Nirvāna reach, or cast the prize away, let not the fruit of action and inaction be thy motive, thou of dauntless heart.*

This verse is again very obscure, from overloading. The "fruit" and the "prize" both refer to Nirvāna.

74. *Know that the bodhisattva who Liberation changes for Renunciation to don the miseries of "Secret Life," is called, "thrice Honoured," O thou candidate for woe throughout the cycles.*

This verse must not be interpreted as offering the inducement of the title of "thrice Honoured" to a Bodhisattva. It is a mere eloquent appeal to the Candidate. This about woe is awful. It suggests a landlady in Dickens who 'as seen better days.

75. *The PATH is one, Disciple, yet in the end, twofold. Marked are its stages by four and seven Portals. At one end—bliss immediate, and at the other—bliss deferred. Both are of merit the reward; the choice is thine.*

The "four and seven Portals" refer, the first to the four stages ending in Arhat, the second to the Portals referred to in the third Fragment.

76. *The One becomes the two, the Open and the Secret. The first one leadeth to the goal, the second, to Self-Immolation.*

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The obvious meaning of the verse is the one to take. However, I must again warn the reader against supposing that "Self-Immolation" has anything to do with Sir Philip Sidney, or the Sati of the brahmin's widow.

77. *When to the Permanent is sacrificed the Mutable, the prize is thine: the drop returneth whence it came. The Open PATH leads to the changeless change—Nirvāna, the glorious state of Absoluteness, the Bliss past human thought.*

78. *Thus, the first Path is LIBERATION.*

79. *But Path the Second is RENUNCIATION, and therefore called the "Path of Woe."*

There is far too much emotionalism in this part of the treatise, though perhaps this is the fault of the language; but the attitude of contemplating the sorrow of the Universe eternally is unmanly and unscientific. In the practical attempt to aid suffering, the consciousness of that suffering is lost. With regard to the doctrine of Karma, argument is nugatory. In one sense Karma cannot be interfered with, even to the smallest extent, in any way, and therefore any action is not truly cause, but effect. In another sense Zoroaster is right when he says "Theurgists, fall not so low as to be ranked among the herd that are in subjection to fate." Even if the will be not free, it must be considered as free, or the word loses its meaning. There is, however, a much deeper teaching in this matter.

80. *That Secret Path leads the Arhan to mental woe unspeakable; woe for the living Dead, and helpless pity for the men of Karmic sorrow, the fruit of Karma Sages dare not still.*

Mental woe unspeakable—Rats! If we were to take all this au grand sérieux,¹ we should have to class H. P. B. with

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Sacher-Masoch. She does not seem to have any idea of what an Arhan is, as soon as she plunges into one of these orgies of moral flagellation! Long before one becomes an Arhan, one has completely cured the mind. One knows that it is contradiction and illusion. One has passed by the Abyss, and reached Reality. Now, although one is flung forth again across the Abyss, as explained in *Liber CDXVIII*, and undergoes quite normal mental experiences, yet they are no longer taken seriously, for they have not the power to delude.

There is no question of Sages daring to still the fruit of Karma. I do not quite know how one would set about stilling a fruit, by the way. But the more sage one is, the less one wants to interfere with law. There is a special comment upon this point in *Liber Aleph*. Most of the pleasures in life, and most of the education in life, are given by superable obstacles. Sport, including love, depends on the overcoming of artificial or imaginary resistances. Golf has been defined as trying to knock a little ball into a hole with a set of instruments very ill-adapted for the purpose. In Chess one is bound by purely arbitrary rules. The most successful courtesans are those who have the most tricks in their bags. I will not argue that this complexity is better than the Way of the Tao. It is probably a perversion of taste, a spiritual caviar. But as the poet says:

It may seem to you strange:

The fact is—I like it!

81. *For it is written: "teach to eschew all causes; the ripple of effect, as the great tidal wave, thou shalt let run its course."*

This verse apparently contradicts completely the long philippic against inaction, for the Object of those who counsel non-action is to prevent any inward cause arising, so

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that when the old causes have worked this out there is nothing left. But this is quite unphilosophical, for every effect as soon as it occurs becomes a new cause, and it is always equal to its cause. There is no waste or dissipation. If you take an atom of hydrogen and combine it with one hundred thousand other atoms in turn, it still remains hydrogen, and it has not lost any of its qualities.

The harmony of the doctrines of Action and Non-Action is to be found in The Way of the Tao. One should do what is perfectly natural to one; but this can only be done when one's consciousness is merged in the Universal or Phallic Consciousness.

82. *The "Open Way," no sooner hast thou reached its goal, will lead thee to reject the bodhisattvic body and make thee enter the thrice glorious state of Dharmakāya which is oblivion of the World and men for ever.*

The collocation called "I" is dissolved. One "goes out" like the flame of a candle. But I must remark that the final clause is again painfully geocentric.

83. *The "Secret Way" leads also to Parinirvānic bliss—but at the close of Kalpas without number; Nirvānas gained and lost from boundless pity and compassion for the world of deluded mortals.*

This is quite contrary to Buddhist teaching. Buddha certainly had "Parinirvāna," if there be such a thing, though, as *Nirvāna* means "Annihilation" and *Parinirvāna* "complete Annihilation," it requires a mind more metaphysical than mine to distinguish between these. It is quite certain that Buddha did not require any old Kalpas to get there, and to suppose that Buddha is still about, watching over the world, degrades him to a common Deity, and is in flat contradiction to the statements in the Mahaparinibbana Sutta, where

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Buddha gravely explains that he is passing away by that kind of passing away which leaves nothing whatever behind, and compares his death to the extinction of a lamp. Canonical Buddhism is certainly the only thing upon which we can rely as a guide to the teachings of the Buddha, if there ever was a Buddha. But we are in no wise bound to accept such teachings blindly, however great our personal reverence for the teacher.

84. *But it is said: "The last shall be the greatest." Samyak Sambuddha, the Teacher of Perfection, gave up his SELF for the salvation of the World, by stopping at the threshold of Nirvāna—the pure state.*

Here is further metaphysical difficulty. One kind of nothing, by taking its pleasures sadly, becomes an altogether superior kind of nothing.

It is with no hope of personal advancement that the Masters teach. Personal advancement has ceased to have any meaning long before one becomes a Master. Nor do they teach because they are such Nice Kind People. Masters are like Dogs, which "bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to." We want no credit, no thanks; we are sick of you; only, we have to go on.

This verse is, one must suppose, an attempt to put things into the kind of language that would be understood by beginners. Compare Chapter Thirteen of *The Book of Lies*, where it explains how one is induced to follow the Path by false pretences. Compare also the story of the Dolphin and the Prophet in "Liber LXV":

37. Behold! the Abyss of the Great Deep. Therein is a mighty dolphin, lashing his sides with the force of the waves.

38. There is also an harper of gold, playing infinite tunes.

39. Then the dolphin delighted therein, and put off his body, and became a bird.

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40. The harper also laid aside his harp, and played infinite tunes upon the Pan-pipe.

41. Then the bird desired exceedingly this bliss, and laying down its wings became a faun of the forest.

42. The harper also laid down his Pan-pipe, and with the human voice sang his infinite tunes.

43. Then the faun was enraptured, and followed far; at last the harper was silent, and the faun became Pan in the midst of the primal forest of Eternity.

44. Thou canst not charm the dolphin with silence, O my prophet!

85. *Thou hast the knowledge now concerning the two Ways. Thy time will come for choice, O thou of eager Soul, when thou hast reached the end and passed the seven Portals. Thy mind is clear. No more art thou entangled in delusive thoughts, for thou hast learned all. Unveiled stands truth and looks thee sternly in the face. She says: "Sweet are the fruits of Rest and Liberation for the sake of Self, but sweeter still the fruits of long and bitter duty. Aye, Renunciation for the sake of others, of suffering fellow men."*

86. *He, who becomes Pratyeka-Buddha, makes his obeisance but to his Self. The Bodhisattva who has won the battle, who holds the prize within his palm, yet says in his divine compassion:*

87. *"For others' sake this great reward I yield"—accomplishes the greater Renunciation.*

A SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD is he.

.
Here again we are told of the sweetness of the fruits. But even in the beginning the Magician has had to work entirely regardless of any fruits, and his principal method has been to reject any that may come his way. Again all this about the "sake of others" and "suffering fellow-men," is the kind of

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sentimental balderdash that assures one that this book was intended to reach the English and not the Tibetan public. The sense of separateness from others has been weeded out from the consciousness long, long ago. The Buddha who accomplishes the greater Renunciation is a Saviour of the World—it is the dogginess of a dog that makes it doggy. It is not the virtue of a dog to be doggy. A dog does not become doggy by the renunciation of non-dogginess. It is quite true that you and I value one kind of a Buddha more than another kind of a Buddha, but the Universe is not framed in accordance with what you and I like. As Zoroaster says: "The progression of the Stars was not generated for your sake," and there are times when a Dhamma-Buddha reflects on the fact that he is no more and no less than any other thing, and wishes he were dead. That is to say, that kind of a Dhamma-Buddha in whom such thoughts necessarily arise, thinks so; but this of course does not happen, because it is not in the nature of a Dhamma-Buddha to think anything of the sort, and he even knows too much to think that it would be rather natural if there were some kinds of Dhamma-Buddha who did think something of the kind. But he is assuredly quite indifferent to the praise and blame of the "suffering fellow-men." He does not want their gratitude. We will now close this painful subject.

88. *Behold! The goal of bliss and the long Path of Woe
are at the furthest end. Thou canst choose either, O aspirant
to Sorrow, throughout the coming cycles!*

Om Vajrapani Hum.

With this eloquent passage the Fragment closes. It may be remarked that the statement "thou canst choose" is altogether opposed to that form of the theory of determinism

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which is orthodox Buddhism. However, the question of Free Will has been discussed in a previous Note.²

OM VAJRAPANI HUM.—Vajrapani was some kind of a universal deity in a previous Manvantara who took an oath:

Ere the Cycle rush to utter darkness,
Work I so that every living being
Pass beyond this constant chain of causes.
If I fail, may all my being shatter
Into millions of far-whirling pieces!

He failed, of course, and blew up accordingly; hence the Stars.

FRAGMENT III THE SEVEN PORTALS

1. "*Upādhāya, the choice is made, I thirst for Wisdom. Now hast thou rent the veil before the secret Path and taught the greater Yāna.* [Mahāyāna, the Big Path; a term for the Hinduized Buddhism of Tibet.—Ed.] *Thy servant here is ready for thy guidance.*"

This fragment again appears to be intended to follow on immediately after the last, and yet the *chela* says to the *guru* that the choice is made. Obviously it does not refer to the great choice referred to in Fragment II, verse 88. One is inclined further to suspect that Madame Blavatsky supposes Mahāyāna and Hinayāna to refer in some way or other to the two Paths previously discussed. They do not. Madame Blavatsky's method of exegesis, in the absence of original information, was to take existing commentators and disagree with them, her standard being what the unknown originals ought, in her opinion, to have said. This method saves much of the labour of research, and with a little luck it ought to be possible to discover subsequently much justification in the originals as they become known. Madame Blavatsky was justified in employing this method because she really did know the subject better than either commentator or original. She merely used Oriental lore as an Ostrich hunter uses the skin of a dead bird. She was Ulysses, and the East her Wooden Horse. [Mahā (great) and Hina (little) are quite meaningless epithets, only serving to distinguish Hinduized Tibetan Buddhism from canoncial Cingalese-Burmese-Siamese Buddhism.—Ed.]

2. *'Tis well, Shrāvaka. Prepare thyself, for thou wilt have to travel on alone. The Teacher can but point the way.*

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The Path is one for all, the means to reach the goal must vary with the Pilgrims.

It is here admitted that there are many ways of reaching the same end. In order to assist a pupil, the Teacher should know all these ways by actual experience. He should know them in detail. There is a great deal of pious gassing about most Teachers—it is very easy to say “Be good and you will be happy,” and I am afraid that even this book itself has been taken as little better by the majority of its admirers. What the pupil wants is not vague generalizations on virtue, not analyses of Nirvāna and explorations in Hindu metaphysics, but a plain straightforward statement of a practical character. When a man is meditating and finds himself interfered with by some particular class of thought, he does not want to know about the glory of the Buddha and the advantages of the Dhamma and the fraternal piety of the Sangha. He wants to know how to stop those thoughts arising, and the only person who can help him to do that is a Teacher who has been troubled by those same thoughts, and learnt how to stop them in his own case. For one Teacher who knows his subject at all, there are at least ten thousand who belch pious platitudes. I wish to name no names, but Annie Besant, Prentice Mulford, Troward, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and so on, down—right down—to Arthur Edward Waite, immediately occur to the mind. What does not occur to the mind is the names of people now living who know their subject from experience. The late Swāmi Vivekānanda did know his. Sabhapaty Swāmi did so. Sri Parānanda Swāmi did so, and of course aboye all these stands Bhikkhu Ānanda Metteyya. Outside these, one can think of no one, except the very reticent Rudolf Steiner, who betrays practical acquaintance with the Path. The way to discover whether a Teacher knows anything about it or not is to do the work yourself,

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and see if your understanding of him improves, or whether he fobs you off in your hour of need with remarks on Virtue.

3. *Which wilt thou choose, O thou of dauntless heart? The Samtan of "Eye Doctrine," four-fold Dhyāna, or thread thy way through Pāramitās, six in number, noble gates of virtue leading to Bodhi and to Pragnyā, seventh step of Wisdom?*

It must not be supposed that the Paths here indicated are ah. Apparently the writer is still harping on the same old two Paths. It appears that "fourfold Dhyana" is a mere extension of the word Samtan. There are, however, eight, not four, four of these being called Low and four High. They are defined in Rhys-Davids' *Buddhism*, p. 174-6.

The Buddha just before his death went through all these stages of meditation which are described in the paragraph here quoted:

Then the Blessed One addressed the Brethren, and said:

"Behold now, brethren, I exhort you, saying, 'Decay is inherent in all component things! Work out your saivation with diligence!

This was the last word of the Tathagata!

Then the Blessed One entered into the first stage of deep meditation. And rising out of the first stage he passed into the second. And rising out of the second he passed into the third. And rising out of the third stage he passed into the fourth. And rising out of the fourth stage of deep meditation he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of space is alone present. And passing out of the mere consciousness of the infinity of space he entered into the state of mind to which the infinity of thought is alone present. And passing out of the mere consciousness of the infinity of thought he entered into a state of mind to which nothing at ah was specially present. And passing out of the consciousness of no special object he feil into a state between consciousness and unconsciousness. And passing out of the state between consciousness and

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unconsciousness he fell into a state in which the unconsciousness both of sensations and of ideas had wholly passed away.

What rubbish! Here we have a man with no experience of the states which he is trying to describe; for Prof. Rhys-Davids, many though are his virtues, is not Buddha, and this man is attempting to translate highly technical terms into a language in which those technical terms not only have no equivalent, but have nothing in the remotest degree capable of being substituted for an equivalent. This is characteristic of practically all writing on Eastern thought. What was wanted was a Master of some Occidental language to obtain the experiences of the East by undertaking the practices of the East. His own experience put into words would then form a far better translation of Oriental works on the same subject, than any translation which a scholar might furnish. I am inclined to think that this was Blavatsky's method. So obvious a forgery as this volume only contains so much truth and wisdom because this is the case. The Master—alike of Language and of Experience—has at last arisen; it is the Master Therion—The Beast—666—the Logos of the Æon—whose Word is "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

4. *The rugged Path of four-fold Dhyāna winds on uphill. Thrice great is he who climbs the lofty top.*

5. *The Pāramitā heights are crossed by a still steeper path. Thou hast to fight thy way through portals seven, seven strongholds leid by cruel crafty Powers—passions incarnate.*

The distinction between the two Paths is now evident; that of Dhyāna is intellectual, or one might better say, mental, that of Pāramitā, moral. But it may well be asked whether these Paths are mutually exclusive, whether a good

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man is always an idiot and a clever man always a brute, to put the antithesis on a somewhat lower plane. Does anyone really think that one can reach supreme mental control while there are "seven cruel, crafty powers, passions incarnate," worrying you? The fact is that this dichotomy of the Path is rather dramatic than based on experience.

6. *Be of good cheer, Disciple; bear in mind the golden rule. Once thou hast passed the gate Srotāpatti, "he who the stream hath entered"; once thy foot hath pressed the bed of the Nirvānic stream in this or any future life, thou hast but seven other births before thee, O thou of adamant Will.*

The author does not state what is meant by the "golden rule." A Srotāpatti is a person in such a stage that he will become Arhan after seven more incarnations.¹ There is nothing in Buddhism about the voluntary undertaking of incarnations in order to help mankind. And of course the talk about "Nirvānic bliss" is misleading when one reflects that this quality of bliss or Ananda arising with the first Jhana, has already disappeared, never to return, in the second. The whole question of Nibbana is hopelessly entangled with moonshine metaphysic and misinterpretation and false tradition. It must be remembered that Nibbana is merely the Pali, the vulgar dialect, for the Sanskrit NIRVANA, and that Nirvāna is a state characterizing Moksha, which is the liberation resulting from Nirvikalpa-Samādhi. But then Moksha is defined by the Hindus as unity with Parabrahman; and Parabrahman is without quantity or quality, not subject to change in any way, altogether beyond Manvantara and Pralaya; and so on. In one sense he is pure Atman.

¹ See Crowley's "The Three Characteristics" in his *The Sword of Song* for an amusing but illuminated story on this state.

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Now the Buddhist rejects Atman, saying there is no such thing. Therefore—to him—there is no Parabrahman. There is really Mahā Brahmā, who is (ultimately) subject to change, and, when the Karma which has made him Mahā Brahmā is exhausted, may be reincarnated as a pig or a Pisacha. Consequently Moksha is not liberation at all, for Nirvāna means cessation of that which, after however long a period, may change. This is all clear enough, but then the Buddhist goes on and takes the word Nibbana to mean exactly that which the Hindus meant by Nirvana, insisting strenuously that it is entirely different. And so indeed it is. But if one proceeds further to enquire, "Then what is it?" one finds oneself involved in very considerable difficulty. It is a difficulty which I cannot pretend to solve, even by the logic which obtains above the abyss. I can, however, exhibit the difficulty by relating a conversation which I had with Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya in November, 1906, while I was staying with him in his Monastery outside Rangoon. I was arguing that result was the direct effect of the work of the student. If he went on long enough he was bound to succeed, and he might reasonably infer a causal connection between his work and its result. The Bhikkhu was not unwilling to admit that this might be so in such elementary stages as Jhāna, but with regard to the attaining of Arhatship he argued that it depended rather on universal Karma than on that created by the aspirant. Avoiding metaphysical quibbles as to whether these two kinds of Karma are not identical, he figured the situation in this manner. There are two wheels, one of which is the wheel of Nibbana, and the other that of the attainment of the Adept. These two wheels only touch at one point. Now the Arhat may reach the circumference of his wheel, that is, the summit of his attainment, as often as he likes, but unless he happens to do so at the moment when

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that point touches the wheel of Nibbana, he will not become an Arhat, and it is therefore necessary for him to remain at that summit as long as possible, in fact always, in order that bye and bye—it might be after many incarnations of perfection—these two might coincide. This perfection he regarded not as that of spiritual experience, but as the attainment of Sila, and by Sila he meant the strict observance of the rules laid down by the Buddha for the Bhikkhu. He continued that the Buddha had apparently attached far more importance to virtue than to any degree of spiritual attainment, placing the well-behaved Bhikkhu not only above the gods, but above the greatest Yogis. (It is obvious, to the Buddhist, that Hindu Yogis, however eminent, are not Arhats.) He said that the rules laid down for Bhikkhus created the conditions necessary. A good Bhikkhu, with no spiritual experience, had at least some chance, whereas the bad Bhikkhu or non-Bhikkhu, although every form of Samādhi was at his fingers' ends, had none. The point is very important, because on this theory the latter, after all his attainments, might pass through all the Dhyana-Lokas and through the Arupa-Brahma-Lokas, exhaust that Karma, be reincarnated as a Spirochaetes Pallida, and have to begin over again. And the most virtuous Bhikkhu might be so unfortunate as to fall from Virtue the millionth part of a second before his point on the circumference of the sphere was going to touch that of the wheel of Nibbana, regain it two millionths of a second later, and thus find arhat-ship indefinitely postponed.

I then said: O most excellent expounder of the good Law, prithee explain to me the exact difference between this Doctrine and that which we heard from Shri Parānanda that the attainment of Samādhi, though it depended to some extent upon the attainment of the Yogi, depended also upon

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the grace of the Lord Shiva, and that Yoga did us no good unless the Lord Shiva happened to be in a good temper. Then the Bhikkhu replied in a dramatic whisper, "There is no difference, except that it is not Buddhism." From this example the Student will understand that he had better not worry about Nibbāna and its nature, but confine himself to controlling his thoughts.

7. *Look on. What see'st thou before thine eye, O aspirant to god-like Wisdom?*

8. *"The cloak of darkness is upon the deep of matter; within its folds I struggle. Beneath my gaze it deepens, Lord; it is dispelled beneath the waving of thy hand. A shadow moveth, creeping like the stretching serpent coils . . . It grows, swells out and disappears in darkness."*

In this passage a definite vision is presented to the Lanoo. This can be done by an Adept, and sometimes it is a useful method.

9. *It is the shadow of thyself outside the PATH, cast on the darkness of thy sins.*

This charming poetic image should not be taken literally.

10. *"Yea, Lord; I see the PATH; its foot in mire, its summit lost in glorious high Nirvānic. And now I see the ever narrowing Portals on the hard and thorny way to Gnyāna."*

This continues a vision which resembles, only more painfully, the coloured prints of the Broad and Narrow Ways so familiar to those unfortunates whose business takes them through Paternoster Row.

11. *Thou seest well, Lanoo. These Portals head the aspirant across the waters on "to the other shore." Each*

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Portal hath a golden key that openeth its gate; and these keys are:—

The expression “the other shore” is particularly unfortunate, owing to its associations in English minds with the hymn usually known as “The sweet bye and bye.” It is a metaphor for which there is little justification. Nirvāna is frequently spoken of as an island in Buddhist writings, but I am not familiar with any passage in which the metaphor is that of a place at the other end of a journey. The metaphor moreover is mixed. In the hast verse he was climbing a ladder; now he is going across the waters, and neither on ladders nor in journeys by water does one usually pass through Portals.

12. 1. *DANA, the key of charity and hove immortal.*
2. *SHILA, the key of Harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect, and leaves no further room for Karmic action.*
3. *KSHANTI, patience sweet, that nought can ruffle.*
4. *VAIRAGYA, indifference to pleasure and to pain, illusion conquered, truth alone perceived.*
5. *VIRYA, the dauntless energy that fights its way to the supernal TRUTH, out of the mire of lies terrestrial.*
6. *DHYANA, whose golden gate once opened heads the narjol toward the realm of Sat eternal and its ceaseless contemplation.*
7. *PRAJNA, the key to which makes of a man a God, creating him a Bodhisattva, son of the Dhyānis.*

Such to the Portals are the golden keys.

(Subsection I.) Charity and love are here used in their technical sense, Agapé. “Love is the law, love under will.” Both Agapé and Thelema (“will”) add to 93, which identifies

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them qabalistically. This love is not a sloppy feeling of maudlin sentimental kindness. The majority of people of the Christian Science, Theosophical, New Thought type, think that a lot of flabby thoughts, sending out streams of love in the Six Quarters, and so on, will help them. It won't. Love is a pure flame, as swift and deadly as the lightning. This is the kind of love that the Student needs.

(Subsection II.) The "key" here spoken of has been thoroughly explained in Thien Tao in *Konx Om Pax*, but there is a peculiar method, apart from this plane, and easily understood by the equilibrium by which things can be done which bear no fruit. And this method it is quite impossible to explain.

The nearest I can come to intelligibility, is to say that you get very nearly the same sort of feeling as you do when you are making yourself invisible.

Shila is in no way connected with the charming Irish colleen of the same name.

(Subsection III.) The "patience" here spoken of seems to imply courage of a very active kind. It is the quality which persists in spite of all opposition. It must not be forgotten that the word "patience" is derived from *Patior*, "I suffer." But, especially with the ancients, suffering was not conceived of as a purely passive function. It was keenly active and intensely enjoyable. There are certain words today still extant in which the original meaning of this word lingers, and consideration may suggest to the Student the true and secret meaning of this passage, "Accendat in nobis Dorninus ignem sui amoris et flammam æternæ caritatis," a phrase with the subtle ambiguity which the classics found the finest form of wit.

(Subsection IV.) This indifference is very much the same as what is usually spoken of as non-attachment. The

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Doctrine has been rediscovered in the West, and is usually announced as "Art for Art's sake." This quality is most entirely necessary in Yoga. In times of dryness the "Devil" comes to you and persuades you that if you go on meditating or doing Pranāyāma, or whatever it is you may be at, you will go mad. He will also prove to you that it is most necessary for your spiritual progress to repose. He will explain that, by the great law of action and reaction, you should alternate the task which you have set out to do with something else, that you should, in fact, somehow or other change your plans. Any attempt to argue with him will assuredly result in defeat. You must be able to reply, "But I am not in the least interested in my spiritual progress; I am doing this because I put it down in my programme to do it. It may hurt my spiritual progress more than anything in the world. That does not matter. I will gladly be damned eternally, but I will not break my obligation in the smallest detail." By doing this you come out at the other end, and discover that the whole controversy was illusion. One does become blind; one does have to fight one's way through the ocean of asphalt. Hope and Faith are no more. All that can be done is to guard Love, the original source of your energy, by the mask of indifference. This image is a little misleading, perhaps. It must not be supposed that the indifference is a cloak; it must be a real indifference. Desire of any kind must really be conquered, for of course every desire is as it were a string on you to pull you in some direction, and it must be remembered that Nirvāna lies (as it were) in no direction, like the fourth dimension in space.

(Subsection V.) *Virya* is, etymologically, Manhood. It is that quality which has been symbolized habitually by the Phallus, and its importance is sufficient to have made the Phallus an universal symbol, apart altogether from reasons

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connected with the course of nature. Yet these confirm the choice. It is free—it has a will of its own quite independent of the conscious will of the man bearing it. It has no conscience. It leaps. It has no consideration for anything but its own purpose. Again and again this symbol in a new sense will recur as the type of the ideal. It is a symbol alike of the Beginning, the Way and the End. In this particular passage it is however principally synonymous with Will, and Will has been so fully dealt with in *Book 4*, Part II, that it will save trouble if we assume that the reader is familiar with that masterpiece.

(Subjection VI.) This, too, has been carefully described in *Book 4*, Part I.

There is a distinction between Buddhist “Jhāna” and Sanskrit Dh̄yana, though etymologically the former is a corruption of the latter.

The craze for classification which obsesses the dull minds of the learned has been peculiarly pernicious in the East. In order to divide states of thought into 84 classes, which is—to their fatuity!—an object in itself, because 84 is seven times twelve, they do not hesitate to invent names for quite imaginary states of mind, and to put down the same state of mind several times. This leads to extreme difficulty in the study of their works on psychology and the like. The original man, Buddha, or whoever he may have been, dug out of his mind a sufficient number of jewels, and the wretched intellectuals who edited his work have added bits of glass to make up the string. The result has been that many scholars have thought that the whole psychology of the East was pure bluff. A similar remark is true of the philosophy of the West, where the Schoolmen produced an equal obfuscation. Even now people hardly realize that they did any valuable work at all, and quote their controversies, such

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as that concerning the number of angels who can dance on the point of a needle, as examples of their complete fatuity and donnishness. In point of fact, it is the critic who is stupid. The question about the angels involves the profoundest considerations of metaphysics, and it was about these that the battle raged. I fancy that their critics imagine the Schoolmen disputing whether the number was 25 or 26, which argues their own shallowness by the readiness with which they attribute the same quality to others. However, a great deal of mischief has been done by the pedant, and the distinctions between the various Jhānas will convey little to the Western mind, even of a man who has some experience of them. The question of mistranslation alone renders the majority of Buddhist documents, if not valueless, at least unreliable. We, however, taking this book as an original work by Blavatsky, need not be bothered by any doubts more deadly than that as to whether her command of English was perfect; and in this treatise, in spite of certain obvious sentimentalities and bombasticisms, we find at least the foundations of a fairly fine style. I think that what she says in this subsection refers to a statement which I got from my Guru in Madura to the effect that there was a certain point in the body suitable for meditation, which, if once discovered, drew the thought naturally towards itself, the difficulty of concentration consequently disappearing, and that the knowledge of this particular point could be communicated by the Guru to his approved disciples.

(Subsection VII.) We now find a muddle between the keys and the gates. The first five are obviously keys. The last two seem to be gates, in spite of the statements in the text. We also find the term Bodhisattva in a quite unintelligible sense. We shall discuss this question more fully a little later on.

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The Dhyanis are gods of sorts, either perfect men or what one may call natural gods, who occupy eternity in a ceaseless contemplation of the Universe. The Master of the Temple, as he is in himself, is a rather similar person.

Narjol is the Path-Treader, not a paraffin-purgative.

13. Before thou canst approach the last, O weaver of thy freedom, thou hast to master these Pāramitās of perfection—the virtues transcendental six and ten in number—along the weary Path.

We now get back to the Pāramitās, and this treatise is apparently silent with regard to them. Does any one regret it? It isn't the Path that is weary: it is the Sermons on the way.

14. For, O Disciple! Before thou wert made fit to meet thy Teacher face to face, thy MASTER light to light, what wert thou told?

The old trouble recurs. We cannot tell quite clearly in what stage the Disciple is supposed to be with regard to any given piece of instruction.

15. Before thou canst approach the foremost gate thou hast to learn to part thy body from thy mind, to dissipate the shadow, and to live in the eternal. For this, thou hast to live and breathe in all, as all that thou perceivest breathes in thee; to feel thyself abiding in all things, all things in SELF.

In verse 13 we were told to master the Pāramitās before approaching the last gate. Now the author harks back to what he had to do before he approached the first gate, but this may be regarded as a sort of a joke on the part of the Guru. The Guru has a weary time, and frequently amuses himself by telling the pupil that he must do something obviously impossible before he begins. This increases the respect of

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the pupil for the Guru, and in this way helps him, while at the same time his air of hopelessness is intensely funny—to the Guru. So we find in this verse that the final result, or something very like it, is given as a qualification antecedent to the starting point; as if one told a blind man that he must be able to see through a brick wall before regaining his eyesight.

16. Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of thy mind.

Following on the tremendous task of verse 15 comes the obvious elementary piece of instruction which one gives to a beginner. The best way out of the dilemma is to take verse 15 in a very elementary sense. Let us paraphrase that verse. "Try to get into the habit of thinking of your mind and body as distinct. Attach yourself to matters of eternal importance, and do not be deluded by the idea that the material universe is real. Try to realize the unity of being." That is a sensible and suitable instruction, a kind of adumbration of the goal. It harmonizes emotional and intellectual conceptions to—that which subsequently turns out not to be reality.

17. Thou shalt not separate thy being from BEING, and the rest, but merge the Ocean in the deep, the drop within the Ocean.

This too can be considered in an elementary light as meaning: "Begin even at once to destroy the sense of separateness."

18. So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives; bear love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother.

It now becomes clear that ah this is meant in an elementary sense, for verse 18 is really little more than a

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statement that an irritable frame of mind is bad for meditation. Of course anybody who really "bore love," etc., as requested would be suffering from softening of the brain. That is, if you take ah this in its obvious literal sense. There is a clean way of Love, but it is not this toshy slop treacle-goo.

19. *Of teachers there are many; the MASTER-SOUL is one, Alaya, the Universal Soul. Live in that MASTER as ITS ray in thee. Live in thy fellows as they live in IT.*

Here the killing of the sense of separateness is further advised. It is a description of the nature of Atman, and Atman is, as elsewhere stated, not a Buddhist, but a Hindu idea. The teaching is here to refer everything to Atman, to regard everything as a corruption of Atman, if you please, but a corruption which is unreal, because Atman is the only real thing. There is a similar instruction in *Liber Legis*: "Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing"; and you are urged not to "confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many."

20. *Before thou standest on the threshold of the Path; before thou crossest the foremost Gate, thou hast to merge the two into the One and sacrifice the personal to SELF impersonal, and thus destroy the "path" between the two—Antas-Karana.*

Here is again the confusion noted with regard to verse 15—for the destruction of the lower Manas implies an attainment not less than that of a Master of the Temple.

21. *Thou hast to be prepared to answer Dharma, the stern law, whose voice will ask thee first at thy initial step:*

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22. *"Hast thou complied with the rules, O thou of lofty hopes?"*

"Hast thou attuned thy heart and mind to the great mind and heart of all mankind? For as the sacred River's roaring voice whereby all Nature-sounds are echoed back, so must the heart of him 'who in the stream would enter,' thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes."

Here is another absurdity. What is the sense of asking a man at his initial step if he has complied with all the rules? If the disciple were in the condition mentioned, he would be already very far advanced. But of course if we were to take the words

"The threshold of the Path"

"The foremost gate"

"The stream"

as equivalent to Srotapatti, the passage would gain in intelligibility. But, just as in the noble eight-fold Path, the steps are concurrent, not consecutive, so, like the Comte de Saint Germain, when he was expelled from Berlin, one can go through all the seven Gates at once.

23. *Disciples may be likened to the strings of the soulechoing Vinā; mankind, unto its sounding board; the hand that sweeps it to the tuneful breath of the GREAT WORLD-SOUL. The string that fails to answer 'neath the Master's touch in dulcet harmony with ah the others, breaks—and is cast away. So the collective minds of Lanoo-Shrāvakas. They have to be attuned to the Upādhyāya's mind—one with the Over-Soul,—or, break away.*

This is a somewhat high-flown description—it is little more than an advocacy of docility, a quiet acceptance of the situation as it is, and an acquiescence in the ultimate sublime

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purpose. The question of the crossing of the abyss now arises, and we reach a consideration of the Brothers of the Left Hand Path.

24. *Thus do the "Brothers of the Shadow"—the murderers of their Souls, the dread Dad-Dugpa clan.*

"The Brothers of the Shadow" or of the Left Hand Path are very carefully explained in *Liber 418*. The Exempt Adept, when he has to proceed, has a choice either to fling himself into the Abyss by all that he has and is being torn away, or to shut himself up to do what he imagines to be continuing with his personal development on very much the original lines. This latter course does not take him through the Abyss; but fixes him in Daäth, at the crown of a false Tree of Life in which the Supernal Triad is missing. Now this man is also called a Black Magician, and a great deal of confusion has arisen in connection with this phrase. Even the Author, to judge by the Note, seems to confuse the matter. Red Caps and Yellow Gaps alike are in general altogether beneath the stage of which we have been speaking. And from the point of view of the Master of the Temple, there is very little to choose between White and Black Magic as ordinarily understood by the man in the Street, who distinguishes between them according as they are helpful or hurtful to himself. If the Magician cures his headache, or gives him a good tip on the Stock Exchange, he is a White Magician. If he suspects him of causing illness and the like, he is Black. To the Master of the Temple either proceeding appears blind and stupid. In the lower stages there is only one way right, and all the rest wrong. You are to aspire to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, and of course to do any other things which may subserve that one purpose; but nothing else. And of

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course it is a mistake, unless under very special circumstances, to perform any miracles, on the ground that they diminish the supreme energy reserved for the performance of the Main Task. It will be remembered that the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is attributed to Tiphareth, while the Exempt Adept is in Chesed; how is it then that a Black Magician, a Brother of the Left Hand Path, can ever reach that grade? The answer is given in the eleventh Æthyr; when the Exempt Adept reaches the Frontier of the Abyss, his Holy Guardian Angel leaves him, and this is the one supreme terror of that passage. It seems extraordinary that one who has ever enjoyed His Knowledge and Conversation should afterwards fall away into that blind horror whose name is Choronzon. But such is the case. Some of the problems, or rather, mysteries, connected with this are too deep to enter upon in this place, but the main point to remember is this, that in the Outer Order, and in the College of Adepts itself, it is not certain to what end any one may come. The greatest and holiest of the Exempt Adepts may, in a single moment, become a Brother of the Left Hand Path. It is for this reason that the Great White Brotherhood admits no essential connection with the lower branches affiliated to The Order. At the same time, The Brothers of the A.:A.: refuse none. They have no objection to any one claiming to be one of Themselves. If he does so, let him abide by it.

25. *Hast thou attuned thy being to Humanity's great pain,
O candidate for light?*

*Thou hast? . . . Thou mayest enter. Yet, ere thou settest
foot upon the dreary Path of sorrow, 'tis well thou shouhd'st
first learn the pitfalls on thy way.*

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It appears as if the condition of entering the Path was the Vision of Sorrow, and of course the present Commentator might be inclined to support this theory, since, in his own experience, it was this Vision of Sorrow which caused him to take the First Great Oath. He had suddenly presented to him the perception of the Three Characteristics. This is fully narrated in *Book 4, Part IV*. It is also evident that aspiration implies dissatisfaction of some sort. But at the same time I do not think that in all cases it is necessary that this dissatisfaction should be so conscious and so universal as appears to be implied in the text.

26. Armed with the key of Charity, of love and tender mercy, thou art secure before the gate of Dāna, the gate that standeth at the entrance of the path.

27. Behold, O happy Pilgrim! The portal that faceth thee is high and wide, seems easy of access. The road that heads therethrough is straight and smooth and green. 'Tis hike a sunny glade in the dark forest depths, a spot on earth mirrored from Amitābha's paradise. There, nightingales of hope and birds of radiant plumage sing perched in green bowers, chanting success to fearless Pilgrims. They sing of Bodhisattva's virtues five, the fivefold source of Bodhi power, and of the seven steps in Knowledge.

28. Pass on! For thou hast brought the key; thou art secure.

The row of dots in the text (after verse 25) appears to imply complete change of subject, though on other occasions it did not do so. I have already explained one of the technical meanings of Dāna, and undoubtedly the Path seems attractive at this stage. One thinks of the joyous reception

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into the Company of Adepts. One goes almost as a boy goes to meet his first sweetheart.

But there is here another allusion to the beginnings of Meditation, when everything seems so simple and straightforward, and withal so easy and pleasant. There is something intensely human about this. Men set out upon the most dangerous expeditions in high spirits.

29. And to the second gate the way is verdant too. But it is steep and winds up hill; yea, to its rocky top. Grey mists will over-hang its rough and stony height, and be dark beyond. As on he goes, the song of hope soundeth more feeble in the pilgrim's heart. The thrill of doubt is now upon him; his step less steady grows.

Following the last comment a description of this Path refers to the beginning of "dryness" in the course of Meditation.

30. Beware of this, O candidate! Beware of fear that spreadeth, like the black and soundless wings of midnight bat, between the moonlight of thy Soul and thy great goal that loometh in the distance far away.

This passage also appears to have reference to the early life of the Student—hence he is specially warned against fear. Fear is, of course, the first of the pylons through which one passes in the Egyptian system. It is important then to arrange one's life in such a way that one never allows one thing to interfere with another, and one never makes trouble for oneself. The method given in Thien Tao is the best to employ.

31. Fear, O disciple, kills the will and stays all action. If lacking in the Shila virtue—the pilgrim trips, and Karmic pebbles bruise his feet along the rocky path.

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The objection to fear is not only the obvious one. Fear is only one of the things which interfere with concentration. The reaction against fear leads to over-boldness. Anything which interferes with the perfect unconscious simplicity of one's going leads to bruises. Troubles of this kind may be called Karmic, because it is events in the past which give occasion for trouble.

32. *Be of sure foot, O Candidate. In kshānti's essence bathe thy Soul; for now thou dost approach the Portal of that name, the gate of fortitude and patience.*

We now come to the third gate. Notice that this is a further confusion of the Portal with the Key. As previously said, patience here implies rather self-control, a refusal to accept even favours until one is ready for them.

33. Close not thine eyes, nor lose thy sight of Dorje (the Svastika); Māra's arrows ever smite the man who has not reached *Vairāga*.

"Close not thine eyes" may refer to sleep or to ecstasy, perhaps to both. Dorje is the whirling power which throws off from itself every other influence.

Vairāga is a very definite stage in moral strength. The point is that it is one's intense longing for ecstasy which makes one yield to it. If one does so, one is overwhelmed with the illusion, for even the highest ecstasy is still illusion. The result, in many cases, of obtaining Dhyāna is that the workers cease to work. Vairāga is an indifference approaching disgust for everything. It reminds one a good deal of the Oxford Manner. Cambridge men have this feeling, but do not think other people worth the trouble of flattering.

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34. *Beware of trembling. 'Neath the breath of fear the key of kshānti rusty grows: the rusty key refuseth to unlock.*

The word "trembling" seems to imply that it is giddy ecstasy which is referred to, and the "fear" here spoken of may perhaps be the Panic Fear, possibly some feeling analogous to that which produces what is called psychical impotence.

35. *The more thou dost advance, the more thy feet pitfalls will meet. The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire—the light of daring, burning in the heart. The more one dares, the more he shall obtain. The more he fears, the more that light shall pale—and that alone can guide. For as the lingering sunbeam, that on the top of some tall mountain shines, is followed by black night when out it fades, so is heart-light. When out it goes, a dark and threatening shade will fall from thine own heart upon the path, and root thy feet in terror to the spot.*

It is true that the further one advances the more subtle and deadly are the enemies, up to the crossing of the Abyss; and, as far as one can judge, the present discourse does not rise above Tiphareth. I am very sorry to have to remark at this point that Madame Blavatsky is now wholly obsessed by her own style. She indulges, much more than in the earlier part of this treatise, in poetic and romantic imagery, and in Miltonic inversion. (I do not here refer to *Lycidas*.) Consequently we get quite a long passage on a somewhat obvious point, and the Evil Persona or Dweller of the Threshold is introduced. However, it is a correct enough place. That Dweller is Fear—his form is Dispersion. It is in this sense that Satan, or rather Samael, a totally different person, the accuser of the Brethren, is the Devil.

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36. *Beware, disciple, of that lethal shade. No light that shines from Spirit can dispel the darkness of the nether Soul unless all selfish thought has fled therefrom, and that the pilgrim saith: "I have renounced this passing frame; I have destroyed the cause; the shadows cast can, as effects, no longer be." For now the last great fight, the final war between the Higher and the Lower Self, hath taken place. Behold, the very battlefield is now engulfed in the great war, and is no more.*

The quotation is only proper in the mouth of a Buddha, from whom it is taken. At this point the Higher and Lower Selves are united. It is a mistake to represent their contest as a war—it is a wedding.

37. *But once that thou hast passed the gate of kshānti, step the third is taken. Thy body is thy slave. Now, for the fourth prepare, the Portal of temptations which do ensnare the inner man.*

We are now on a higher plane altogether. The Higher and Lower Selves are made One. It is that One whose further progress from Tiphareth to Binah is now to be described.

38. *Ere thou canst near that goal, before thine hand is lifted to upraise the fourth gate's latch, thou must have mustered all the mental changes in thy Self and slain the army of the thought sensations that, subtle and insidious, creep unasked within the Soul's bright shrine.*

It is the mental changes and the invading thoughts which distress us. These are to be understood in a rather advanced sense, for of course thought must have been conquered earlier than this, that is to say, the self must have been separated from its thoughts, so that they no longer disturb that self. Now, however, the fortress walls must be thrown down, and the mind slain in the open field.

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39. *If thou would'st not be slain by them, then must thou harmless make thy own creations, the children of thy thoughts unseen, impalpable, that swarm round humankind, the progeny and heirs to man and his terrestrial spoils. Thou hast to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fulness of the seeming void. O fearless Aspirant, look deep within the well of thine own heart, and answer. Knowest thou of Self the powers, O thou perceiver of external shadows? If thou dost not—then art thou lost.*

The way to make thoughts harmless is by the equilibrium of contradictions—this is the meaning of the phrase, “Thou hast to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fulness of the seeming void.” This subject has been dealt with at some length in “The Soldier and the Hunchback” in *The Equinox*, vol I, no 1, and many other references are to be found in the works of Mr. Aleister Crowley.

A real identification of the Self with the Not-Self is necessary.

40. *For, on Path fourth, the lightest breeze of passion or desire will stir the steady light upon the pure white walls of Soul. The smallest wave of longing or regret for Māyā's gifts illusive, along Antskarana—the path that lies between thy Spirit and thy self, the highway of sensations, the rude arouzers of Ahankāra (the faculty that maketh the illusion called the Ego)—a thought as fleeting as the lightning flash will make thee thy three prizes forfeit—the prizes thou hast won.*

The meaning is again very much confused by the would-be poetic diction, but it is quite clear that desire of any kind must not interfere with this intensely intellectual meditation; and of course the whole object of it is to refrain from preferring any one thing to any other thing. When it says that

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“A thought as fleeting as the lightning flash will make thee thy three prizes forfeit—the prizes thou hast won,” this does not mean that if you happen to make a mistake in meditation you have to begin all over again as an absolute beginner, and yet, of course, in any meditation the occurrence of a single break destroys, for the moment, the effect of what has gone immediately before. Whenever one is trying for cumulative effect, something of this sort is true. One gets a sort of Leyden Jar effect; but the sentence as it stands is misleading, as she explains further on in verse 70—“Each failure is success, and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time.”

41. *For know, that the ETERNAL knows no change.*

Here again we have one subject “THE ETERNAL,” and one predicate “the knower of no change”; the Hindu statement identical with the Buddhist, and the identity covered by crazy terminology. $X = A$ says the Hindu, $Y = A$ says the Buddhist. $X = Y$ is furiously denied by both, although these two equations are our only source of information about either X or Y . Metaphysics has always been full of this airy building. We must postulate an Unseen behind the Seen; and when we have defined the Unseen as a round square, we quarrel with our fellow-professors who prefer to define it as a quadrilateral circle. The only way to avoid this is to leave argument altogether alone, and pay attention only to concentration, until the time comes to tackle mental phenomena once for all, by some such method as that of *Liber 474*. (See *The Equinox*, vol. I, no. 7.)

42. *“The eight dire miseries forsake for evermore. If not, to wisdom, sure, thou can’st not come, nor yet to liberation,” saith the great Lord, the Tathāgata of perfection, “he who has followed in the footsteps of his predecessors.”*

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"The eight dire miseries" are the five senses plus the threefold fire of Lust, Hatred and Dullness. But the quotation is not familiar. I feel sure He did not say "sure."

43. *Stern and exacting is the virtue of Vairāga. If thou its Path would'st master, thou must keep thy mind and thy perceptions far freer than before from killing action.*

The English is getting ambiguous. The word "killing" is, I suppose, an adjective implying "fatal to the purpose of the Student." But even so, the comment appears to me out of place. On this high Path action should already have been made harmless; in fact, the second Path had this as its principal object. It is very difficult to make out what the Authoress really wants you to do.

44. *Thou hast to saturate thyself with pure Alaya, become as one with Nature's Soul-Thought. At one with it thou art invincible; in separation, thou becomest the playground of Samvritti, origin of all the world's delusions.*

This means, acquire sympathy with the universal Soul of Nature. This Soul of Nature here spoken of is of course imagined as something entirely contrary to anything we really know of Nature. In fact, it would be difficult to distinguish it from a pious fiction. The only reason that can be given for assuming the Soul of Nature to be pure, calm, kind, and all the other tea-party virtues, is *Lucus a non lucendo*. To put it in some kind of logical form, the Manifested is not the Unmanifested; therefore the Manifested is that which the Unmanifested is not. Nature, as we know it, is stupid, brutal, cruel, beautiful, extravagant, and above all the receptacle or vehicle of illimitable energy. However by meditation one comes to a quite different view of Nature. Many of the stupidities and brutalities are only apparent. The beauty, the energy, and the majesty, or, if you

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prefer it, the love, remain undeniable. It is the first reversed triangle of the Tree of Life.

What is said of "Samvritti" is nonsense. The Vritis are impressions or the causes of impressions. Samvritti is simply the sum of these.

45. All is impermanent in man except the pure bright essence of Alaya. Man is its crystal ray; a beam of light immaculate within, a form of clay material upon the lower surface. That beam is thy life-guide and thy true Self, the Watcher and the silent Thinker, the victim of thy lower Self. Thy Soul cannot be hurt but through thy erring body; control and master both, and thou art safe when crossing to the nearing "Gate of Balance."

Here we have Alaya identified with Atma. The rest of the verse is mostly poetic nothing, and there is no guide to the meaning of the word "Soul." It is a perfectly absurd theory to regard the body as capable of inflicting wounds upon the Soul, which is apparently the meaning here. The definition of Atma gives impassibility as almost its prime condition.

From the phrase "control and master both" we must suppose that the Soul here spoken of is some intermediate principle, presumably Nephesch.

46. Be of good cheer, O daring pilgrim "to the other shore." Heed not the whisperings of Māra's hosts; wave off the tempters, those ill-natured Sprites, the jealous Llamayin in endless space.

This verse may be again dismissed as too easily indulgent in poetic diction. A properly controlled mind should not be subject to these illusions. And although it may be conceded that these things, although illusions, do correspond with a certain reality, anything objective should have been dismissed at an earlier stage. In the mental struggles there

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should be no place for demons. Unless my memory deceives me, that was just the one trouble that I did not have. The reason may possibly have been that I had mastered all external demons before I took up meditation.

47. Hold firm! Thou nearest now the middle portal, the gate of Woe, with its ten thousand snares.

No explanation is given as to why the fifth should be called the "middle Portal" of seven.

48. Have mastery o'er thy thoughts, O striver for perfection, if thou would'st cross its threshold.

From here to verse 71 is the long description of this fifth gate, the key to which (it will be remembered) was Virya—that is, energy and will, Manhood in its most secret sense.

It seems rather useless to tell the Student to have mastery over his thoughts in this verse, because he has been doing nothing else in all the previous Gates.

49. Have mastery o'er thy Soul, O seeker after truths undying, if thou would'st reach the goal.

The pupil is also told to have mastery over his Soul, and again there is no indication as to what is meant by "Soul."

Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya once remarked that Theosophists were rather absurd to call themselves Buddhists, as the Buddhist had no Soul, and the Theosophist, not even content with having one, insisted on possessing seven different kinds.

If it means Nephesch, of course this ought to have been mastered long ago. It probably means Neschamah. If we take this to be so, the whole passage will become intelligible. In the beginning of progress we have the automatic Ego, the animal creator or generator of Nephesch in Yesod, the lowest point of the Ruach, and the marriage between these is

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the first regeneration. Nephesch is Syrinx, and Yesod is Pan. Nephesch is the elemental Soul which seeks redemption and immortality. In order to obtain it, it must acquire a Soul such as is possessed by men. Now the elemental is said to be afraid of the sword with its cross hilt, of the Cross, that is to say of the Phallus, and this is what is called Panic fear, which, originally an individual thing, is applied to a mob, because a mob has no Soul. A very great many elementals are to be found in human form today; they are nearly always women, or such men as are not men. Such beings are imitative, irresponsible, always being shocked, without any standard of truth, although often extremely logical; criminal without a sense of right and wrong, and as shameless as they are prudish. Truth of any kind frightens them. They are usually Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, Theosophists, or what not. They reflect the personality of a man with extraordinary ease, and frequently deceive him into thinking that they know what they are saying. Lévi remarks that "the love of the Magus for such beings is insensate and may destroy him." He had had some. This doctrine is magnificently expounded in Wagner's *Parsifal*. The way to redeem such creatures is to withstand them, and their Path of Redemption is the Path of Service to the man who has withstood them. However, when at the right moment the crucified one, the extended one, the Secret Saviour, consents to redeem them, and can do so without losing his power, without in any way yielding to them, their next step is accomplished, and they are reborn as men. This brings us back to our subject, for the lower man, of whom we are still speaking, possesses, above Yesod, five forms of intellect and Daäth their Crown.

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We then come to another marriage on a higher plane, the redemption of Malkuth by Tiphareth; the attaining of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

The next critical step is the sacrificing of this whole organism to the Mother, Neschamah, a higher South which is as spiritually dark and lonely as Nephesch was materially. Neschamah is beyond the Abyss, has no concern with that bridal, but to absorb it; and by offering the blood of her Son to the All-Father, that was her husband, she awakes Him. He, in His turn, vitalizes the original Daughter, thus completing the cycle. Now on the human plane this All-Father is the true generative force, the real Ego, of which all types of conscious Ego in a man are but Eidola, and this true creative force is the virya of which we are now speaking.

50. Thy Soul-gaze centre on the One Pure Light, the Light that is free from affection, and use thy golden Key.

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This Virya is the one pure hight spoken of in this verse. It is called "free from affection." It creates without desire, simply because it is its nature to create. It is this force in one's self of which one must become conscious in this stage.

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51. The dreary task is done, thy labour well-nigh o'er. The wide abyss that gaped to swallow thee is almost spanned

.
It should be noticed that this verse has rows of dots both above and below it. There is a secret meaning to verse 51 which will be evident to anyone who has properly understood our comment on verse 49. The highest marriage, that between Neschamah and Chiah, is accomplished—again, after another manner!

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52. *Thou hast now crossed the moat that circles round the gate of human passions.*

By "human passions" must be understood every kind of attraction, not merely gross appetites—which have been long ago conquered, not by excluding, but by regulating them. On the plane of mind itself all is in order; everything has been balanced by its opposite.

53. *Thou hast now conquered Māra and his furious host.*

The seeker has now passed through the Abyss where dwells Choronzon whose name is Legion. All this must be studied most carefully in *Liber 418*.

54. *Thou hast removed pollution from thine heart and bled it from impure desire. But, O thou glorious combatant, thy task is not yet done. Build high, Lanoo, the wall that shall hedge in the Holy Isle, the dam that will protect thy mind from pride and satisfaction at thoughts of the great feat achieved.*

Here again is one of those unfortunate passages which enables the superficial to imagine that the task of the Adept is to hunger strike, and wear the blue ribbon, and give up smoking. The first paragraph of this verse rather means that filling of the cup of Babalon with every drop of blood, which is explained in *Liber 418*.

The higher Ego—"Holy Isle"—is not the thinking self; it is the "Dwarf-Self," the self which is beyond thinking. The aspirant is now in fact beyond thought, and this talk of building high the wall or dam is too much like poetry to be good sense. What it means is, "Beware lest the reawakened Ego, the Chiah, should become self-conscious, as it is hable to do owing to its wedding with Neschamah."

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Or, shall we say, with Nephesch? For the organism has now been brought to perfect harmony in all its parts. The Adept has a strong, healthy, vigorous body, and a mind no less perfect; he is a very different person from the feeble emasculate cabbage-chewing victim of anæmia, with its mind which has gained what it calls emancipation by forgetting how to think. Little as it ever knew! Not in such may one find the true Adept. Read *Liber Legis*, chap. II, verse 24, and learn where to look for hermits.

55. *A sense of pride would mar the work. Aye, build it strong, lest the fierce rush of bathing waves, that mount and beat its shore from out the great world Māyā's Ocean, swallow up the pilgrim and the isle—yea, even when the victory's achieved.*

We now perceive more clearly the meaning of this passage. Just as the man, in order to conquer the woman, used restraint, so also must this true Soul restrain itself, even at this high stage, although it gives itself completely up. Although it creates without thought and without desire, let it do that without losing anything. And because the surrender must be complete, it must beware of that expansion which is called pride; for it is destroying duality, and pride implies duality.

56. *Thine "Isle" is the deer, thy thoughts the hounds that weary and pursue his progress to the stream of Life. Woe to the deer that is overtaken by the barking fiends before he reach the Vale of Refuge—Dhyāna-Mārga, "path of pure knowledge" named.*

Once more the passage harks back to the Abyss where thoughts prevail. It is another poetic image, and not a good one. Extraordinary how liable this unassailable Alaya-soul is to catch cold! It isn't woe to him; it's woe to YOU!

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57. *Ere thou canst settle in Dhyāna-Mārga and call it thine, thy Soul has to become as the ripe mango fruit: as soft and sweet as its bright golden pulp for others' woes, as hard as that fruit's stone for thine own throes and sorrows, O Conqueror of Weal and Woe.*

More trouble, more poetic image, more apparent sentimentality. Its true interpretation is to be found in the old symbolism of this rearrange of Chiah and Neschamah. Chiah is the male, proof against seduction; Neschamah the female that overcomes by weakness. But in actual practice the meaning may be explained thus,—you yourself have conquered, you have become perfectly indifferent, perfectly energetic, perfectly creative, but, having united yourself to the Universe, you become acutely conscious that your own fortunate condition is not shared by that which you now are. It is then that the adept turns his face downwards, changes his formula from *solve* to *coagula*. His progress on the upward path now corresponds exactly with his progress on the downward path; he can only save himself by saving others, for if it were not so he would be hardly better than he who shuts himself in his black tower of illusion, the Brother of the Left Hand, the Klingsor of "Parsifal."

58. *Make hard thy Soul against the snares of Self; deserve for it the name of "Diamond-Soul"*

Here is another muddle, for the words "Soul" and "Self" have previously been used in exactly the opposite meaning. If any meaning at all is to be attached to this verse and to verse 59, it is that the progress downwards, the progress of the Redeemer of the Sun as he descends from the Zenith, or passes from the Summer Solstice to his doom, must be a voluntary absorption of Death in order to turn it into life. Never again must the Adept be deceived by his impressions, though there is that part of him which suffers.

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59. *For, as the diamond buried deep within the throbbing heart of earth can never mirror back the earthly lights, so are thy mind and Soul; plunged in Dhyāna-Mārga, these must mirror nought of Māyā's realm illusive.*

It is now evident that a most unfortunate metaphor has been chosen. A diamond is not much use when it is buried deep within the throbbing heart of earth. The proper place for a diamond is the neck of a courtesan.

60. *When thou hast reached that state, the Portals that thou hast to conquer on the Path fling open wide their gates to !et thee pass, and Nature's strongest might possess no power to stay thy course. Thou wilt be master of the sevenfold Path; but not till then, O candidate for trials passing speech.*

That we have correctly interpreted these obscure passages now becomes clear. No further personal effort is required. The gates open of themselves to the Master of the Temple.

61. *Till then, a task far harder still awaits thee: thou hast to fee! thyself ALL-THOUGHT, and yet exile all thoughts from out thy SOUL.*

The discourse again reverts to another phase of this task of Vairāga. It is just as in the "Earth-Bhavanā," where you have to look at a frame of Earth, and reach that impression of Earth in which is no Earthly quality, "that earth which is not earth," as the Qabalah would say. So on this higher plane you must reach a quintessence of thought, of which thoughts are perhaps debased images, but which in no way partakes of anything concerning them.

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62. *Thou hast to reach that fixity of mind in which no breeze, however strong, can waft an earthly thought within. Thus purified, the shrine must of action, sound, or earthly light be void; e'en as the butterfly, o'ertaken by the frost, falls lifeless at the threshold— so must all earthly thoughts fall dead before the fane.*

Again another phase of this task. Complete detachment, perfect silence, absolute will; this must be that pure Chiah which is utterly removed from Ruach.

63. *Behold it written:*

"Ere the gold flame can burn with steady light, the lamp must stand well guarded in a spot free from wind." Exposed to shifting breeze, the jet will flicker and the quivering flame cast shades deceptive, dark and everchanging, on the Soul's white shrine.

This familiar phrase is usually interpreted to mean the mere keeping of the mind free from invading thoughts. It has also that secret significance at which we have several times already hinted.

These unfortunate poetic images again bewilder us. Blavatsky's constant use of the word "Soul" without definition is very annoying. These verses 63 and 64 must be taken as dealing with a state preliminary to the attainment of this Fifth Gate. If the lance shakes in the hand of the warrior, whatever the cause, the result is fumbling and failure.

64. *And then, O thou pursuer of the truth, thy Mind-Soul will become as a mad elephant, that rages in the jungle. Mistaking forest trees for living foes, he perishes in his attempts to kill the ever-shifting shadows dancing on the wall of sunlit rocks.*

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This verse explains the state of the mind which has failed in the Abyss—the student becomes insane.

65. *Beware, lest in the care of Self thy Soul should lose her foothold on the soil of deva-knowledge.*

66. *Beware, lest in forgetting SELF, thy Soul lose o'er its trembling mind control, and forfeit thus the due fruition of its conquests.*

These two verses seem to mean that any attention to Self would prevent one crossing the Abyss, while in the event of any inattention to Self the mind would revolt. In other words, "Soul" means Neschamah, and it is important for Neschamah to fix its attention on Chiah, rather than on Ruach.

67. *Beware of change! For change is thy great foe. This change will fight thee off, and throw thee back, out of the Path thou treadest, deep into viscous swamps of doubt.*

The only difficulty in this verse is the word "change." People who are meditating often get thrown off by the circumstances of their lives, and these circumstances must be controlled absolutely. It should, however, also be taken to refer to any change in one's methods of meditation. You should make up your mind thoroughly to a given scheme of action, and be bound by it. A man is perfectly hopeless if, on finding one *mantra* unsuccessful, he tries another. There is cumulative effect in all mystic and magical work; and the *mantra* you have been doing, however bad, is the best one to go on with.

68. *Prepare, and be forewarned in time. If thou hast tried and failed, O dauntless fighter, yet lose not courage: fight on and to the charge return again, and yet again.*

Verse 68 confirms our interpretation of these verses.

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69. *The fearless warrior, his precious life-blood oozing from his wide and gaping wounds, will still attack the foe, drive him from out his stronghold, vanquish him, ere he himself expires. Act then, all ye who fail and suffer, act like him; and from the stronghold of your Soul, chase all your foes away—ambition, anger, hatred, e'en to the shadow of desire—when even you have failed . . .*

70. *Remember, thou that fightest for man's liberation, each failure is success, and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time. The holy germs that sprout and grow unseen in the disciple's soul, their stalks wax strong at each new trial, they bend like reeds but never break, nor can they e'er be lost. But when the hour has struck they blossom forth.*

.
But if thou cam'st prepared, then have no fear.

.
These verses explain the cumulative effect of which we spoke. It is very hard to persist, because very often we seem to make no progress. There is the water on the fire, and nothing whatever appears to be happening. But without warning it suddenly boils. You may get the temperature to 99° and keep it at 99° for a thousand years, and the water will not boil. It is the last step that does the trick.

One remark in this connection may be useful: "A watched pot never boils." The student must practice complete detachment—must reach the stage when he does not care twopence whether he attains or not, while at the same time he pursues eagerly the Path of attainment. This is the ideal attitude. It is very well brought out in *Parsifal*. Klingsor, on having his error pointed out to him, said "Oh, that's quite easy," took a knife, and removed all danger of his ever making the same mistake again. Returning, full of

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honest pride in his achievement, he found himself more ignominiously rejected than before. Ultimately the sacred lance is brought back into the Hall where is the Grail, and there, at the right moment, not moved by desire, not seduced by cunning Kundry, but of his own nature, the sacrifice may be accomplished.

So, as previously explained, it is important not to keep on worrying about one's progress; otherwise all the concentration is lost, and a mood of irritability rises, work is given up, and the student becomes angry with his Teacher. His Mind-Soul becomes as a mad elephant that rages in the jungle. He may even obtain the Vision of the Demon Crowley. But by persistence in the appointed Path, by avoiding disappointment through not permitting the fiend Hope to set its suckers on your Soul, by quietly continuing the appointed discourse in spite of Māra and his hosts, the wheel comes full circle, the hour strikes, the talipot palm blossoms, and all is fun and feasting, like Alice when she got to the Eighth Square.

It is my daily prayer that I may be spared to write a complete commentary on the extremely mystical works of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson.

Please note the two lines of dots for the last paragraph of this verse. It is that final scene of *Parsifal*, which words are unfitted to express.

71. *Henceforth thy way is clear right through Virya gate, the fifth one of the Seven Portals. Thou art now on the way that leadeth to the Dhyāna haven, the sixth, the Bodhi Portal.*

72. *The Dhyāna gate is like an alabaster vase, white and transparent; within there burns a steady golden fire, the flame of prajñā that radiates from Atman.*

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Thou art that vase.

73. *Thou hast estranged thyself from objects of the senses, traveled on the "Path of seeing," on the "Path of hearing," and standest in the light of Knowledge. Thou hast now reached Titikshā state.*

O Narjol, thou art safe.

.

In these three verses the passage to the sixth Gate is made clear. There is no longer any struggle, there is but the golden fire within the alabaster vase, and thou art that vase. Mate and female are again interchanged. Above Chiah and Neschamah is Jechidah, and in the lower aspect of that, one has again become the receptacle of the Infinite, not that which penetrates the Infinite.

There are two formulæ of making two things one. The active formula is that of the arrow piercing the rainbow, the Cross erected upon the Hill of Golgotha, and so on. But the passive formula is that of the cup into which the wine is poured, that of the cloud which wraps itself around Ixion. It is very annoying to hear that the Narjol is safe. This is Ædipus-Complex. Why not "Safe in the arms of Jesus"? Devil fly away with this "eternal rest" stuff! Give me a night's rest now and again; a dip into the Tao, and then—off we go again!

74. *Know, Conqueror of Sins, once that a Sowani hath cross'd the seventh Path, all Nature thrills with joyous awe and feels subdued. The silver star now twinkles out the news to the night-blossoms, the streamlet to the pebbles ripples out the tale; dark ocean-waves will roar it to the rocks surf-bound, scent-laden breezes sing it to the vales, and stately pines mysteriously whisper: "A Master has arisen, A MASTER OF THE DAY."*

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There is a further terrible confusion between the personal progress of the man, and his progress in relation to his incarnations.

It cannot be too clearly understood that these things are altogether different. Blavatsky's attempt to mix up Hinduism and Buddhism is productive of constant friction. The first Path in Dhyāna has nothing whatever to do with being a Srotāpatti. It is perfectly clear that you could be Master of the eight Jhanas with no more hope of becoming a Srotapatti than a Pwe-dancer.

However, this is an extremely poetical description of what happens on the seventh Path.

You must notice that there is a certain amount of confusion between the Paths and the Portals at the end of them. Apparently one does not reach the seventh Gate till the end of the treatise. "A Master of the Day" is said to refer to the Manvantara, but it is also an obvious phrase where *day* is equivalent to *Sun*.

75. He standeth now like a white pillar to the west, upon whose face the rising Sun of thought eternal poureth forth its first most glorious waves. His mind, like a becalmed and boundless ocean, spreadeth out in shore less space. He holdeth life and death in his strong hand.

It is interesting to notice that he is still in the West. This is the penultimate stage. He is really now practically identical with Mayan himself. He has met and conquered the maker of illusion, become one with him, and his difficulty will then be so to complete that work, that it shall be centred on itself, and leave no seed that may subsequently germinate and destroy all that has been accomplished.

76. Yea, he is mighty. The living power made free in him, that power which is HIMSELF, can raise the tabernacle of

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illusion high above the gods, above great Brahmā and Indra. Now he shall surely reach his great reward!

The temptation at this point is to create an Universe. He is able: the necessity of so doing is strong within Him, and He may perhaps even imagine that He can make one which shall be free from the Three Characteristics. Evelyn Hall—an early love of mine—used to say: “God Almighty—or words to that effect— has no conscience”; and in the tremendous state of mind in which He is, a state of Cosmic priapism, He may very likely see red, care nothing for what may result to Himself or His victim, and, violently projecting Himself on the Akāsa, may fertilize it, and the Universe begin once more.

In *Liber I* it seems as if this must be done, as if it were pan of the Work, and *Liber Legis*, if I understand it aught, would inculcate the same. For to US the Three Characteristics and the Four Noble Truths are lies—the laws of Illusion. Ours is the Palace of the Grail, not Klingsor’s Castle.

77. Shall he not use the gifts which it confers for his own rest and bliss, his well-earn’d weal and glory—he, the subduer of the great Delusion?

It is now seen that He should not do this, although He is able. He should on the contrary take up the burden of a Magus. This whole passage will be found in much clearer language in *Liber I, The Equinox*, Vol. I, no. 7.

78. Nay, O thou candidate for Nature’s hidden lore! If one would follow in the steps of holy Tathāgata, those gifts and powers are not for Self.

It should be noticed that this is not quite identical with the way in which the Master of the Temple detaches the being that was once called “Self” to fling it down from the

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Abyss that it may "appear in the Heaven of Jupiter as a morning star or as an evening star, to give light to them that dwell upon the earth." This Magus is a much stronger person than the Master of the Temple. He is the creative force, while the Master is merely the receptive. But in these verses 78, 79, 80, it might be very easily supposed that it was merely a recapitulation of the former remarks, and I am inclined to think that there is a certain amount of confusion in the mind of the Author between these two grades. She attained only the lower. But careful study of these verses will incline the reader to perceive that it is a new creation which is here spoken of, not a mere amelioration.

The only really difficult verse on this interpretation is 86. There is a lot of sham sentiment in this verse. It gives an entirely false picture of the Adept, who does not whine, who does not play Pecksniff. ALL this business about protecting man from far greater misery and sorrow is absurd. For example, in one passage H. P. B. explains that the lowest hell is a man-bearing Planet.

There is a certain amount of melancholia with delusions of persecution about this verse. Natural, perhaps, to one who was betrayed and robbed by Vittoria Cremers?

*79. Would'st thou thus dam the waters born on Sumeru?
Shalt thou divert the stream for thine own sake, or send it
back to its prime source along the crests of cycles?*

It is here seen that the ideal proposed by the Author is by no means rest or immobility. The Path, or rather the Goal, is symbolized as a swift and powerful stream, and the great mystery is revealed that the Path itself is the Goal.

Were the world understood
Ye would see it was good,
A dance to a delicate measure.

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This is also the doctrine indicated in all the works of Fra. Perdurabo. You can see it in *Liber 418*, where, as soon as a certain stage is reached, the great curse turns into an ineffable blessing. In *The Book of Lies*, too, the same idea is stated again and again, with repetition only unwearying because of the beauty and variety of the form.

"Everything is sorrow," says the Buddha. Quite so, to begin with. We analyze the things we deem least sorrow, and find that by taking a long enough period, or a short enough period, we can prove them to be the most exquisite agony. Such is the attempt of all Buddhist writers, and their even feebler Western imitators. But once the secret of the universe is found, then everything is joy. The proposition is quite as universal.

80. *If thou would'st have that stream of hard-earn'd knowledge, of Wisdom heaven-born, remain sweet running waters, thou should'st not leave it to become a stagnant pond.*

Here we have the same thesis developed with unexpected force. So far from the Path being repose, the slightest slackening turns it stagnant.

81. *Know, if of Amitābha, the "Boundless Age," thou would'st become co-worker, then must thou shed the light acquired, like to the Bodhisattvas twain, upon the span of all three worlds.*

The same doctrine is still further detailed, but I cannot give the authority by which Blavatsky speaks of Kwan-shiyin as a Bodhisattva. It will become abundantly evident in the comment to verse 97 that Blavatsky had not the remotest idea as to what a Bodhisattva was and is. But it is quite true that you have to shed light in the manner indicated if you are going to live the life of a Magus.

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82. *Know that the stream of superhuman knowledge and the Deva-Wisdom thou hast won, must, from thyself, the channel of Alaya, be poured forth into another bed.*

Still further develops the same doctrine. You have acquired the supreme creative force. You are the Word, and it must be spoken (verse 83). There is a good deal of anticlimax in verse 83, and a peculiarly unnecessary split infinitive.

Blavatsky's difficulty seems to have been that although she is always talking of the advance of the good Narjol, he never seems to advance in point of view. Now, on the threshold of the last Path, he is still an ordinary person with vague visionary yearnings! It is true that He wishes the unity of all that lives, complete harmony in the parts, and perfect light in the whole. It is also true that He may spend a great deal of time in killing or otherwise instructing men, but He has not got at all the old conception. The ordinary Buddhist is quite unable to see anything but details. Bhikkhu Ānanda Metteyya once refused to undertake the superintendence of a coconut plantation, because he found that he would have to give orders for the destruction of vermin. But (with the best feeling in the world) he had to eat rice, and the people who cultivated the rice had to destroy a lot of vermin too. One cannot escape responsibility in this vicarious way. It is peculiarly silly, because the whole point of Buddha's position is that there is no escape. The Buddhist regulations are comparable to orders which might have been, but were not, because he was not mad, given by the Captain of the *Titanic* to caulk the planks after the ship had been cut in two.

83. *Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure fresh waters must be used to sweeter make the Ocean's bitter*

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waves—that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men.

84. Alas! when once thou hast become like the fixed star in highest heaven, that bright celestial orb must shine from out the spatial depths for all—save for itself; give light to all, but take from none.

It is incomparably annoying to see this word “Alas!” at the head of this verse as a pure oxymoron with the rest of the text. Is stupid, unseeing selfishness so firmly fixed in the nature of man that even at this height he still laments? Do not believe it. It is interesting here to note the view taken by Him who has actually attained the Grade of Magus. He says:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. It may be those three perfections of my *sambhogkaya* robe, but the fact is that one has reached a stage when the Path becomes almost meaningless. The illusion of Sorrow has been exposed so ruthlessly that one can hardly realize that one, or anyone else, can ever have been in such a silly muddle. It seems so perfectly natural that everything should be just as it is, and so right, that one is quite startled if one contemplates the nature of one's Star, which led one into these “grave paths.” The only “wrong” is the thinking about anything at all; this is of course the old “Thought is evil” on a higher plane. One gets to understand the Upanishad which tells us how The Original It made the error of contemplating itself, of becoming self-conscious; and one also perceives the stupendous transcendentalism concealed in the phrase of *The Book of the Law*: “Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!” This Universe—the IO PAN PAN and the OIMOI TALAINOI too—is a Play of Our Merry Lady. It is as natural to have all this heavy stuff about the Weary Pilgrim's Bleeding Feet, and the Candidate for Woe, and all that, as it is for Theseus and Hippolyta to decide that Pyramus and Thisbe may amuse them. The Public will then kindly excuse the Magus if He be of a nature, and in a mood, to decline to take the tragedy too seriously, and to mock the crude buffooneries of Bottom. Perhaps it would be better taste in Him to draw the

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curtains of His box. But it is at least His pleasure to reward the actors. Love is the law, love under will.

85. *Alas! when once thou hast become like the pure snow in mountain vales, cold and unfeeling to the touch, warm and protective to the seed that sheepeth deep beneath its bosom—'tis now that snow which must receive the biting frost, the northern blasts, thus shielding from their sharp and cruel tooth the earth that holds the promised harvest, the harvest that will feed the hungry.*

Surely a better image would have been the Mother, and does the Mother complain or rejoice? It is also a bad image, this of the snow. Is snow in any way incommoded by the biting frosts, the northern blasts?

86. *Self-doomed to live through future Kalpas, unthanked and unperceived by man; wedged as a stone with countless other stones which form the "Guardian Walt," such is thy future if the seventh Gate thou passest. Built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow.*

Comment has already been made upon this verse.

87. *Withal man sees it not, will not perceive it, nor will he heed the word of Wisdom . . . for he knows it not.*

Here indeed is the only sorrow that could seem, even for a moment, likely to touch the Adept. It is rather annoying that the great prize offered so freely to men is scorned by them. But this is only if the Adept fall for one moment to the narrower view, accept the conventional outlook on the universe. If only he remember that very simple and elementary instruction that the Magician must work as if he had Omnipotence at his command and Eternity at his disposal, He will not repine.

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88. *But thou hast heard it, thou knowest all, O thou of eager guileless Soul . . . and thou must choose. Then hearken yet again.*

This verse introduces the climax of this treatise.

89. *On Sowan's Path, O Srotāpatti, thou art secure. Aye, on that Mārga, where nought but darkness meets the weary pilgrim, where torn by thorns the hands drip blood, the feet are cut by sharp unyielding flints, and Māra wields his strongest arms—there lies a great reward immediately beyond.*

It is not at all clear to what stage of the Path this refers. In verse 91 it appears to refer to the Dhyana Path, but the Dhyana Path has been described in entirely different terms in verses 71 to 73, and it is certainly a quite bad description of the condition of Srotāpatti.

I think the tragic note is struck for effect. Damn all these tortures and rewards! Has the Narjol no manhood at all?

90. *Calm and unmoved the Pilgrim glideth up the stream that to Nirvāna leads. He knoweth that the more his feet will bleed, the whiter will himself be washed. He knoweth well that after seven short and fleeting births Nirvāna will be his.*

Here is again a totally un-Buddhistic description.

It appears to me rather a paraphrase of the well-known

Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

91. *Such is the Dhyāna Path, the haven of the Yogi, the blessed goal that Srotāpattis crave.*

Again the confusion of the attainment of the Student with regard to spiritual experience, and his attainment with regard to his grade. There is connection between these, but it is not a close and invariable one. A man might get quite a hot of Samādhi, and still be many lives away from Srotāpatti.

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92. *Not so when he hath crossed and won the Aryhata Path.*

From here to verse 95 is description of this last Path which heads to the last Gate.

93. *There Klesha is destroyed for ever, Tanhā's roots torn out. But stay, Disciple . . . Yet, one word. Canst thou destroy divine COMPASSION? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of LAWS—eternal Harmony, Alaya's SELF; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting Right, and fitness of all things, the law of love eternal.*

Here again is apparently a serious difficulty. The idea of Klesha, here identified with Love of worldly enjoyment, seems to put one back almost before the beginning. Is it now only that the almost-Arhat no longer wants to go to the theatre? It must not be interpreted in this low sense. At the same time, it is difficult to discover a sense high enough to fit the passage. With Tanhā it is easier to find a meaning, for Madame seems to identify Tanhā with the creative force of which we have spoken. But this is of course incompatible with the Buddhist teaching on the subject. Tanhā is properly defined as the hunger of the individual for continuous personal existence, either in a material or a spiritual sense.

With regard to the rest of the verse, it certainly reads as if yet again Blavatsky had taken the sword to a Gordian knot. By saying that Compassion is no attribute she is merely asserting what is evidently not true, and she therefore defines it in a peculiar way, and I am afraid that she does so in a somewhat misleading manner. It would be improper here to disclose what is presumably the true meaning of this verse. One can only commend it to the earnest consideration of members of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis, the IX° of the O.T.O.

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94. *The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its BEING, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become COMPASSION ABSOLUTE.*

This verse throws a little further light upon its predecessor. COMPASSION is really a certain Chinese figure whose names are numerous. One of them is BAPHOMET.

95. *Such is the Arya Path, Path of the Buddhas of perfection.*

This closes the subject.

96. *Withal, what mean the sacred scrolls which make thee say?*

"Om! I believe it is not all the arhats that get of the Nirvānic Path the sweet fruition.

"Om! I believe that the Nirvāna-Dharma is entered not by all the Buddhas."

Here, however, we come to the question of the final renunciation. It is undoubtedly true that one may push spiritual experience to the point of complete attainment without ever undertaking the work of a Dhamma-Buddha, though it seems hard to believe that at no period during that progress will it have become clear that the Complete Path is downwards as well as upwards.

97. *Yea; on the Arya Path thou art no more Srotāpatti, thou art a Bodhisattva. The stream is cross'd. 'Tis true thou hast a right to Dharmakāya vesture; but Sambhogakāya is greater than a Nirvāni, and greater still is a Nirmanakāya—the Buddha of Compassion.*

Here once more we perceive the ignorance of the Author with reference to all matters of mystic terminology, an

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ignorance which would have been amusing indeed had she lived ten years later. A Bodhisattva is simply a being which has culminated in a Buddha. If you or I became Buddhas tomorrow, then all our previous incarnations were Bodhisattvas, and therefore, as there shall not be a single grain of dust which shall not attain to Buddhahood, every existing thing is in a way a Bodhisattva. But of course in practice the term is confined to these special incarnations of the only Buddha of whom we have any such record. It is, therefore, ridiculous to place Srotāpatti as a Soul of inferior grade to Bodhisattva. Buddha did not become a Srotāpatti until seven incarnations before he attained to Buddhahood.

The last part of the verse and the long note (of which we quote the gist) are nonsense. To describe a complete Buddha as "an ideal breath; Consciousness merged in the Universal Consciousness, or Soul devoid of every attribute," is not Buddhism at all, and is quite incompatible with Buddhism.

*98. Now bend thy head and listen well, O Bodhisattva—
Compassion speaks and saith: "Can there be bliss when ah
that hives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the
whole world cry?"*

Now thou hast heard that which was said.

Again we descend to the anticlimax of a somewhat mawkish sentimentality. Again we find the mistake of duality, of that opposition between self and others which, momentarily destroyed even in the most elementary periods of Samadhi, is completely wiped out by progress through the grades. The Path would indeed be a Treadmill if one always remained in this Salvation Army mood.

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99. *Thou shall attain the seventh step and cross the gate of final knowledge but only to wed woe—if thou would'st be Tathāgata, follow upon thy predecessor's steps, remain unselfish till the endless end.*

Thou art enlightened—Choose thy way.

The anticlimax is now complete. Knowledge is by no means the last step. Knowledge has been finished with even by the Master of the Temple, and all this question of wedding woe, remaining unselfish till the endless end, is but poetic bombast, based upon misconception. It is as puerile as the crude conceptions of many Christian Sects.

100. *Behold, the mellow Light that floods the Eastern sky. In signs of praise both heaven and earth unite. And from the four-fold manifested Powers a chant of love ariseth, both from the flaming Fire and flowing Water, and from sweet-smelling Earth and rushing Wind.*

Hark! . . . from the deep unfathomable vortex of that golden light in which the Victor bathes, ALL NATURE'S wordless voice in thousand tones ariseth to proclaim:

JOY UNTO YE, O MEN OF MYALBA.

A PILGRIM HATH RETURNED BACK

"FROM THE OTHER SHORE."

A NEW ARHAN IS BORN.

Peace to all Beings.

Here, however, we get something like real poetry. This, and not the Pi-Jaw, should be taken as the key to this Masterpiece.

Love is the law, love under will.